FIRST OF THE CITIES OF THE WORLD IN THE WHALING INDUSTRY

100TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
NEW BEDFORD MERCURY

1807 1907

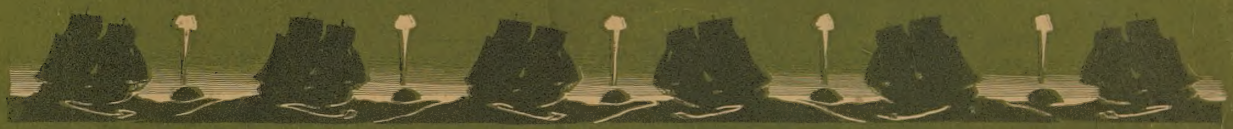
A SENTIMENT BY THE LATE THOMAS B. REED

WRITTEN IN 1897.

"I hope you will permit me to express my good will toward the typical New England city which has shown itself capable of keeping up with a changing world.

"If its sturdy people could no longer roam the seas, conquering its hugest monster, they could make the spindles whirl with successful life on shore.

"THE EARTH HAS GOT TO BE VERY SHIFTY TO GET OUT OF THE GRASP OF A PEOPLE EQUALLY AT HOME ON LAND OR WATER."



FIRST OF THE CITIES OF THE U. S. IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FINE COTTON GOODS

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PRINTED AT THE JOB OFFICE OF THE MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY.

One Hundredth Anniversary Supplement.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1907.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MERCURY.

The New Bedford Mercury, a weekly newspaper, was established in 1807 by Benjamin Lindsey, who had previously worked as compositor and foreman in the printing office of the Palladium in Boston. The Mercury was New Bedford's second newspaper, the first, The Medley, or New Bedford Marine Journal, was issued November 27, 1792, "printed and published by John Spooner, at his office near Rotch's wharf."

The first issues of The Mercury were small sheets of sixteen columns, printed "on good paper and in fair type," the subscription price two dollars, exclusive of postage, and "payable half-yearly in advance." In his address to the public the editor says: "It is our wish and intention to publish a useful and, as far as our resources will permit, an entertaining journal, embracing all those objects which properly fall within its scope, etc. * * * In politics we shall adopt the truly republican principles of Washington's 'Farewell Address,' convinced that all Americans are alike interested in their support. Thus doing, we shall 'Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.'"

The first issue contains "very late foreign news" for those ante-clippership, ante-steam-power, and ante-telegraph times, a proclamation by Thomas Jefferson, and various local advertisements by Abraham Russell, Peter Barney & Son, and Russell, Thornton & Co. In the second number is an advertisement of a new line of stages between New Bedford and Boston, announcing that the "stage will start from Crocker's tavern in New Bedford at sunrise on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and arrive at Boston at three o'clock p. m." A review of the newspaper in the hundred years of its career is printed elsewhere.

Daniel Ricketson, in the article written a half century ago gives an interesting description of the founder of The Mercury. He wrote:

BENJAMIN LINDSEY, SR.
Founder of The Mercury.
From an old portrait in the possession of Mrs. Lewis J. Bird of Boston.

ZEPHANIAH W. PEASE.
Editor of The Mercury Since 1884.

"On Friday, August 7, 1807, commenced the New Bedford Mercury, now one of the oldest newspapers in New England. In the spring of that year, upon a certain day, a tall and well-dressed young man, erect in person, with cane in hand, stepped briskly into the office of the old Marine Insurance Company at the corner of Elm and Water streets, and inquired for a person with whom he had had some correspondence in relation to the establishment of a newspaper in New Bedford, the 'Columbian Courier,' as it will be remembered, having ceased on March 1, 1805. This gentleman was Benjamin Lindsey, Sen., of Boston, and the interview with the gentleman he sought, who was Joseph Ricketson, Sen., appears to have been satisfactory, as the first number of the Mercury was issued, as before stated, in the following August.

"Mr. Lindsey was a man of great energy and industry, an editor of the old school. His constant devotion to his profession much impaired his health, and for many of his last years, as remembered by the writer, he bore the appearance of a valetudinarian, but he retained his quick step and industrious habits to the last. His appearance was remarkably editorial, but decidedly of the olden time and like his predecessor, John Spooner, of the Franklin school of printers. The New Bedford Mercury during his editorship was of the Federal school of politics, and was ever one of the most consistent and able journals in the state. During the latter part of his life he was assisted by his eldest son, who established the Daily Mercury, not without the distrust of his father for its success, in 1831.

"Mr. Lindsey was a practical printer, having learned his trade in Boston. He was born in Marblehead, Mass., and died in New Bedford, November 10, 1831, in his 54th year. He was a man of sound judgment, exemplary virtue, unobtrusive in his manners, and died much respected by his fellow-citizens."

In the weekly edition of The Mercury, Friday, November 11, 1831, under a turned rule at the top of the column headed "Died," is found the following paragraph:

DIED.

At 10 o'clock last evening, after a long protracted consumptive illness, attended with great mental and bodily suffering, Mr. Benjamin Lindsey, the original proprietor, and until a few years past, the sole publisher of this paper, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Although the disease, which has thus terminated his existence, had within the last few weeks advanced with comparatively rapid progress, the fatal event at this period was entirely unexpected even by those who most assiduously watched his decline, and this simple melancholy announcement only will be expected from us at this time.—(In consequence no paper will be issued from this office tomorrow morning.)

No daily paper was issued on Fridays at that time, as the weekly took its place, so that in the files of The Mercury there is a skip from Thursday, Nov. 10th, to Monday, Nov. 14th, 1831.

There is no mention to be found either of Mr. Lindsey's career or his death in the daily issues of The Mercury, but in the weekly issue of Nov. 18th, 1831, there are references that are in line with the customary obituary notices of that day.

The founder of The Mercury conducted it alone until 1826, when his

son, Benjamin Lindsey, Jr., was associated with him. In 1831 they started The Daily Mercury (the first daily established in New Bedford), and the senior partner soon after retiring, the entire management devolved on the son, who published it until July 15, 1861, when, having been appointed United States consul at St. Catherine's, Brzail, he sold the newspaper establishment to C. B. H. Fessenden and William G. Baker.

Mr. Lindsey held the position through Mr. Lincoln's administration and that of his immediate successor, discharging its duties acceptably to the government, and particularly so to those who had business with his office. Shipmasters have borne willing testimony not only to his prompt and courteous performance of official duty, but to many acts of kindness and attention, all the more kindly appreciated because rare and unexpected.

Resigning his consulship, he returned to this city, where he spent the remainder of his life in the quiet which he so much loved, with a few companions of his youth and manhood, and in constant fellowship with the books which for years he had been gathering, and whose treasures he thoroughly enjoyed. He died at his home, 46 South Sixth street, April 26, 1889, in his eighty-fifth year. Of a retiring disposition and with small taste for general society, he had a genuine relish for intercourse with his friends, and was able to contribute his full share to its pleasures. He was, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman, honorable, true, kind hearted, and free from all pretence.

In 1842 Mr. Lindsey was married to Miss Frances Sedwick Watson of Stockbridge. They had no children. Both are buried at Stockbridge.

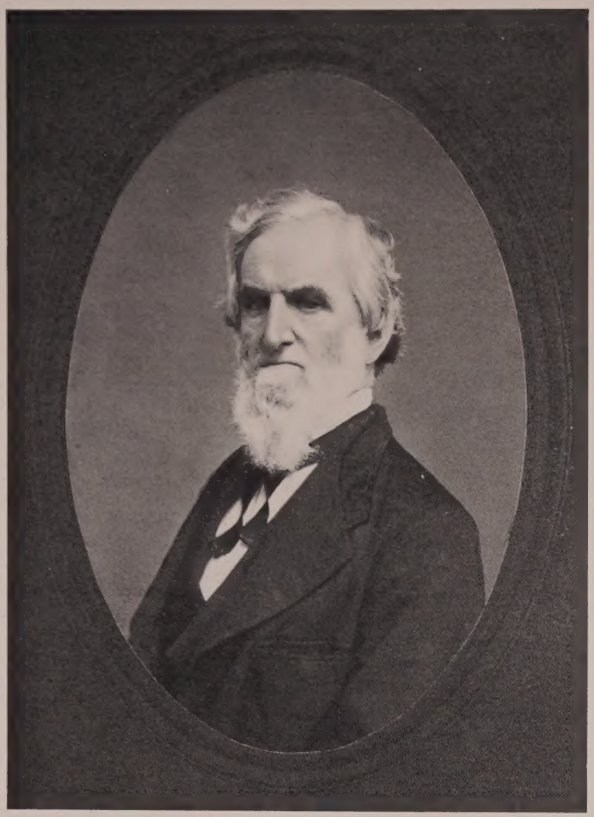
The Mercury, under Mr. Lindsey's management, grew in importance and value, was edited with ability, and enjoyed a wide circulation. For a long time it had no competitor, there being no evening paper, and its close attention to the fullness and accuracy of its ship news, then a most important feature secured for it a generous list of subscribers.

Fessenden & Baker took charge of the paper on the very eve of the late Civil war. It was not an auspicious time for such an undertaking by men of limited pecuniary means and unacquainted with the details of newspaper business. But the new proprietors had a decided taste for journalism, and lost nothing in reputation, if they gained nothing in money, by the venture. The character of the paper did not suffer by the transfer. It supported the Republican administration in the conduct of the war and afterwards in the great work of reconstruction. It advocated at an early day the arming of the enslaved Negroes and their emancipation, one of its editorials having the caption, "We must fight them or free them." In the darkest days of the Rebellion its leading articles were cheery and hopeful, prophesying progress through a big disaster, and showing unbounded confidence in the final triumph of the nation. Even beyond the circumscribed limits of its circulation it exerted a healthful and conservative influence, for its columns were scrupulously free of anything that would offend good taste or injure public or private morals, and it was vigorous in its advocacy of all real reform. It was persistent in its effort to supplement the loss to the city from the inevitable decline of the whale fishery by the establishment of manufacturing industries.

May 1, 1876, The Mercury passed by purchase into the hands of Stephen W. Booth, Warren E. Chase, and William L. Sayer, who until July 1, 1894, under the style of The Mercury Publishing company, conducted it. Mr. Booth had for many years been in the employ of Fessenden & Baker as clerk and then business manager. Mr. Chase had large experience and skill as a compositor, and Mr. Sayer had graduated with honor from The Mercury office as reporter. Young, hopeful, intelligent, industrious and determined to succeed, they kept up the tone of the paper, and improved its appearance It was independent of party, its editor, Mr. Sayer, approving or condemning measures without regard to their party origin or support. Mr. Sayer continued as editor until 1894.

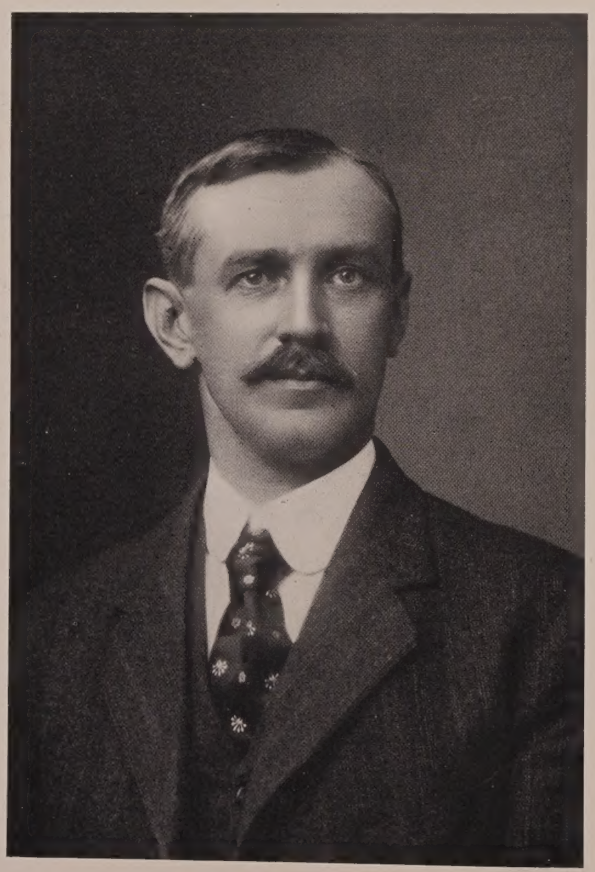
In 1894, the ownership of the newspaper property passed to the late George S. Fox, William L. Sayer and Benjamin H. Anthony. When this change was made, Zephaniah W. Pease, who joined the newspaper force as reporter in 1880, became editor, and Arthur G. Luce, who had been a clerk in the business office for several years, became business manager. Both have continued to the present time, although for a period of five years, during which he served as collector of the port, Mr. Pease acted as managing editor and not as editorial writer. Later the firm became incorporated, retaining the name of The Mercury Publishing Company.

During the one hundred years of existence of The Mercury there have been no less than thirty newspapers printed in the English language established in this city, and all but three have had their obituaries printed. The Evening Standard celebrated its fiftieth birthday a few years ago. Seven newspapers, besides The Mercury, were started during the first half of the nineteenth century, but all fell by the wayside after struggles. One changed its name no less than six times, and its ownership shifted almost as frequently. The Whaleman's Shipping List and Merchants' Transcript, which was established on St. Patrick's day in 1843, still survives, although its heyday has long passed.



BENJAMIN LINDSEY, JR.
Editor and Proprietor from 1823 until 1861.

NEW BEDFORD IN 1807.
A key to the buildings and people in this print will be found in an article by William A. Wall, the painter, which appears elsewhere.



ARTHUR G. LUCE.
Business Manager of The Mercury.

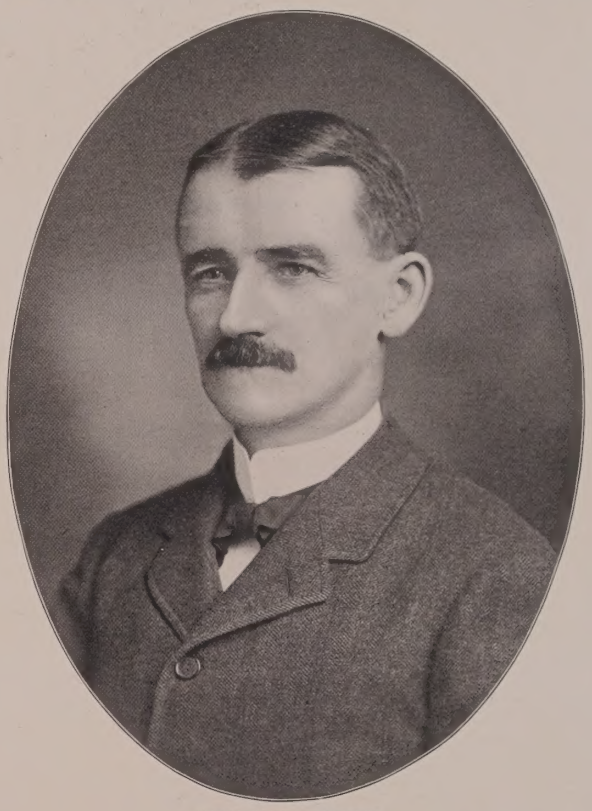
REMINISCENCE OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

By WILLIAM L. SAYER.

I find it difficult to realize that I have been connected with The Mercury for more than a third of its whole period of one hundred years' existence, and that I have been associated with three of its five ownerships. A youthful reporter not long ago described me as "the veteran of the New Bedford press," and when I look over the list of the years and think of the changes which have come since I walked into The Mercury office to ask for the place of a reporter who only the day before had covered his last assignment, I am more than half inclined to think he was more than half right. If the readers of The Mercury can pardon the garrulity which is the prerogative of the veteran, and will let me say a word in these columns for the first time—and probably for the last—in the first person singular, I would like to chatter, a little about the days when newspaper work went differently from what it goes now.

I was pitch-forked, if you please, into the newspaper business, and in a manner far foreign to that of which I had sometimes dreamed. It would not be truthful to say that I had never thought of the occupation before my call to it; for I have yet a collection of polite and emphatic declinations to take me into the service of newspapers all over New England. Sometimes when I look over them now I am struck with the unvarying courtesy of their writers; but then I was most struck with the unanimity with which they rejected my applications. Apparently the newspaper life was not for me. So I went on, as well as I could—which was not very well—with my work at the Twist Drill Factory, then a small affair compared with the present big establishment. But one Sunday evening—the night of September 17th, 1871—I heard on the street that "Dan" Webb, The Mercury's only reporter, had fallen from the railroad bridge at Canton on the Boston & Providence railroad, to be instantly killed. The owners of the paper had previously given me a vague encouragement that at some time I might be employed by them, and I lost no time in making my way to the office. Nobody was there before me, except the late Warren E. Chase, then employed by The Standard as a compositor, who had gone in to say a word in my behalf; and I was engaged without ado. The next morning the manager of the Twist Drill company released me without requiring a formal notice—I suspect he was glad to be rid of me—and I left the shop where I had worked four years and more to enter the occupation to which I have since devoted more than thirty-five years. That is the way I came to be a newspaper man, with no especial preparation, with only a meagre education in a succession of small country schools, and with practically very little knowledge of what would be required of me. It often seems to me that the young men who now come into the newspaper occupation, from the high school or the college, and who find their work systematically planned for them and a careful oversight of all that they do, are wonderfully fortunate as compared with us of an older generation in their opportunities.

As I look back at it all now, I am pretty sure I fell into better hands than if I had attempted the work with some of the newspapers which had been my ambition. The Mercury was at that time owned by Charles B. H. Fessenden and William G. Baker, who had been its proprietors since about 1861. Neither of them was trained in early life to the newspaper occupation. Mr. Fessenden was a native of Sandwich, a graduate of Amherst college, had studied law and practiced in the west, where he had acquired his title of Colonel from being a member of some governor's staff, and had come back to Massachusetts to dabble in politics and whatever else might present itself to him. Mr. Baker was a son of New Bedford, a quiet, refined, scholarly man, who was drawn to the newspaper business on account of its quasi-literary character. In their hands, The Mercury was carried on in a sort of happy-go-lucky way. Mr. Fessenden had some office to which he devoted a good share of his time. Mr. Baker supervised the business of the institution, though its direction was largely in the hands of Stephen W. Booth, who had been in the business office since his boyhood, and who had come to be the bookkeeper and the general manager. Between them, Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Baker carried on the editorial functions and the care of getting up the paper. Each contributed a share of the editorial articles, having alternate days of duty in this respect. Each, too, took charge of the office on alternate nights, usually until about midnight. After that, the conduct of affairs was generally left to the foreman of the composing room, and after I had been there a little while, to me. On great nights, like those of an election, one of the editors would stay until the paper went to press, but ordinarily he was out of the office by twelve o'clock. This system of alternation had some queer results. Editorial articles did not often clash, because, by a tacit consent, Mr. Fessenden wrote all those which had to do with politics, and Mr. Baker those which dealt with more general and abstract topics. But there were some odd happenings in other ways. One of the most notable that I remember was in connection with the reporting of the famous Beecher-Tilton trial. Mr. Fessenden had been a college mate with Mr. Beecher, and was his strong friend and partisan. He was intensely indignant at all the charges and insinuations concerning Mr. Beecher's character. The trial ran on for a long time, and was quite fully reported by the Associated Press. Mr. Fessenden considered the testimony for the most part as scandalous, and on his night of duty would either suppress it altogether or condense it to a mere skeleton. What Mr. Baker thought about Mr. Beecher I never knew, but he had no qualms about printing the testimony, and on his nights it went into the paper in full. So we had the queer spectacle of an every other day report of one of the most sensational and absorbing trials this country has ever seen. I suspect that no other newspaper in this country adopted such a plan. Occasionally some other subject was treated in the same way, and both the partners appeared to take it as a matter of course. If they ever had any open disagreement concerning these matters, they so managed that none of their employes ever knew.

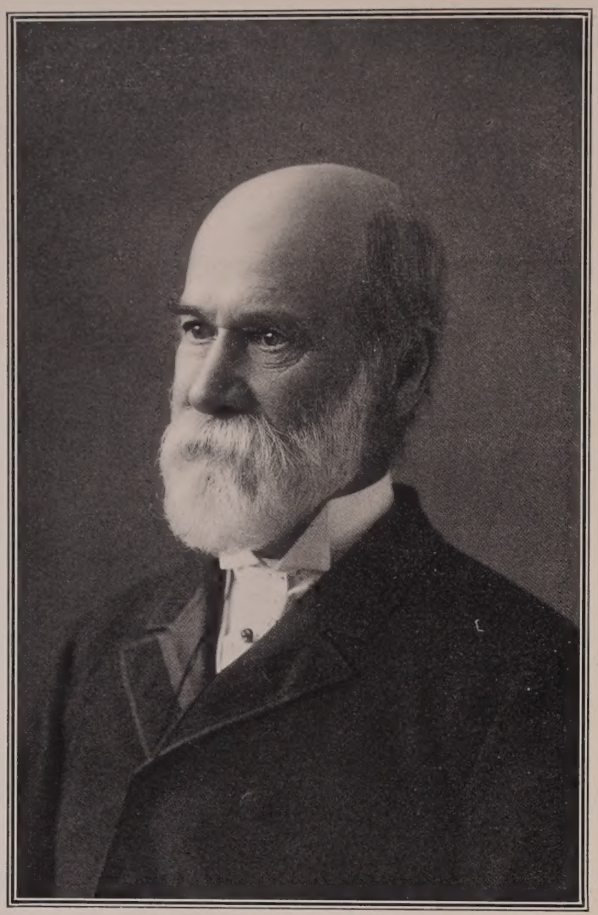


WILLIAM L. SAYER.
Editor of The Mercury from 1876 until 1894.

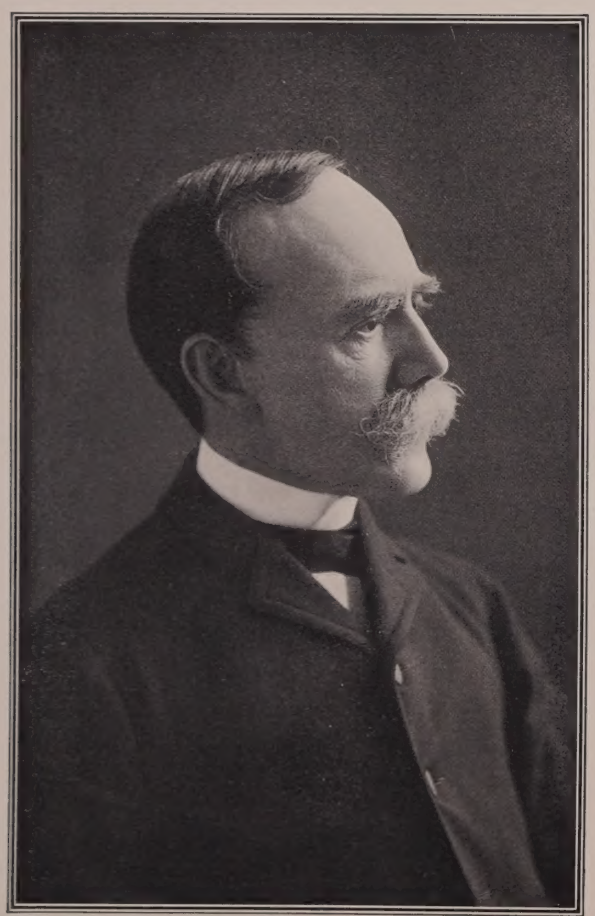
But these two men were both wonderfully good friends to me, and bore patiently with my crudities, and my bunglings, and my general lack of fitness for the work. I do not recall that either of them was ever impatient while they were always helpful. The nearest that either of them ever came to a reproof was when I was assigned to write an obituary notice of the late George M. Eddy, who was a leading—possibly the leading—dry-goods merchant of this city. I remember that I referred to him as a "venerable" man. He certainly had looked so to me, chiefly, I suppose, because he wore the Quaker garb and was somewhat grave of countenance. For some reason which I do not recall, the copy went in without revision by either of the editors. The next time Colonel Fessenden saw me, he greeted me with, "Sayer, do you think I'm venerable?" "Why, no," I stammered. "Well," he responded, "I'm older than Mr. Eddy was." That was all; but somehow I have never liked the word "venerable" since. And, indeed, I do not suppose anybody ever thought of Colonel Fessenden as being venerable, though he lived to a good old age. He was youthful in his feelings to the end, and with his youthful feelings he retained much of his youthful demeanor, even when his head had long been whitened by the passing of the years. Colonel Fessenden was a writer of the vigorous school, clean-cut, direct, decisive, and comprehensive. He knew precisely what he thought, and he had the faculty of putting his thoughts into such words that all his readers would know. I can see him now, writing in his quick, nervous way, straight at his theme, rarely stopping to find a word, or to change a word. To all appearance, his article was finished in his head before he took up his pen, and all he had to do was like the mechanical work of an amanuensis. It was a tradition about the office when I went there, that he had been asked to become the chief editorial writer of a great metropolitan daily. Whether the rumor was true or not, I never knew. He, at least, never said anything to me about it, even in the after years when I had long ceased to be his employe, and had become his familiar friend. He would have succeeded well, I have no question, in such a place. To his influence, and interest, and unfailing friendship, continued after his removal from this city, and up to the day of his death, I owe much of whatever small skill I may have acquired in the work to which I have now devoted so many years. Colonel Fessenden was not an all round newspaper man, as we see newspaper men today. Newsgathering and news presenting were not his strong points. But he was a clear thinker and a forceful editorial writer,—and an upright man, who taught by precept and example the value of straightforward honesty. His partner, Mr. Baker, was of another type—more reserved, less dashing, of perhaps a keener and subtler wit, eminently graceful in his literary composition, but not as vigorous. He was about the office most of the day, and on his alternate evenings, so that naturally I saw a great deal of him. Few more unfailingly courteous gentlemen ever lived, but there was nothing of the effusive about him. He did not act the part of the hail-fellow-well-met with anybody, but with his intimates his friendships appeared to me to be unusually strong. I recall as frequent visitors to him in the office the late William J. Potter, and the brothers Thomas R. and Edmund Rodman, and well remember the flow of interesting talk which always came with their appearances. Mr. Baker

could not forget his habit of courtesy with even the most exasperating kickers. The nearest he ever came to losing his temper so far as I ever saw, was when a persistent communication writer whose penmanship was apt to be illegible, came in to complain that his articles were never printed correctly. If they had been, considering the quality of his handwriting, we should have scented a miracle in the composing room. Mr. Baker was apologetic at first, but the caller was not to be placated. He persisted in restating his grievance in more offensive language. Finally without raising his voice, and in the blandest and suavest of tones, Mr. Baker observed, "Well, if I were you, I wouldn't write for The Mercury any more." My memory is that he did not. Mr. Baker, like Mr. Fessenden, was scarcely fitted to meet the demands of newspaper life, though he had fine literary taste, and exceptional power of literary expression. But the drudgery of the every day work was irksome, and the pettiness and routine fretted him. If he had not been of an equable and genial temperament, he would have been worried into misanthropy. As it was, he set us all the example of doing his best, and doing it cheerfully, in a place for which he was not well adapted, and under conditions which were not encouraging. I am not sure that this is not, in its way, the mark of a successful life.

Just a word about the composing room of that day. It was a vastly different affair from the composing room of this time. Located in the northeast corner of the second story of the same building which The Mercury now occupies, it had been there from the time Fessenden & Baker acquired the ownership of the paper. In the northeast corner of that northeast room was Charles Ruberg, who had set ship news and marriages and deaths and advertisements in that same spot for years. He was a native of Nantucket, a long, lean, lank person, a good printer, and an odd character. Near him was "Phil" Shepherd, an old-timer, who had stood in front of his case so long that he had worn a hole in the floor with his feet. He was alternately taciturn and jovial, and he was a character, too. There were two other compositors, whose names I have now forgotten, and there was Frank Haskins, the foreman. Frank was a native of Taunton, the scion of a strong Methodist family, and was fond of referring to his education at the Methodist seminary at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. He was naturally a bright man, and his education had sharpened his brightness; but his peculiarity was his fanaticism on the rum question, though on the opposite side from that in which fanaticism on that subject is usually supposed to dwell. New Bedford was then in a period of intense temperance agitation. A large number of temperance societies, open and secret, flourished. Acushnet Division of the Sons of Temperance was one of the most powerful social and political forces in the town. A temperance party, with an extraordinarily large element of undoubted sincerity, was a great factor in local politics, and not infrequently triumphed at the polls. Prohibition was the law of Massachusetts, and New Bedford was the chief fighting ground for its enforcement. Naturally, strong and intense emotions were excited on both sides, and Foreman Haskins of The Mercury composing room exhibited the strongest and intensest on the anti-temperance side. He was not particularly given to indulgence in strong drink, but his flow of strong language was more copious and abundant on that topic than that of any other man I ever saw; and he had the faculty,

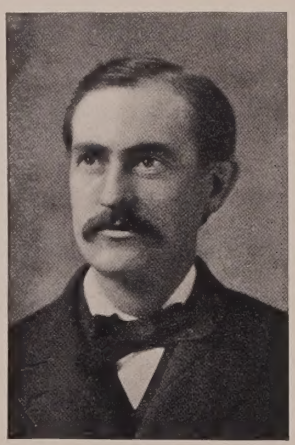


CHARLES B. H. FESSENDEN.
Editor of The Mercury from 1861 until 1876.



WILLIAM G. BAKER.
Editor of The Mercury from 1861 until 1876.

which at times was apt to be a bore, of turning the talk on any subject whatever into a diatribe against George B. Richmond, leader of the political temperance forces, or a denunciation of the Prohibitionists, or an exposition of the exceeding depravity of the state police. But he was an accomplished printer, and an excellent manager of the composing room, which had its own problems, though a small affair compared with the composing room of today. He had to read a good many of the proofs, to edit much of the copy, particularly the telegraph report, to make up the payroll, and to make up the paper, both daily and weekly editions —and I am bound to say that he did all these things well. Work was on quite a different basis from what it now is. The men came to the office about noon, distributed type into their cases, set type from two to five in the afternoon, distributed enough type to last all night, and set type from eight o'clock until three or later in the morning. In this time men would set from eight thousand to twelve thousand "ems" for their day's work, for which they received, as I remember it, twenty-five cents a thousand. Ordinarily they worked but five nights in a week, as the strain of six nights with such long hours could hardly be endured by anybody. It was this necessity of frequent rests, I presume, that made the tramp printer so conspicuous an institution in the morning paper offices of thirty or more years ago. In the large cities there was always a "sub" list, composed of men who were in line for regular jobs, but the smaller places could not always find certain work for even one "sub," and the tramp was therefore a welcome visitor. He usually managed to appear in the composing room door after the cases had been filled for the night, and just before composition was about to begin, trusting that some weary printer would be glad to let him "set in" to the extent of giving him a case full of type. By morning he had usually a long "string"—for he was apt to be nimble-fingered— which he would sell to one of his fellow-craftsmen at a small discount; he would sleep on the floor on a pile of old exchanges till the shops were open; he would get a modest breakfast, and then he would sally forth to buy a clean shirt. I have seen scores of them, and never knew one to appear in town except in a dirty shirt, and rarely one to do otherwise than to buy a clean one as soon as he had sufficient money. His after course depended on circumstances. Sometimes he would work steadily for weeks; sometimes he would disappear in a day. But if he stayed more than two weeks, he could usually be depended on to "jump his case" at a critical mo-



STEPHEN W. BOOTH.
For many years Business Manager of The Mercury.

ment, and to leave the town with a shirt as dirty as that in which he came. Yet he was an entertaining fellow; full of witty, and sometimes wise, talk; a budget of news of the newspaper offices the country over; well-read, often in the classics of English literature; of ardent political proclivities, commonly Democratic; and therefore interesting to have about. He was a feature of the old days that now have passed away. One of the last survivors of the class told me with tears—I think they were genuine—in his eyes, that the typesetting machines had ruined his occupation. "Why," he said, "what do you think they wanted me to do over in Rhode Island? Help build stone walls!" It was the last wail of a proud and independent race of workmen, which the modern printing office sees no more—and who in their disappearance have taken with them much of the old-time romance of the craft.

Well, as I have intimated, I found my employers not expecting too much of me, as was well, for they ran less risk of being disappointed. My first assignment was to write a paragraph about the ferry boat Union, which had been undergoing repairs and which had come on the line on the day of my advent into The Mercury office. As I remember it now, I wrote ten or twelve lines, very prim and not very illuminating, and turned it in to Mr. Baker, who received it without comment and poked it through the hole-in-the-wall which furnished communication between editorial room and composing room. The next day after that I began on police court reporting. In a day or two General Benjamin F. Butler, then a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, came down here to speak in City Hall in his own behalf, and I was sent to report him, which I did to the extent of a column of nonpareil type. It was in the same week that they sent me to report a meeting of the city council, at which I was expected to pick up somehow what was done in both branches. I think, too, that within a day or two the new fire alarm signal went into operation, and I went out to view the system and to see the inspection by the officials. It was at this time I first met the late Benjamin F. H. Reed, in his day the star reporter of The Standard, but now, alas, hardly more than a name to the younger members of the occupation in this city. Without undertaking to describe all his characteristics and peculiarities—some of which were very individualistic and pronounced—I cannot let mention of him go by without saying how much I owe him of help and encouragement. He could not have thought I was a very dangerous rival, for he was continually, in those early days, helping me out, and my inexperience would often have played me sad tricks had it not been for his cheerful assistance. I think he never did his paper any injustice by his help of The Mercury's news-gatherer—and, if he did, I trust it was forgiven him long ago.

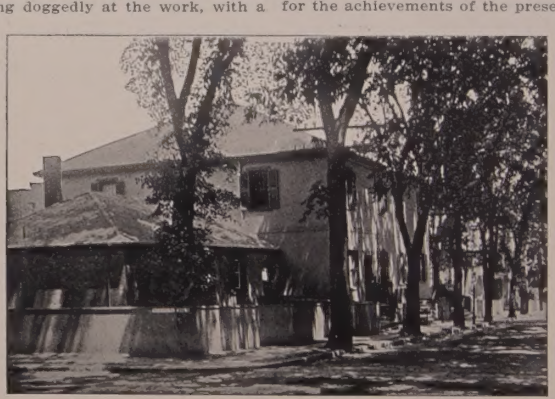
Little by little, I found myself and my work; and more and more I found my employers letting me go my own way. Besides the reporting, I helped more or less in the office, sometimes staying at noon for Mr. Booth to go to dinner, writing newspaper wrappers, helping fold and mail the weekly, reading proof for both newspaper and job printing office, doing errands occasionally, and so on. It must be remembered that New Bedford was not then what it now is. The population was barely 25,000, and the principal business was what was left of whaling. That was carried on in a limited area on the water front, so far as the home work was concerned, and for the most part so far as our office was concerned was cared for by Henry B. Almy, who came, I think, about the time that I did, as a ship-news man and a bill collector. Practically, the town began at the Pearl street railway station and stopped say at Grinnell street or South street. People lived both north and south of these points, but they were out in the country. When the engine house on Purchase street, at the foot of Franklin street, was built there was an outcry because it was located "so far north." So the territory I had to cover and the affairs I had to look after were by no means as extended as those which make demands on the city editor of today. On the other hand, there were no street cars, and usually no other means of getting anywhere but by walking. There was no telephone, and it was often a tramp of a mile for the sake of getting a simple "Yes"—or "No"—in answer to a simple question. I recall a fire in the middle of the night somewhere in the vicinity of Willis's Point. It turned out to be quite a fire, and I had to go back to the office to be sure that the paper had an outline of the situation, and to arrange that the force of printers would stay until I got back from my second visit—making four trips on foot between The Mercury and the fire. Similar occurrences were so common that most of them made very little impression on me. I only know that for the five years in which I was a reporter for Fessenden & Baker, there were a good many times when I went home in the morning having done what I could toward reporting a dozen different happenings in different parts of the city and perhaps in Fairhaven, under conditions which nobody would impose on the reporters of today. My employers did not impose them on me; they were the necessary accompaniment of the life as it then was.

But I soon made a good many friends; and some of them were sources of great help to me. It is impossible for me to enumerate them all here, and I shall not undertake to do so. First, easily, among them was the late George B. Richmond, who was mayor of the city when I came on The Mercury, and who was an unfailing source of news. Mr. Richmond was a man who believed in publicity, about which so much is said now. He made exceptions, of course; but, on the whole, he was free and frank and open about the affairs of his own administration, and he was always so about the administrations of his opponents, concerning which he was never without full information. To him is due the publication of more than one piece of political or governmental news which was being sedulously concealed by those most closely concerned. I remember one instance in which a mayor in opposition to his ways was to be nominated under conditions of darkling secrecy. The meeting—a sort of preliminary meeting—was held in a building on one of the wharves so as not to attract attention. It did not attract much attention that night, but a tolerably comprehensive and accurate account appeared in The Mercury the next morning, partly because of a hint given by Mr. Richmond, which led to an interview with one of the attendants at the meeting. Time and again I have gone to Mr. Richmond with a hint of an item which had puzzled me, and asked, "What do you know about it?" "I'll find out for you," he would say—and he almost always would. If he had not been a politician he would have made a marvelous city editor, for he had the "nose for news" better developed than any other man I ever saw outside the newspaper occupation, and better than most men in it. I may be pardoned for speaking of him from this side only, as I am writing of newspaper life, but he also became one of my best personal friends, and his encouragement decided me largely when I was debating whether or not to become an owner of The Mercury. Besides him, among those whom I remember with much satisfaction were Leonard B. Ellis, whose store on William street was a great gathering place in the late afternoon of professional and business men; Samuel C. Hart, a busy man but none too busy to help out a reporter whom he liked; Captain Orrick Smalley, city marshal, a hearty, honest man with nothing to conceal; Henry J. Taylor, whose china shop on Purchase street was a great resort of politicians; Rev. A. H. Quint, who was always courteous and communicative; Augustus A. Greene, and Joseph Buckminister, who were leading members of the city government in those days; Henry F. Harrington, the superintendent of schools; Edwin Dews, who then kept the stationery and periodical store where F. S. Frightman is now located; George F. Bartlett, then a leading whaling merchant, and a thorough gentleman; Weston Howland, afterward collector of the port, and who was a perfect type of the often quoted "gentleman of the old school"—and these were not all. I suppose there were rebuffs in those days for me, as there are rebuffs for reporters now; but somehow as I try to call up the past, I can remember only the pleasant associations I had with almost everybody. It seems to me as if people must have been unusually kind to a young fellow who was plugging away in a place which seemed to promise not very much.

And in those five years from 1871 to 1876, The Mercury most certainly did not prosper. There were other reasons than that of the lack of sufficient capital and the lack of capability for the business on the part of its owners. New Bedford was not very prosperous, and there was little hint of the transformation which was even then at hand. In spite of the courage of the leading ship-owners, it was clearly evident that whaling had seen its best days, and the inevitable decay was accelerated by the two great Arctic ocean disasters which occurred in this period. To be sure, the Wamsutta mills was an extraordinarily successful enterprise, but there were plenty of people who expected nothing but failure of the Potomska mills, which were built in the early 70's, and nobody dreamed that any other cotton mills would ever appear. Various manufacturing enterprises on other lines had come to ignoble ends, so that the outlook for the town was far from brilliant. The career of a whaleman was no longer open to ambitious boys, and no other home career presented itself to many of them. Thus it happened that a good many of them went away from New Bedford to other parts of the country. It was the most discouraging epoch in many respects in New Bedford's history, and naturally a morning newspaper felt the effects. Fessenden & Baker had a hard struggle to maintain themselves, and we who were their workers knew it. The conditions did not arouse enthusiasm, nor inspire ambition. Had it not been for the hopefulness of youth—and possibly its ignorance—the situation would have crushed us younger men who were in the employ of The Mercury. As it was, we went along, day after day, keeping doggedly at the work, with a sort of vague faith that something would turn up to better things. And this was my apprenticeship in the newspaper business—an experience of makeshifts and contrivances to get along under the direction of two men who had lost hope that their enterprise could ever be successful.

Well, it came to the point where something had got to be done for us who were the hired men to save ourselves; and Mr. Booth and myself having induced Warren E. Chase, then a reporter for The Standard, to join us, The Mercury was purchased from Fessenden & Baker, and on the 1st of May, 1876, a new departure was made. It is not my purpose to recount the history of the years since then, or even to dwell on any of its incidents. Suffice it to say, that the hard work we put in, combined with the turn in the fortunes of New Bedford, finally set us on a more solid foundation than the enterprise had ever known. Let the record go at that.

Naturally, this retrospect is more impressive to me because of the changes it suggests than for any other reason. Today not a person is employed by The Mercury who was connected with it when I made my entrance into its office—and but two or three are living. In the office of The Standard, there are two men, I think, who were its employes thirty-six years ago, and everybody else has gone. It has been my mournful satisfaction to write the last words of tribute to the memory of every one of my early associates, as I have seen them one by one drop out of the ranks of the living. Methods and ways and the scope of the work have all undergone marvellous changes. New Bedford is another city. Some of the names which were most familiar and prominent have disappeared—gone so that the younger generation scarcely knows them. In our business interests, we think different thoughts, and we talk another language. Then the thrifty artisan bought "a piece of a ship"; now he invests in cotton mill stock. Then there was talk of "lays"; now we hear about wage-scales. Then the terminology of the whaling business was familiar to everybody; now, nine-tenths of the population would not know whether a bowhead was a whale or a whaleboat. To go back to the newspaper office, the type-setting machine was considered as impossible as Aladdin's lamp, and nobody had devised the "top-of-column-next-to-reading-matter" advertisement. Parenthetically, this is where the present has not improved on the past. Newspapers have discovered scores of new objects for their attention and hundreds of new ways of treating them. They have improved, too, in almost every respect, though I would be most reluctant to say that the best is yet perfect. It would be folly to regret that the past is of the past; but those of us who in some sense are of that bygone time may be pardoned if we entertain for it, and even for its shortcomings, a reverent affection which is in no way dimmed by our admiration for the achievements of the present.



THE FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE.

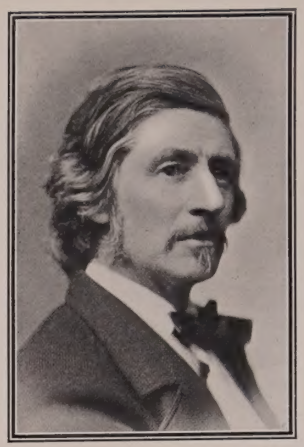
HOMEWARD BOUND WHALER, RUNNING INTO BUZZARDS BAY, BY HEN AND CHICKENS.

[From a painting by Harry Chase.]

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING AND DANIEL RICKETSON.

AS RELATED TO THE MERCURY BY F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD,

Author of Biographies of Thoreau, Emerson,
A. Bronson Alcott, Goethe and others.



F. B. SANBORN.

In the pursuits of literature, to which journalism is so ready an accessory, sometimes before and sometimes after the fact we are always attracted and pleased by the friendships of literary men. It is hardly possible for literature to be cultivated in a hermitage; although sometimes men of letters retire for a time from the distractions of society, in order to complete some task they have in hand. Such, for example, was the withdrawal of Thoreau into the Walden Woods, when he wished to prepared his first book for the press. But that was by no means a separation from his literary friends; for Emerson and Alcott, Ellery Channing and others of the Concord circle, found him out in his cabin by the lake, and were visited by him in return. He was aided by their companionship, and they in turn by his stimulating presence in their woodland walks and river voyages, when, years afterwards, he related those Walden experiences in a second volume, it found a faithful reader in New Bedford, the quiet and meditative occupant of Brooklawn, Daniel Ricketson; and he was not slow to seek the acquaintance of the author, who in December 1854 made his first visit to Brooklawn. Just a year later, (December 25, 1855) Thoreau's friend Channing, who had given hospitality to Mr. Ricketson in Concord, as the intimate of Thoreau, made his first visit to New Bedford, where he was presently engaged by Mr. Lindsay, then owning The Mercury, to aid him in editing it. He continued in this occupation for about two years, and for several subsequent years occasionally published contributions in its columns.

Although never an editor of The Mercury, as his friend Channing was, Daniel Ricketson quite as well, or even better, deserves to be commemorated in these memorial pages. Born when The Mercury was but six years old, he became one of its contributors ere it was thirty; and from 1836 to his own death, more than sixty years later he printed in its columns enough prose and verse to make several volumes. Two such volumes have appeared on the booksellers' shelves—his 'History of New Bedford,' published in a book in 1858, after running in numbers through The Mercury for months; and 'The Autumn Sheaf,' a volume of poems, most of which had also come out in The Mercury. One of the earliest of these poems, 'A Winter Sketch,' harmonises well with the February day in which this tribute to its author is written, and also well portrays the modest life of the poet for 85 years, in the native region which he made so attractive to other poets.

A WINTER SKETCH.

When Winter's horn blows loud and clear,
And snow drifts down the silent glen,
When slowly goes the waning year,
And few of Nature's smiles are seen,
Then to the woods I often go,
Heedless of either wind or snow.

'Tis not when naught but smiles are seen,
And fields are gay with new-blown flowers,
While the old woods are robed in green,
That Nature shows her greatest powers;
But when her hidden forces rise,
And clouds and storms deform the skies.

For then more boldly rush the streams,
The waterfall more loudly roars,
And to the gale the raven screams
As o'er the lofty pine he soars;
And riven branches loudly crack,
While Echo sends the tumult back.

'Tis then the mighty sea is tossed,
And the frail bark to the tempest stoops,
When billows lash the rock-girt coast
Where the gray sea-gull slowly swoops;
And on the wind is often heard
The voice of some storm-driven bird

Then, far within the wood's retreat
With eager steps I gladly hie,
Where each familiar haunt I greet
As old friends in adversity:
For here a countless store I find
That on me shed their influence kind.

The robin flits across my way
As though he would my coming hail;
The black-cap hops from spray to spray,
And whirrs near by the startled quail;
While, frisking on some neighboring bough,
The squirrel eyes me as I go.

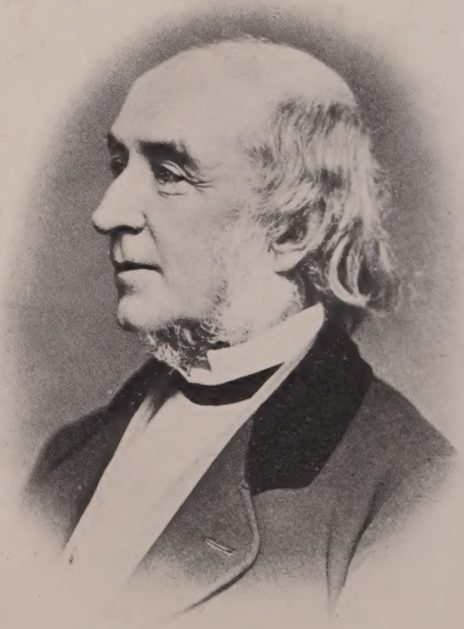
The green moss peeps forth from the snow,
And sweetly smiles at Winter's frown,
Low with their load the maples bow,
And humbly wear their winter crown.
Such rich reward kind Nature gives
To him who in her quiet lives.

These verses and many more, not all so suggestive as these of the nameless charm with which the "Divine Orinda" invested the "Solitude" of St. Amant the French poet, when she translated it from the French, adorned the Poet's Corner of The Mercury, where sometimes also Channing ventured his variable verse. There were also from Daniel Ricketson moral essays, religious exhortation, persuasives to kindness towards mankind and the lower animals, and memorial tributes to his friends, not alone to Emerson and Wendell Phillips, Alcott and Henry Thoreau, but to Jonathan Spooner the day-laborer to Hayden Coggeshall and to the Quakers of the region. Of Emerson in 1883 he wrote:

"For many years I had occasionally heard Emerson lecture, but it was not until I had formed a friendship with Thoreau in 1854 (which took me to Concord) that I became acquainted with him. Thoreau had been an inmate of the Emerson family, and was ever a welcome guest there. It was strikingly interesting and instructive to hear these thinkers discourse together upon some disputed point, and Emerson did not always come off victor. Once on a walk with him in the Walden Woods, Emerson in tones sweet and musical, gave an interpretation to the notes of the wood-thrush, then singing, somewhat as follows:

Hey willywilly,
Heigh willy willy, willy O!

On another occasion, I was occupying the attic room of a poetic friend in Concord, who was absent—("it was Chaning then living in New Bedford, editing The Mercury")—the evening was stormy and I was sitting alone by my lamp. I heard rather heavy footsteps coming up the lower stairs, and to my surprise, they continued on the stairs leading to my attic. I rose to open the door and was greeted both by Emerson and our mutual friend, the eminent abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, who had come to call on me. With the music of the rain pattering on the roof, the evening passed in pleasant conversation."



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.
Editor of The Mercury from 1856 until 1859.

As already said, Channing's acquaintance with Mr. Ricketson began at Concord, while he was visiting Thoreau there, the houses of the two companions standing opposite each other on the main street, a little west of the village, which in 1854 did not extend so far westward by some distance as at present. Thoreau kept his river boat at the foot of Channing's garden, as I did for a few years while living in Channing's house. So far as can now be learned, it was to Mr. Ricketson that Channing owed his engagement by Mr. Lindsey on The Mercury, but the occasion of it was something peculiar. In the autumn of 1855, Mrs. Channing who had been living with her children at Worcester near her sister-in-law, Mrs. T. W. Higginson, rejoined her husband at a house in Dorchester, and Mr. Channing had formed the plan of bringing his family together in some town other than Concord. With this in mind, and with no thought, at first, of becoming an editor in New Bedford, he wrote as follows to Mr. Ricketson from Dorchester, December 2, 1855:

"My Dear Mr. Ricketson—There is a little matter of business to which I would ask your assistance. Possibly I may leave Concord, and my aim would be to get a small place in the vicinity of a large town, with some land; and if possible near to some one person with whom I might in some measure fraternize. Knowest thou, O man of moneys and affairs, of such a place in thy vicinity, or in the town of New Bedford, in thy locality? If so, I will come there and look at it.

"I am a poet, or of a poetical temper or mood, with a very limited income, both of brains and moneys. This world is rather a sour world. But as I am, with you, equally an admirer of Cowper, why should I not prove a sort of unnecessary addition to the neighborhood, possibly? And how is New Bedford? and hast thou, O lover of Cowper, any means of renting houses adapted to poets seeking roofs to cover them? Something moderate, with one large room on the first floor, if possible 24x24. Do not object to an old house, must be near schools and church. (old fashion Uni-

tarian if possible;) no objection to groves, lakes, seas or rivers in the neighborhood.

"Come my neighbor; thou hast now a new occupation, the setting up of a poet and literary man; one who loves old books, old garrets, old wine, old pipes, and (last not least) Cowper. We might pass the winter in comparing variorum editions of our favorite authors, and the summers in walking and horticulture. This is a grand scheme of life. All it requires is the house of which I spake.

"I think one in middle life feels averse to change, and especially to local change. The lares et penates love to establish themselves, and desire no moving. But the fatal hour may come, when bidding one long, one last adieu to those weather-beaten penates, we sally forth with Don Quixote, once more to strike our lances into some new truth or life or man. Yours in Cowper,

"W. E. Channing."

Although no house such as Channing described was found for him, Mr. Ricketson took advantage of his proposition to secure him a place on the staff of The Mercury. Mrs. Lindsey, wife of the proprietor, was a distant cousin of the Channings, through the Sedgwicks of Berkshire, a fact which may have aided in the arrangement. Channing had been connected with the New York Tribune ten or twelve years before, at the time his sister-in-law, Margaret Fuller, was living in Mr. Greeley's family and helping edit the Tribune in its literary department. He was therefore habituated to editorial work, and particularly to that duty of an editor, to sink his own individuality in the general character of the newspaper. For this reason there is little in the editorials of The Mercury, which he must have written (except a few peculiarities of rhetoric, in which Channing was unique) to distinguish what he wrote from the work of the other editorial writers. He did the various duties of reporter, editor, reader of exchanges, etc., as he had done them at the Tribune office; but there was no occasion for him, as in New York on one winter night, when Mr. Greeley was detained down town, to report at the editor's house, and shovel through the snow drifts that had fallen and blown together in the night. As in his Tribune experience, he found occasion to print his verses now and then in The Mercury, for he had a great stock of manuscript poems to draw from, and he kept on writing, whether the public read or noticed his verse or not.

But it is time to speak more personally of this poetic editor who had so accidentally appeared in New Bedford. He had the same name as his more distinguished uncle, Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing, who had been known as a preacher in New Bedford occasionally, twenty years earlier, but who had died in 1842, leaving a son and two nephews, all bearing the name of William. This occasioned so much confusion that the poet was generally called "Ellery Channing," to denote his cousinship to William Henry Channing, the clergyman and biographer of Dr. Channing, and to William Francis Channing, a man of science, who was Dr. Channing's own son. Ellery Channing was the great grandson of William Ellery the Rhode Island signer of the Declaration, and was named for him, as his uncle was; but he was the son of Walter Channing, M. D., brother of the clergyman, who after studying medicine at Harvard and Edinburgh, practised for nearly half a century in Boston, saying to a stranger who mistook him for his brother the doctor of divinity, "No, it is William who preaches. I only practice." Walter Channing married a daughter of Samuel Gardiner Perkins, Barbara by name, and of her four children Ellery was the only son, and the eldest. He was born in Bedford street, Boston, (but a few rods from the house in which his friend Emerson was born, on Chauncey street,) November 29, 1818, which was also the birthday in 1799 of Bronson Alcott, and of his more celebrated daughter Louisa Alcott, in 1832. Losing his mother early, the boy was sent, before he was eight years old to a large boys' school at Round Hill, Northampton, where he remained several years, among boys generally older than himself; among whom were the historian, Motley, and the wit and art amateur, T. G. Appleton. One of his teachers there was George Bancroft, the historian and diplomatist in after years. Returning home to fit for college in Boston and Brookline, he entered Harvard in 1834 before he was sixteen, but never graduated, leaving college in his freshman year and pursuing desultory studies and readings by himself. His genius for poetry had already shown itself in short pieces, the first of which to be printed came out in the (old) New England Magazine in October, 1835, before he was seventeen. It had been sent to the editor without his knowledge, and was "The Spider" afterwards much admired when it appeared in his first collection of verses in 1843.

He soon began to contribute prose and verse to the Boston Journal, his first considerable work there being a series of papers on Shakespeare. His restless mind, however, would not allow him to follow any set course of city life, and in 1839, at the age of 21, he migrated to what is now the city of Woodstock in McHenry county, Illinois, near the Wisconsin border, and took up 160 acres of prairie and woodland, with a view to a planter's life, in an almost unsettled country. He remained there but two winters, then sold his farm and went to study law in Cincinnati, where his mother's brother, Rev. James H. Perkins, was a pastor. This was in 1840. Arriving from a visit to Boston in Cincinnati at the time of the death of President Harrison in early April, 1841, he had so far impressed his friends there with his journalistic talent that he was selected by one of the chief dailies to write the long obituary of Harrison, an Ohio president, whose home had been near Cincinnati.

In that city Ellery found Miss Ellen Fuller, a younger sister of the celebrated Margaret, and fell in love with her beauty and gentleness. In 1842 they were married, and soon after left the west (as Ohio was then called) to reside nearer Emerson and Thoreau. After a winter spent at Cambridge, the young couple settled in Concord, in a cottage near the Emerson home, which he soon exchanged for a home on the main road; then went to New York for a year to be an assistant editor of the Tribune, recently founded by Horace Greeley; but in the spring of 1845 returned to his family in Concord, and bought a house and garden on one of the four chief hills of the town, where he gardened and poetised, and rambled through the woods and fields with Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. This residence being too remote from the village, in 1851-2, he bought an ancient house near the last house occupied by the Thoreau family, and had been living there for several years, when, in March, 1855, I was introduced to him by Emerson, and took rooms in his house with my sister. He was then living alone, with an old housekeeper, Ann Carney, who occupied the best room in the house, and divided her services between us and Mr. Channing. Under these circumstances I became intimate with Channing, and our friendship continued unbroken, though sometimes interrupted by absence or caprice, until he died in my Concord house in December, 1901. He was then the last of that goodly fellowship of Concord men and women who had made the town famous in literature; Thoreau having died in 1862, Hawthorne in 1864, Mrs. Ripley in 1867, Mrs. Alcott in 1877, Emerson in 1882, and Alcott and Louisa Alcott in 1888, Margaret Fuller, who never lived at Concord, though often visiting there, had died by shipwreck in 1850; her sister, Mrs. Channing, in September, 1856. The death of the latter frustrated her husband's purpose of taking a house and educating his family in New Bedford; and he returned to Concord in 1858, never again to leave it. Having sold his house opposite the Thoreaus, after Henry's death, he then purchased the large double tenement where John and Henry Thoreau had taught their private school (1839-1842) and lived there from 1866 till 1891, when, being seriously ill, he came to live with me and be taken care of. He was then almost 73, and had mostly given up his life-time habit of walking in the woods and by the river meadows, either alone or with one of his literary comrades.

Exactly at what date he began and ended his editorial connection with The Mercury for daily service, I cannot fix. He seems for a time to have passed up and down on the trains between New Bedford and Harrison Square several times a week, and not to have taken up his constant residence here until the spring of 1856. He was averse, like Turner the painter, to disclosing his exact place of abode and habits of life; and he liked to surprise his friends. At his first appearance in New Bedford to see what progress Mr. Ricketson had made in house-hunting, he suddenly showed himself from Harrison Square at the Brooklawn villa of his friend, December 25, 1855. Two months later, Mr. Ricketson wrote to Thoreau thus:

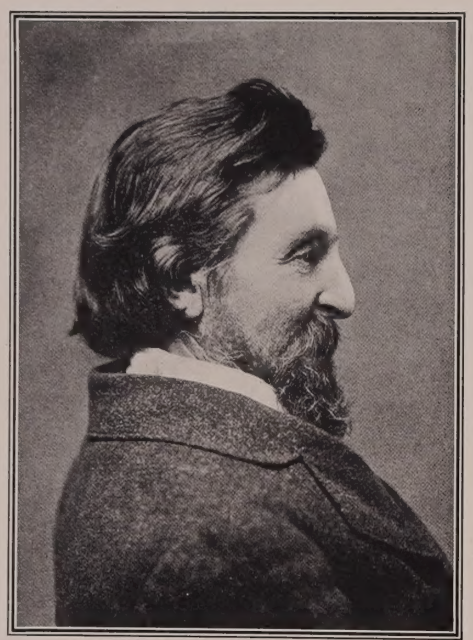
"I had just written his name when Ranger (the dog) announced him. He arrived on Christmas day" (as Thoreau had done just a year before) "and his first salutation on meeting me at the door of my house was, 'That's your shanty,' pointing towards it. He is engaged with the editor of The Mercury and boards in town, but whereabout I have not yet discovered. He usually spends Saturday and a part of Sunday with me."

Replying to this announcement a week later, Thoreau wrote (March 6, 1856) thus:

"I was surprised to hear the other day that Channing was in New Bedford. When he was here last (in December, I think,) he said, like himself, in answer to my inquiry where he lived, that he did not know the name of the place; so it has remained in a degree of obscurity to me. As you have made it certain to me that he is in New Bedford, perhaps I can return the favor by putting you on the track of his boarding house there. *Mrs. Emerson thinks that it was at a Mrs. Lindsey's. I am rejoiced to hear that you are getting on so bravely with him and his verses. He will ever be 'reserved and enigmatic' nor need I suggest how witty and poetic he is, and what an inexhaustible fund of good fellowship you will find in him."

For editorial uses there was another fund in Channing even more valuable. He had been all his life (he was then 38) storing his capacious memory with facts and thoughts, with prose and verse of all kinds; and he had associated for years with the finest minds in New England. He was deeply interested in events, and had a way of entering into the sentiments of people of all sorts, which could only be defined as an effect of genius. Whether all this showed itself in his editorial work, or was recognized if it was shown, I cannot say. Those who read The Mercury of 1855-59, are mostly gone, and files of the paper are none too common. But that he had the talent for it I am sure, and the experience.

The labors of Mr. Channing in The Mercury office cannot have been very exacting, and precisely what they were cannot now be ascertained. He had been early trained to journalism, though rather fitfully employed at it, in Boston (before 1839) in Cincinnati (in 1840-41) and in New York (in 1844-45). He wrote readily on a great variety of subjects, and from his excellent memory was a good reporter in the old long-hand method, never having learned stenography or phonography, so far as known. His friend Thoreau had a shorthand of his own which he used for entries in his field note book during his incessant daily walks, and for noting down facts in his land-surveys. But every sort of systematic training seems to have been averse to Channing's turn of mind; nor was he particularly attracted, as many men are, by the experiences and adventures of journalism. In 1847, when he was without a breadwinning vocation, and chiefly known as a poet, he was offered a position that would support him in the Boston Daily Advertiser, then under the control, as it was for many years, of the Hale family, the newspaper on which Rev. Dr. Hale learned and practised that skill in journalism which so early distinguished him. It was of him that Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican said to me about forty years ago: "They've got only one really good journalist in Boston, and they are spoiling him in the pulpit." But



DANIEL RICKETSON.

Mr. Ricketson's History of New Bedford first appeared as a serial in The Mercury.

* Mrs. Emerson was mistaken regarding Mr. Channing's boarding place. It was at a Mr. Whitney's on Summer street.

Channing would not then and so be tempted. He wrote to his friend Emerson:

"I told them that by the grace of God I would never desert the Muse any more, place or no place, poor or rich; that I would stick fast to her; and that there should be at least one professional poet left. Twelve years it has cost me to get here, and what remains shall go the same road."

He was as good as his word, and though he lived to the age of 83, he continued to write verses almost up to the winter of his death in 1901. While he was engaged on his tasks in The Mercury, he was also writing a new poem, which he quietly published in 1858, without parade, and chiefly causing it to be known by sending copies of the thin book, "Near Home" to his friends in Concord, Boston and New Bedford. He dedicated the poem to Henry Thoreau, in some of his best blank-verse lines, beginning thus:

"Henry! though with thy name a nobler verse,
Of theme heroic, or Devotion's prayer,
Might fitlier blend, and more men's thoughts inspire
Than these low, halting strains, or lead the way
To more sublime emotions, and entrance
The listening city or the landward town,
That spots afar the toppling mountain's base,
Still, let thy name stand here, of one the name,
Who to no meaner service nobly walked
Than Virtue's service."

This fine opening was followed by a characterization of Thoreau which, half a century ago, could attract little notice, and would have seemed extravagant; but to which hundreds of readers would now assent:

Modest and mild and kind,
Who never spurned the needing from thy door,
(Door of thy heart, which is a palace gate);
Temperate and faithful, in whose word the world
Might trust, sure to repay; unvexed by care,
Unawed by Fortune's nod, slave to no lord,
Nor coward to thy peers; long shalt thou live!
Not in this feeble verse, this sleeping age,
But in the roll of Heaven, and at the bar
Of that high court where Virtue is in place.

The two Concord friends met at Brooklawn, the hospitable home of Daniel Ricketson, and with them, on one occasion at least, Bronson Alcott, who spent some days in New Bedford in April, 1857, and held conversations here. It was on one of the evenings of the fortnight that Alcott and Thoreau remained at Brooklawn (now one of the city parks) that Thoreau danced to Mrs. Ricketson's piano playing, sang "Tom Bowling" and as he told his sister Sophia, "did not scruple to tread on Mr. Alcott's toes." Alcott himself thus described the house and its owner, on this occasion:

"A neat country residence, surrounded by wild pastures and low woods, the little stream Acushnet flowing east of the house and into Fairhaven bay. The hamlet of Acushnet at the 'Head of the River' lies within half a mile of Ricketson's house. His tastes are pastoral, simple even to wildness; and he passes a good part of his day in the fields and woods, or in his rude 'Shanty' near his house, where he writes and reads his favorite authors, Cowper having the first place. He is in easy circumstances, and has the manners of an English gentleman, frank, hospitable, and with positive persuasions of his own; mercurial perhaps, and wayward a little sometimes, but full of kindness and sensibility to suffering."

Already, more than a year before, had Thoreau, (March 6, 1856) portrayed Channing to Ricketson:

"The Channing you have seen and described is the real Simon Pure. You have seen him. Many a good ramble may you have together! You will see in him more of the same kind to attract and to puzzle you. How to serve him most effectually has long been a problem with his friends. Perhaps it is left for you to solve it. I suspect that the most that any one can do for him is to appreciate his genius, to buy and read, and cause others to buy and read his poems. That is the hand which he has put forth to the world; take hold of that. Review them if you can, perhaps take the risk of publishing something more which he may write. Your knowledge of Cowper will help you to know Channing. He will accept sympathy and aid, but he will not bear questioning, unless the aspects of the sky are particularly auspicious. He will ever be 'reserved and enigmatic' and you must deal with him at arm's length. I have no secrets to tell you concerning him, and do not wish to call obvious excellences and defects by far-fetched names. Nor need I suggest how witty and poetic he is, and what an inexhaustible fund of good fellowship you will find in him."

Nobody could have described better this problematic character, and few had known him longer. I may now claim that distinction; for my acquaintance with Ellery Channing began in March 1855, and only ended with his death, nearly 47 years after. I practised long on the advice given by Thoreau about him; and did publish and review his poetry and prose for 30 years before his death, and now for five years after. Soon after the Alcott and Thoreau visit to New Bedford, (of which there must be some mention in The Mercury of April, 1857, I am sure) Channing temporarily broke off his visits to Brooklawn, a habit of his with all his friends, and thus did Mr. Ricketson mention him in his diary of April 22, 1857:

"I miss my friend Channing, who usually came up on Wednesday afternoons. Read in his poems today the lines entitled 'To My Companions;' very touching, and really a deep-wrought experience of life rendered into verse. I should like to write a review of Channing's poems which might bring them more familiarly before the public. He has written some of the best poetry of any American, and will sooner or later be recognized as one of our best and most original poets. His lines possess much tenderness and beauty. He is really the poet of the heart. The world is too hard for such men, and he suffers greatly therefrom. From an intimate acquaintance of nearly a year and a half, which is now, alas! terminated, I look back with much interest, and feel indebted to him for many experiences." (April 23.) "I feel the loss of Channing's company, who though a very capricious acquaintance, still possessed many tastes in common with my own. I have rarely, if ever, found a more companionable friend."

In the summer of 1898, after the death of Daniel Ricketson, Channing living in my house, used to speak of him and his life at New Bedford. He said, among other things:

"I used to walk up to Brooklawn every Sunday while I lived in New Bedford (1856-58) not by the road in front of the house, but through the woods on a road behind it. Sometimes we would drive away to a lake in the suburbs of Freetown, ten miles off, and spend the day there, taking a stock of provisions, getting back in time for tea. Then 'Uncle James Thornton' would be there from the town, where he had a room. After tea, Mr. Ricketson and I would walk back part way with him. He was the mildest, most amiable man conceivable."

Channing's "talent for writing verse" was a very fitful one; he was in extremes, from very good to very poor or difficult to follow. Here are the best stanzas from one of those poems without a title, which he sometimes printed in The Mercury:

The years fleet on, yet we remain;
Life's shadow falls, kind hearts are true;
Cold fall the snows, yet winter vain
Seems summer as I think of you.

The charities that round thee play,
Convincing emblems of thy state;
Firmest! whose truth no flattery
Could praise, no silence desolate.

Across the teasing game we play,
Across its vain, vexatious cares,
O'er life's chilled hopes, o'er Fate's delay,
I see the pass, a creature rare.

I see the gleaming radiance change
The purple of the far-off moor,
And gild the rocks, and heat the grange
And sheet the sullen plain with ore.

Go, blinding cares! go weary pain!
Fall off, ye rusting chains of woe!
And heavily shall summer rain
Melt down the heaped-up thought of snow.

For thou art just, and thou are true,
And so the earth more blithesome seems
Than earliest ages, golden-new,
With Homer's songs and Virgil's dreams.

Farewell! I see thy happy years
Like greenwood rivers flowing by
In cheerful forests, not with tears
To freshets changed, with sorrow dry.

O mayst thou never know that hour
When weak mistrust or dull neglect
Shall vex, with chill or tearful shower,
The warm, true heart all should respect.

It is not likely that the poet-editor often inserted his verses in the columns of The Mercury; he had done so not unfrequently when editing his end of the New York Tribune, but he was then still young, and had hopes of poetic fame, which he gradually gave up. A few years after Thoreau's death, and while he was contriving how best to commemorate his dear friend in the biography which he afterwards (1873) published, Channing wrote to my wife:

"Is there no way of disabusing your husband of the liking he has for the verses I used to write? You probably know that he is my only patron; but that is no reason he should be led astray. There is no other test of the value of poetry but its popularity. My verses have never secured a single reader but Sanborn. He really believes, I think, in those so-called verses; but they are not good, they are wholly unknown and unread, and always will be. Mediocre poetry is worse than nothing, and mine is not even mediocre. I have presented him with the last set of those little books there is, to have them bound if he will. He can keep them as a literary curio, and in his old age amuse himself with thinking 'How could I ever have liked these.' "

He kept his word, and I have the volume. From it I selected in 1902 some fifty separate poems for the volume entitled "Poems of Sixty-Five Years,"—published then at the expense of two lovers of his verse, only one of whom had ever seen Channing, and he but for a single evening in the last year of his life, at my tea-table. At the date of its publication the poet was dead, leaving me his manuscripts, from which I selected some verses never printed, and revised others from the various readings in his Mss. Among them was this strophe celebrating Venus the star goddess, in lines written for a wedding:

'Tis she who walks the night
In blushing radiance strayed,
A well-proportioned light,
A sea-born maid,
Who from old Ocean's foam
Laughed and made men at home;
If her soft beams
Silver the rushing streams,
And gild the moss
Where the ancestral brothers toss,
Dark oaks and murmuring pines,
Stags of a thousand tines;
These rocks so grave, if they
Smile with humected day,
And silken zephyrs thrill
The maple's foliage, where the bird rose-breasted rings
With Music's clearest springs,
What then?
Though softer, we're still men!

The secret of such Greek-surpassing dithyrambs died with Channing. Of their meaning do not inquire too closely, any more than of the choruses in Aeschylus, or the odes of Pindar, but note the magic of their rhythm, the delicate shadings of their color! That graceful writer of French prose, Gaston Deschamps, whose laughing steps I followed in my Grecian pilgrimages, has lately published a volume of verse, which he prefaces by an ingenious and subtile essay on the development of modern poesy, proving that he understands the poet's orchestra, whether or no he can evoke music from each instrument. He says in one place:

"Our newer poets have, subtilised their vision by looking at the pictures of our impressionist painters. Poetic art becomes constantly more and more picturesque, ut pictura, poesis. The poets, possessing themselves of a dialect more and more expressive and delicate, strive to seize upon the wing all that glides and vanishes around us in the world of lights, colors, odors and musical sounds. The light thrill of a bird's pinion, the soft fall of the shedding petals of a flower, the whisper of fountains, the impalpable dust of gold, purple, emerald, that shades and sparkles on the butterfly's wing—in these with their alternation of radiance and shadow, are the light motives of joy and disquiet that enliven or sadden by turns our poesy, forever renewing itself in the endless novelty of the phenomenal world."

How could Deschamps have better depicted, sixty years after the fact, this strophe from Channing's "Rosalie?"

Her I lead in wood and dell,
Where the streams conceal their spell
In the sleeping solitudes,
Where an ancient silence nods
In the old, complacent woods,
Haunt of unpretending gods;
And where'er the secret bird
With such melody is heard
As a dewy rose-leaf falling
Loosely in the summer wind,
Or the twilight fancies calling
Far the buried sun behind,
When on high a vesper bell,
Softly tolling Day's declining,
In the mountains sounding well,
Answers to a heart repining;
Or a sigh of the wind-harp's tongue
On a silken zephyr sung.

In his "Near Home," which dealt with both the inland scenery and the sea coast, Channing drew this portrait of Thoreau as the Ricketsons and New Bedford first knew him, calling him "Rudolpho," as in his later poem, "The Wanderer," with a subtler thought, Thoreau was styled "Eidolon:"

I see Rudolpho cross our honest fields
Collapsed with thought, cool as the Stagirite
At intellectual problems; mastering
Day after day part of the world's concern;
Still adding to his list beetle and bee,
Of what the Vireo builds a pensile nest
And why the Peetweet drops her giant egg
In wheezing meadows, odorous with sweet brake.
Martyr! for eye too sharp and ear too fine!
I must admire thy brave apprenticeship
To these dry forages, although the wording
Laugh in his sleeve at thy compelled devotion,
And would declare, an accidental stroke
Surpassed whole eons of Rudolpho's file.
Yet shalt thou learn, Rudolpho, as thou walk'st,
More from the winding lanes where Nature leaves
Her unaspiring creatures, and surmount
In some fine saunter her declivity.

Here Thoreau appears as the searcher, the investigator; but years after, when Channing told in verse the story of the sojourn on Monadnoc of his friend and himself, the friend had become half identified with Nature herself; so that his name was changed to suit the case.

So strangely was the general current mixed
With his vexed native blood in its crank wit,
That as a mirror shone the common world
To this observing youth; whom noting, thence
I called Eidolon, ever firm to mark
Swiftly reflected in himself the whole.

Channing was ever repining against the place, where he was, and his lot in that place—the very antipodes of Thoreau, who always found it the best spot on earth, and his own fortune sufficient. To Emerson in 1845 did Channing write, finding fault with Concord, as he might have said it to Thoreau, for whose sake he returned to that town after once leaving it:

"I regret you should have chosen for your place of residence a village so near the city of Boston; in so flat a scenery, in so cold a climate, with so wretched a soil; where there are bigots in religion, and fantasts devoid of national opinion. I regret it, but I cannot help it. I know not by what dreadful fate you were there indissolubly ligatured to the necessities of a rough condition; but I bow. One cannot get at the oyster unless he first dirties his fingers and dulls his knife with the shell; if there be an Emerson, how much rather!"

Thus, no doubt, Chaning found fault with New Bedford while he lived here, as he did with New York, with Cincinnati, with the wild prairie of Illinois, and most of all with his native Boston. But beneath all this censoriousness was a feeling of regard and affection; and with all his criticism of his friends, there went a strong attachment which allowed him to be long separated, but never wholly estranged. Thoreau best described him in his journal for 1851, saying:

"He is the moodiest person; as naturally whimsical as a cow is brindled. Both in his tenderness and his roughness he belies himself. He can be incredibly selfish and unexpectedly generous. He is one who will not stoop to rise. He wants something for which he will not pay the going price."

Ellery Channing was a poet by genius, unhappy by temperament, firm in his attachments, if capricious in their manifestation; wise by experience, uncertain in powers of expression, an indifferent editor, but a fascinating and ever to be regretted friend.

F. B. Sanborn, February, 1907.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM W. CRAPO.

WILLIAM W. CRAPO.

My earliest recollections of The Mercury date back to my boyhood, when it was my habit to peruse the newspaper before going to school. The editorials and general news did not greatly occupy my attention. The column that most interested me was the Marine News, being eager to know the particulars of the latest whaling arrival. In those days the boys who could not tell the names of all the whaleships sailing out of the river and could not distinguish the private signals of the whaling merchants were thought to be deficient in intelligence or wanting in loyalty to the town. This youthful interest might have been stimulated by the unwritten law that the boy who first carried to the captain's wife the news that her husband's ship was coming into the harbor received a silver dollar. The writer recalls that having heard that the ship Amazon, John A. Macomber master, had been sighted off Gay Head or Block Island, he ran with all speed carrying the glad tidings to the captain's wife and received the customary prize money.

The marine news collector and reporter was George G. Coffin. He was small of stature, full of activity and intensely absorbed in his work. Beyond recording the arrival and departure of whaleships he also recorded their cruising grounds and the latest reports from them. When a ship was inward bound he would board the vessel in the lower harbor, and interrogating the master learn the amount of her catch and what vessels had been spoken on the last cruising ground and on the passage home. Then hurrying to the wharf he would rush to the merchants' reading room, and without answering inquiries would seize from the stand the open book which contained the daily record of shipping news and transcribe the information. The book would then be replaced and read by the merchants who had gathered there, after which would be discussed the probable profits of the voyage, and the success or failure of the reported ships. No man ever followed his calling with greater devotion. As a reporter he made no use of head-lines nor did he indulge in the extravagance and redundancy of phraseology common at the present time, but he reported the facts clearly and briefly and with an accuracy which required no modification in later issues.

Benjamin Lindsey, the younger of that name, who was proprietor and editor of The Mercury, is remembered as a gentleman of the old school, grave and serious and somewhat formal in manners. His editorials were cogent and dignified. He was wanting in humor, and was a stranger to sensationalism. In politics he was a Whig, believing absolutely that good government could only be obtained through the policies of the Whig party and administration by the Whigs. The Mercury under Mr. Lindsey represented the conservative citizens, who were a large majority.

During the first fifty years of The Mercury's existence a number of attempts were made to establish a newspaper in opposition. I recall the Courier, owned and edited by Benjamin T. Congdon; the Register by Richard S. S. Andros, a talented writer and agreeable gentlemen; The Daily Gazette by J. G. Harris, and the Bulletin under the management of William Eddy. There were a number of others, whose names I do not remember, which after a brief and feeble existence withered and died. During these years The Mercury, serene and confident of its position, every morning was left on the doorsteps of the town.

Towards the close of Mr. Lindsey's control of The Mercury he employed Charles T. Congdon as assistant editor. Mr. Congdon was a native of New Bedford and belonged to a family of noted literary attainments. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar, as the townspeople were informed by a sign affixed to the building at the northeast corner of Water and Centre streets, but his legal practice was limited to notarial protests for the non-payment of drafts and promissory notes. He had read and studied with zeal and enthusiasm the best English literature. He was gifted with a brilliant imagination, to which was added a charming diction and a phraseology rich in suggestiveness. The editorial room of The Mercury was next to my office in the Commercial Bank building on Water street. Not infrequently towards the close of the afternoon Mr. Congdon would sit down at my desk and read what he had prepared for the next morning's paper. This was not done for criticism, rather for comment and by observing its effect on the listener to gain an opinion of its probable reception by the reading public.

About this time, fifty years ago or more, the Standard had entered the field and it had come to stay. Its founder, the elder Anthony, was bold, persistent and defiant. Opposition did not trouble him, it rather prompted further irritating assaults upon the conservatism represented by The Mercury. In the editorial department of the Standard was a young man from Maine, Cyrus Brown, a brother of the humorist of the day known as Artemas Ward. Brown was a rough rider in journalism, delighted in controversy, and did not object to personalities. Congdon enjoyed a tilt and would put a chip on his shoulder knowing that Brown would knock it off, and in this way furnish him the opportunity to reply with ridicule and sarcasm. Congdon's pen was sharp and polished, making a clean cut, while that of Brown was blunt, but pushed with reckless audacity. This was in strange contrast with the staid, decorous, dignified writing of Mr. Lindsey. But there were readers who enjoyed the conflict and the circulation of both papers was increased.

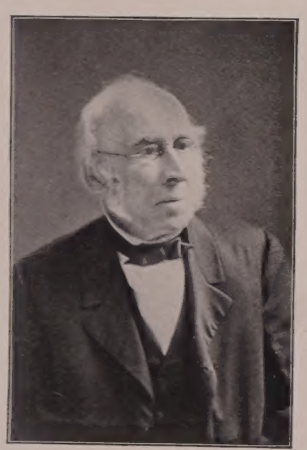
I need not write of the control of The Mercury by Colonel Charles B. H. Fessenden and William G. Baker, since they are remembered by the present generation. They furnished a newspaper which was bright, entertaining and wholesome.

Upon the pages of The Mercury are recorded the events of a hundred years in New Bedford. There is found the diary of the town's doings. They tell the story of its intellectual, social and material progress and of the men and women who accomplished it. The Mercury has during these many years been an influential factor in guiding and moulding public opinion, always pointing the way to better methods and loftier purposes.

In its present able management is the assurance that the second century of The Mercury will maintain its high journalistic excellence and will continue the promotion of whatever is for the advancement and welfare of the community.

Wm. A. Crapo

A Painter of Old New Bedford.



WILLIAM A. WALL.

There are local painters whose work has achieved wider fame than that of William A. Wall, Albert Bierstadt, R. Swain Gifford and William Bradford, for example—but none performed a greater service for New Bedford than Wall, for he devoted his artistic genius to illuminating the pages of local history and it is through this tendency that there is preserved to us a group of paintings, accurate in detail and truthful in the portraits of the leading actors of an ancient day. Such pictures as the "Origin of the Whale Fishery," the view of the "Four Corners" in 1807 and the "Landing of Gosnold" are of great value, illustrating the earlier periods of our history.

William Allen Wall was the eldest son of William Sawyer Wall of Rock, Worcestershire, England, and his wife, Sarah Barney. He was born in this city in May, 1801, and died here in November, 1885. In 1823 he married Miss R. T. Russell of Russells Mills, Dartmouth. At about twenty-seven years of age he became desirous of adopting painting as a profession, and for some time worked without a master, preparing his own canvases and even making his own brushes. He studied one winter in New York, another in Philadelphia under M Sully, and in 1833 he went to Europe for two years, during which time he studied in Paris, Rome, Florence and other Italian cities.

In connection with The Mercury's centennial, Wall's painting, "The Old Four Corners," which represents the appearance of the corner of Union and Water streets in 1807, the year The Mercury was founded, is of particular interest.

Only a few people who are familiar with the painting or its reproductions know that almost every figure in it is that of a historical personage of our early history. It was painted in 1857 and originally bore the title "New Bedford Fifty Years Ago." In a letter written to William Penn Howland in January, 1859, the artist has furnished a key to some of the portraits Mr. Wall wrote:

"Opposite the store door, on which may be seen the sign of Jehaziel Jenney, he is himself represented as conversing with Peter Barney, the next on the right, and near the stone post at the northwest corner, are two figures intended for Abraham Russell and Wm. Rotch, Jr. Still further to the right and opposite the barber's shop of Nathaniel Rogers are Samuel Rodman, Sr., and Capt. Rowland R. Crocker. In front of them and near the northeast corner are two more figures, one of which was intended for my father, and the other, leaning against the corner of the store, was intended for no one in particular. Still further in front and near the group of colored persons is Barnabas Taber, and in the chaise near the centre of the picture is Wm. Rotch, Sr. The female near we call Patty Hussey. The man by the side of the team may pass for Caleb Sherman.

(Signed) "Wm. A. Wall.

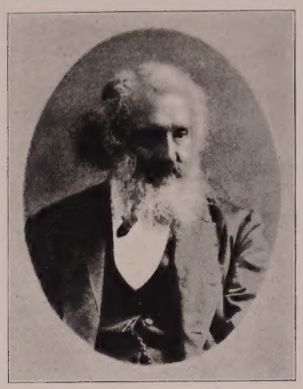
"To Wm. Penn Howland, Esq."

The street was Main street, now Union, at the corner of Water. The man with the iron foot, in front of his merchandise store, is Jahaizel Jenney. Many stories are told to this day of Jahaizel's Yankee cuteness. At one time he had on hand some spoiled butter which was unsaleable. He marked the kegs "J. O. T." and put it aside. When the customers saw it and asked for an interpretation of the letters, he declared they stood for "Jahaizel's Own Tooth," and he professed reluctance to sell it. Whereat the customers insisted, and it was not long before the butter was disposed of. The barber shop on the west side of the street was that of Nathaniel Rogers, which was occupied as a West India goods store by Uriah Rea & Co. as early as 1785. The brick building which stands on the corner was built in 1819. The flag on the building was only raised on special occasions. This day it was to honor the exercise of the village fire department, which had the old "Independence" out for practice. Captain Nathaniel Cole is bending over his meat bench. George Sisson's grocery was in the three-story building, erected in 1792, which still stands at the corner of Union and Bethel streets. The town pound is next west. The old mansion of William Rotch, Sr., now the Mansion House, was then a private residence, with spacious grounds and tall poplars in front. James Harper, in a description of this building, says: "The brick ends of the Mansion House were built by two old masons named East and West, each of whom was familiarly known as 'Daddy.' 'Daddy East' built the west end and 'Daddy West' built the east end." The "leathern conveniency," in which William Rotch, Sr., is seated, was the only private carriage in the town at the time. The chaise was imported from England. The boys in the five-wheeled cart are playmates of Mr. Wall, one of them George Howland, Jr. Mr. Wall is represented as the driver. One of the three Negroes in the foreground was Paul Cuffee, a minister, prominent among his people. The man talking with the man who leans against the corner of the building is William Sawyer Wall, father of William A. Wall.

Another painting of historic merit is "The Early Whale Fishery," also reproduced in this number, in which Joseph Russell is supposed to be watching the unloading of a small vessel which has just returned from a successful cruise. A picture now in the public library of "Gosnold's Landing" is among the historic paintings from Mr. Wall's brush. He also painted a full-length portrait of Abraham H. Howland, the first mayor of the city, and made a copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington, both of which are hung on the walls of City hall.

A FAMOUS NEW BEDFORD JOURNALIST.

BY RODOLPHUS A. SWAN.



CHARLES T. CONGDON.

Perhaps the most notable newspaper man that went forth from New Bedford in the last century was Charles Taber Congdon, a writer for The Mercury sixty or seventy years ago. Mr. Congdon worked with Greeley on the New York Tribune; he was, in fact, an editorial writer of importance during the Civil war, and his comments that were printed as "leaders" in that New York newspaper are considered to have had a bearing on the public mind at that critical time in the nation's history.

Charles T. Congdon was a son of Benjamin T. Congdon, one of the early newspaper publishers in New Bedford, who established the New Bedford Courier, June 12, 1827, and continued it for about seven years. He also became proprietor of the New England Gazette, which was published in New Bedford in 1823 by Welcher & Rogers, and this paper became united with The Mercury by Mr. Congdon, January 23, 1826.

The younger Congdon attended New Bedford's public schools, which he notes were greatly improved between 1820 and 1830, partly through the influence of Joseph Lancaster. "My first school was Lancastrian, and what I particularly admired in it was its total abstinence from corporal punishment, which Lancaster regarded as a device of the devil himself, with its whole fearful apparatus of canes, cowhides, ferules and birch rods," writes Mr. Congdon.

At a more advanced school that he attended a schoolmate was Ellis Bartlett, father of the man whose marriage with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was the source of much discussion at about the time that Mr. Congdon wrote "Reminiscences of a Journalist," a volume in which there is much of interest to New Bedford people.

"If the story of his son's marital experiences shall have any future interest, I may here say that there is no better blood in the world than the blood of the Old Colony,—now Plymouthy county, Massachusetts,—and of this my old friend, Ellis Bartlett, had plenty in his veins," writes Mr. Congdon. "It is quite as good as that of the Burdetts, and somewhat better than that of the Dukes of St. Albans. I am in no position, as I write, for genealogical research, but I should be willing to proffer a small wager that the ancestors of Ellis Bartlett, if it could be determined, were among those stern and stalwart men who made matters unpleasant for the Stuarts at Naseby and at Marston Moor.

"I write this because the father of Mr. Bartlett, now so much mentioned, sat side by side with me years ago in the High school in New Bedford, and helped me kindly in my first struggles with the dead languages. A tall, rawboned youth he was then, destined for Amherst college, and preparing for his examination. He was destined also, it was understood, for the sacred ministry of the Congregational church; and I believe that he was in some way, or was to be, a beneficiary of some educational society. We boys didn't know much about that, did not care much, for most of us were poor, and those who were rich were by no means the classical ornaments of our forms. What I remember mostly about my old friend is that he was an excellent scholar. It all comes back to me now,—how he, who was a sturdy student, took me, a little fellow, under his stout right arm, with a Cape Cod strength in it, and led me up and down the bank of the Scamander and under the walls of windy Troy.

"He would not let me be idle. If I funked at recitation, he took me to some quiet corner as soon as we were dismissed, and admonished me with the color upon his Puritan cheeks; for he was then in dead earnest, whatever ideas of the best life might afterwards come to him. For my own part, I thought him something wonderful. I recollect now that, in my opinion, he was the best writer of English prose on this continent, and how I marvelled at the dextrous turn of his sentences, and was sure that when he came to preach in a pulpit of his own the sensation in the pews would be notable. So I was quite willing to enter into a scheme which once, during the playhour, he broached to me. It was that we should meet during those summer days, at sunrise, at his own room, and there read Homer together. There was romance enough in the suggestion to tempt me into early rising; and so, in the cool of the dawn, I went down to him with my little Homer and my big lexicon under my arm; and with thoughts of Achilles and Hector, of Priam and Andromache, in my head. I am told that these sons of my early friend are more excellent scholars, with their Oxford training, than we were; but I wonder if they do not owe something of their success in England to a cleverness and a persistence inherited from their father.

"My friend Bartlett went to one college, and I went to another. Our paths of life, which ran so closely at first, pretty soon widely diverged; and we never saw each other afterward. We will not quarrel with youthful friendships because they last no longer; they go with the fine fragrance and the subtle vitality of the first years. My old associate preached a little, I think, after his graduation; dropped out of preaching, as so many do; dropped into commercial transactions of which I know little; and died somewhere in middle age leaving these children, of whom so much has been lately said, and especially this child, who has engrossed for several months the attention of the British press and of a considerable portion of the British public.

"Something I have heard, in a private way, of those proposed nuptials. The mother of this young man, as I chance to know, was of an excellent Philadelphia family, not likely to be made arrogant even by an alliance with the heiress of a great London banker; for it must be remembered that the baroness has no particularly ancient blood in her, but comes mainly—and altogether so far as fortune is concerned—of plain merchants or bankers, like those of Boston or New York. What brought the widow of Ellis Bartlett with her boys to London and how she became the intimate friend of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, I do not know, and do not care to know. So much, however, in the shifting vicissitudes of human affairs happened, with such aftercome as the Fates may vouchsafe. Both boys are clever—one of them is in parliament, thinking occasionally, I hope, of his father upon that stormy Plymouth corner of Massachusetts, fishing sometimes, and then selling the product of the fishery about the town. Member of parliament, consort of a baroness, master of millions sterling, object of the jealously of queen and aristocracy, talked of and written of, he would have no occasion to be ashamed of that father for whose sake I have written these lines."

Mr. Congdon completed his education at Brown University, and according to his reminiscences, studied law for a time in the office of Thomas D. Eliot, who once represented this district in congress. John A. Kasson was also in the law office at this time. During his early career in New Bedford, Mr. Congdon was a copyist in the registry of deeds, for he writes his impressions of N. P. Willis as he saw him, from the registry window, walking down County street.

In 1844, Charles T. Congdon edited the Daily Evening Bulletin in this city. This newspaper began publication in 1842, and was edited in other years by William Eddy and Henry Tilden.

Ten years later Mr. Congdon went to Boston to become one of the editors of the Boston Atlas. He tried to make the paper a profitable property, apparently without success, for he leaves the impression that he was expected to make the paper go, and still suit the whims of the proprietors, an impossible proposition. "With all my sympathies on the side of the Whigs," he wrote, "I had no suspicion of the impending demise of the party, and I did not anticipate that the people would so strongly resent the obsolete notions of the Hunker Whigs."

After a couple of years with the Atlas he joined the staff of the New York Tribune, and most of his active work with this newspaper was done during the Civil war period. From a memorandum book that was picked up by a New Bedford booklover at Bangs's auction room in New York a few years ago, it appears that in the early seventies, Mr. Congdon was still writing for the Tribune, a penny-a-liner, apparently. The book contains, besides Mr. Congdon's Tribune account, a number of memoranda, bits of literature and information that he copied during his reading to have at his elbow.

That there were no fortunes made by editorial writers of the last century is no mystery when one studies Mr. Congdon's Tribune account as jotted down in this book. It starts December 2, 1873, when he wrote a note identified as "A Physician in Bangor," for which he received five cents. "It is hardly worth while," printed the following day, also brought five cents, but the sixth of the month four editorial notes were printed for which twenty cents was charged. The total for ten days was $1.47, the most profitable contribution being "Chastising a Parson," for which sixty-two cents was obtained. Occasionally he wrote a longer article, but most of his contributions to the editorial columns of the Tribune brought him two, five, six, seven and eleven cents. "Christmas Kleptomania," printed the day before Christmas, 1873, was good for ninety cents, and on Christmas day "Of Gifts and Giving" entitled him to draw on the business office for eighty-five cents. It might be inferred from his account that his work was spasmodic, and that when the spirit moved him to scribble several editorial notes he might have made as much as twenty-three cents, while on other days he appeared to be content with a three or a four-cent wage. There seems to have been no regularity of settlements, some months he drew as much as $5.39, and once it ran as high as $8.69.

He has given us this picture of a New Bedford newspaper office about eighty-five years ago:

"One who has been familiar with newspapers will naturally have a cluster of odds and ends, interesting, perhaps, if not important, in the drawers and pigeon-holes of his memory. Without being very old, a journalist may have witnessed what amounts to a complete revolution in the methods and proportions of newspaper manufacture; and such has been my own fortune. There are not many people, perhaps, who can remember what a country newspaper office was fifty years ago—the old-fashioned, wooden-frame presses, the small fonts of type, the ink-balls; the traditions which have come down from the days of Faust; the fixed habits, and the odd names by which things were called; the wandering journeymen, usually given to occasional inebriety; the apprentices, from the oldest, almost 'out of his time,' to 'the devil,' just entering upon his time, and not finding it a charming one.

"I was almost born in such an office, if I may say so; a considerable proportion of my infant untardiness was of printer's ink; my small hands were often blistered by beating the forms with the balls aforesaid, while my father worked off the limited edition of perhaps four hundred copies of my newspaper, at first on that primitive machine, a Ramage press, with its two pulls and general clumsiness. We printed the outside of our little weekly on Friday, and the inside on the eve of the day of publication, which was Tuesday. When the glue-and-molasses roller was invented, all my serious toils seemed to be over. It was the first labor-saving machine of which I had any practical knowledge, and a marvel I thought it. It came from New York, then as far off to me as Jerusalem, and with it came new and shining fonts of type—very small fonts—from the historic foundry of Mr. David Bruce, still famed, under the direction of my friend, Mr. David W. Bruce, for the production of elegant letter. With this consignment also arrived the first Specimen Book—the first picture book of importance which delighted my eyes, since grown a little tired of perpetual illustrations. How we children fought (in an

amicable way) for the first look at it! I have seen one at least of the great galleries of the world since—the grandeurs of the old and the glories of the modern masters; but none of these gave me so much pleasure as Mr. Bruce's advertising cuts and reproductions of Bewick and designs by Anderson. There was one print, freshly remembered now, of an unhappy wretch standing upon the scaffold and just upon the point of being turned off, over which I shed tears in abundance. This was probably intended for some broadside description of an execution. Then there were cuts for lotteries, auction sales, advertisements of fugitive slaves, horse races, toy books—all charming in those days of limited pictorial embellishment.

"When the newspaper was printed I carried it to the subscribers' houses 'all in the morning early.' There was another carrier at the other end of the village, but my share of the work amounted to about one hundred and fifty deliveries. The task was easy enough in the cool summer mornings, and I strolled along pleasantly, thinking of the book which I had read the night before, or of the book which I intended to read in the evening. The very first verses which I wrote—'Ode to Commerce,' 'Elegy on the Death of Chatterton,' 'The Seasons: in Four Parts'—were meditated during my pedestrian labors. I fear that these poetical reveries were not favorable to prompt delivery.

"At any rate, I remember that there was a retired sea captain, of a truculent disposition, who was the terror of my life, and an embodied retribution whenever I was tardy. He would rush out, with an inflamed countenance, and denounce me from his door-steps, always charging me with having missed his newspaper the previous week—this was usually an imagination of his own—and always stigmatizing me as a lazy lubber. Considering that I was about two feet high, of a timid diathesis, and not in the least like a tar in the forecastle, I always thought that his rage was not only inhuman but undignified. I once made an effort to conciliate him by asking in confidence the exact length of a whale. Instead of giving me the precise figures, which I desired, on account of a marine romance which I was then engaged in writing, he became apoplectic at my audacity, and bolted into the house without uttering a word. I heard of him afterwards in some mixed nautical company speaking of me as a fool, prefixing a word beginning and ending with 'd;' and I must say that I thought, and now think his conduct very mysterious and enigmatical. 'Thee's a small boy to carry newspapers,' said an old Quaker lady, gentle and soft-voiced, to me one bitter winter morning, and she took me in and comforted me with hot coffee, and very much I preferred her treatment to his. I recall a comparison which I instituted between Captain Cook and this ferocious ex-captain, highly to the disadvantage to the latter. I also thought of what Benjamin Franklin would have said to him under such circumstances, and framed a speech in the manner of the doctor, which I never had the courage to deliver. It was scathing, but unlike the undelivered speeches of some members of congress, it was not printed, and is now lost to the world forever."

Mr. Congdon's memory of New Bedford in the olden days is likewise fascinating:

"My memory is full, as I write, of the bluff whaling-skippers, who were a large and extremely respectable part of our population. We were, in fact, nothing if not maritime, in New Bedford. One of my first escapades, just after I achieved the art of walking, was to abscond to the river, into which I might have tumbled from the wharf, if I had not been discovered and led ignominiously back. Other travellers have made more elaborate reports; mine was simply, as afterwards related to me, 'Sight o' drink!'

"We were a town of tars. At certain seasons tarpaulin hats, checked shirts, and ducks were the prevailing costume in the streets. Most of our public houses were for the sailors, and I can remember when the most respectable of these kept bars at which Jack might alleviate his thirst; this was apparently great, so long as his money lasted, and afterwards, when he sometimes drank up in advance the earnings of his next voyage. The result was a good deal of fighting and disorder. I heard the Riot Act read by a man on horseback and once or twice it was found necessary to call out our militia company. Nobody was killed, though we had several houses, of no doubtful character, pulled down and burned.

"The whaleships recruiting at the Sandwich or Society islands, brought back, besides oil and bone, not a few tattooed natives, with the sound of whose astonishing language I was familiar, though I did not understand a word of it. These Kanakas, as they were called, were harmless, simple, fond of rum, and I suspect, often swindled out of the little money which their voyages brought them. Ships, indeed, came to us from all parts of the world. We had often walking about swathy Portuguese sailors, and mariners of the true broad-bottomed Dutch type, puffing their long pipes mildly. I knew by sight, almost as soon as I knew anything, the flag of every important sea-going European nation—the Union Jack of England, the different tricolors of France, of Germany, and of Russia, the yellow signal of Spain. All the nations wanted oil and candles, and came to New Bedford in pursuit of these commodities. Sometimes when the wharves were full of ships, our streets—there were only two or three of much consequence—were really brilliant and bustling. Naturally, there was no news for us which could compare in value with ship news. Some of the whaling voyages were comparatively short, just a run down to 'the Banks' (of Brazil), and so back again; but they grew longer and longer, as whales became shy and scarce, until they reached a period of three years or more. We had hardly a home that was not interested in their successful termination—there were so many fathers and sons and husbands and brothers and sweethearts away on these long campaigns against the leviathans. Most of the intelligence was brought by returning ships, while the outgoers carried, each of them, perhaps half a bushel of letters, upon the mere chance of being able to deliver them. There came glad news and sad news from the seafarers—reports of death, of wreck, of ill-fortune and small catches, of good luck and great takes. Somehow, the business was regarded as a sort of lottery, with large prizes and mournful blanks. 'A broken voyage' was the local phrase to express failure. Some captains and some ships were lucky; others got a bad name, and never did anything afterward, so that the men would not sail with such masters or in such vessels, and the owners were glad to get rid of both.

"The voyages were made upon shares, and this system led to many small enterprises in fitting out ships. The property was divided into quarters, eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-seconds; and thus people of small means were able to invest in a speculation which might prove profitable. We had quite a number of persons of color in the town, some of them fugitive slaves. They were thrifty, industrious, and, as a rule, well-behaved, and a few of them acquired fair fortunes. The town was anti-slavery from the start, being full of Quakers—it was founded in fact, by one of that denomination—and the people were all abolitionists before William Lloyd Garrison began his wonderful work. We had a cook in our family who was a runaway, and who kept a long and exceedingly sharp knife always at hand. This she showed me in strict confidence, to my great terror, and informed me that it was intended for the reception of her old master if he should ever come after her. As she was afterward tried for murder of her baby, though she was acquitted, undoubtedly she would have made it unpleasant for a deputy marshal with a warrant for rendition. I think it was she, who, being of a warm religious turn, told me that 'hell was hot and would burn me,'—a doctrine which, being then a fierce little Unitarian, I proceeded to confute a priori and in various other logical ways.

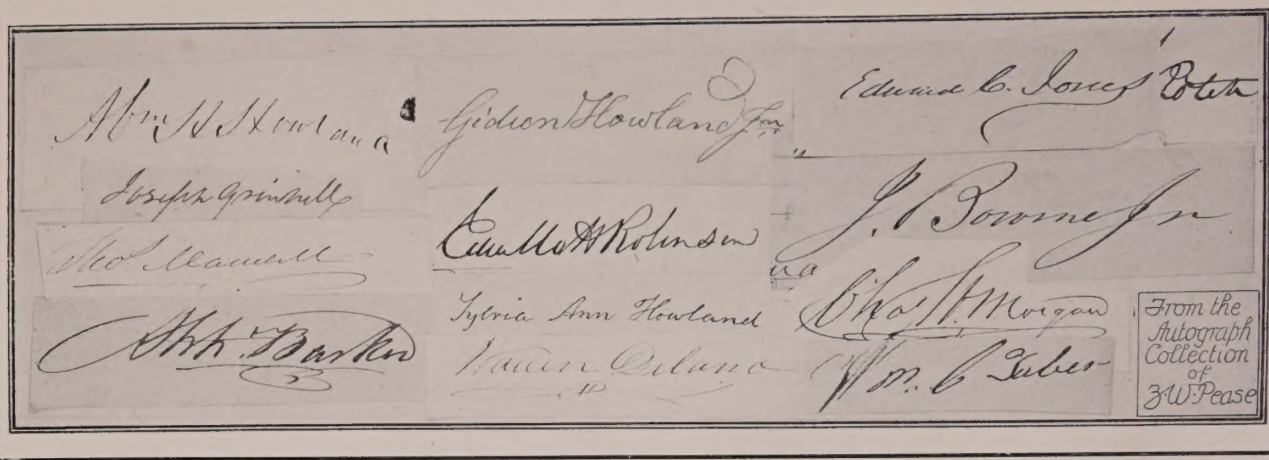
"We had Negroes in almost every branch of business. Before my time there had been a Captain Paul Cuffe, a black man, who commanded a handsome ship with a white owner and a white crew. I believe that Captain Cuffe rose to the dignity of having his biography printed, some years afterwards, as an anti-slavery document. The colored people on one occasion had put their money together and purchased a whaling brig, which bore the patriotic name of 'The Rising States.' It was manned mainly by blacks, who piously held a prayer meeting before sailing, at which was put up one of the most extraordinary petitions ever offered at the Throne. Without intending the least irreverence, I may venture to give it as follows: 'O Lord, look down upon dis brig, de Rising States, a-fitted out by the enterprise ob our cullud brederen. Particularly, O Lord, we pray de to look down upon de second mate,—him as is seated next to us, Lord, in de check shirt and de duck pantaloons.' This is the prayer as I heard it repeated, and I am sure it did no discredit to the simple-minded and devout Christian who uttered it. Whether Heaven looked down upon the brig or not, she made 'a broken voyage,' and the speculation, I am sorry to say, came to grief, as the small speculations were apt to do."

CORNER OF UNION AND PURCHASE STREETS IN 1820.

The street running through the centre of the picture is Purchase street. On the left, at the corner of Union, stood the house of William Tobey. The first post office in New Bedford was in this building. The next house on the left side of the street was that of Job Allen, the town bell ringer, and beyond was the Unitarian Church. The figure in the foreground on the right was Barnabas Russell, whose garden was on the corner. Next in order on the right were the homes of Daniel Taber and Oliver Crocker, and the "Tom" Kempton Schoolhouse, while in the distance, on the right, was the mansion of John Avery Parker, subsequently reconstructed and still maintained as a hotel, the Parker House.

Wealthy Men and Women of a Half Century Ago.

Reputed to have been prepared by Charles T. Congdon.



More than a half century ago or thereabouts, Abner Forbes and J. W. Greene of Boston compiled a list of the rich men of Bristol county. It would scarcely be expedient to reprint some of the comments as the frankness of the treatment would cause an uncomfortable hour in some of our families, but it is an interesting record, much of it harmless. In 1852 there were forty-six wealthy men in this city, which was at that time regarded as the wealthiest city in New England in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. Many of the men who were then rated at $100,000 and $200,000 were millionaires at the time of their death. The list, with some of the comments upon the selected, is printed below:

Gideon Allen, $1,000,000, very lucky in the whaling business and a worthy man.

Philip Anthony, $100,000.

James Arnold, $1,000,000. Partly received by marriage. Native of Rhode Island, and now the owner of very large estates in Providence. At times very benevolently disposed. He gives to the public entrance to the tastefully cultivated grounds around his mansion. He has just given to the Port society for a sailors' home the old mansion house of his father-in-law, the said Port society being a pet association with the merchants of New Bedford.

Leman H. Ashmead, $100,000. Abraham Barker, $150,000. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., "a great chief in the barn-burner wigwam," $100,000 (subsequently became a millionaire). William E. Brownell, $100,000.

John Coggeshall, Jr., $100,000. An old man who has considerably outlived his intellect. He weeps over his property daily and lives in horrible expectation of bringing up in the almshouse.

Oliver Crocker & Son, $100,000, merchants. They met with heavy misfortunes some years ago and failed, but have since honorably paid up their old liabilities—an example which few New Bedford merchants have either set or followed.

Joseph C. Delano, an old captain in Grinnell, Minturn & Co.'s lines, "a scientific man and an inveterate hunter," $150,000.

Job Eddy, $100,000. Alexander Gibbs, "a go-ahead man, not seriously impressed with the existence of any man in this world except himself," $100,000. David R. Greene, "once a cabinet maker, now an extensive whaler and oil broker," $300,000.

Joseph Grinnell, $150,000. Familiarly known as "the Deacon" and sometimes as "Honorable Joe," he having been and being now a member of congress, and a good, valuable one, minding his own business and the nation's remarkably well. He held on to his berth after Mayor Howland wanted it, which gave rise to those terrifying feuds which have distracted the good city of New Bedford, and which rival those of the Montagues and Capulets. A niece of his whom he adopted, married N. P. Willis, the writer.

F. S. Hathaway, $200,000, made by inheritance and in the Canton trade. Thomas S. Hathaway, $500,000, very gentlemanly, but not likely to beggar himself by generosity. Honors by his membership the amiable fraternity, the Independent Order of the Brotherhood of Old Bachelors. William Hathaway, $100,000. B. B. Howard, $100,000.

Abraham H. Howland, mayor of the city, and the great gun of the barn-burner Whigs. Bluff, frank, free of speech, inordinately ambitious, he spreads terror into the ranks of the hunkers, who hate him as a certain personage does holy water. He will go to congress yet, but just now he is so absorbed in multifarious business that he declines to run; $100,000.

George Howland, $1,000,000. A shrewd, staid Quaker, recently deceased. Bequests munificent. His widow is said to have great gifts of preaching among the ancient sect to which she belongs. George Howland, Jr., $100,000. James Howland, "one of the best men at heart in this lower sphere. Would that he were more interested in the temperance cause," $100,000. John Howland, brother of James, "an honest man;" $100,000.

Sylvia Ann Howland (aunt of Hetty Greene), a daughter of "Uncle Gid" Howland. She has turned a deaf ear to all the solicitations of many ardent suitors, and remains in frosty singularity. She got money from her father, and from "Uncle Isaac" Howland, her grandfather, and she has kept it, and it is the prevailing opinion among the well-informed that she will continue to keep it. She is not gifted by nature with any overwhelming charms, and she has had the good sense to know it; and very successful will be the man who undertakes to pour adventurous blandishments into her ear. She is still a partner in the old house, the kind of partnership that pays better than matrimony, which, too often, alas, is a matter of money. $700,000.

Edward C. Jones was taken, a poor boy, into the counting house of old Elisha Dunbar, since which he has made more money than his old master was ever worth. $150,000.

George Hussey, $100,000. Matthew Luce, $100,000. Thomas Mandell, "a mild, kind, courteous man, not over fond of money," $350,000. John H. W. Paige, a lawyer, with rich clients, married a daughter of David R. Greene, $250,000. Charles W. Morgan married a daughter of old Samuel Rodman. He is very well known as a merchant, both at home and in Pennsylvania, where he has extensive iron works. Some time ago he had the reputation of being "hard up," but is now easy and flourishing. $200,000.

John Avery Parker. Another man who has devoted eighty long years to money-getting, with this noble result, $1,300,000. We are not aware that he is distinguished for anything else. He has failed once or twice, but came up again triumphant. He speculates in everything, extends himself in all directions, and the result is steadily, steadily, money. Like Midas of old, all he touches turns to gold. His heirs anxiously expect his death, but for their own sake he had better live twenty years longer. Frederick Parker, a son, leads a "fast but prudent existence in New York," rated at $100,000.

Ward M. Parker. A puritanical personage, who, nevertheless, picks up the dimes. It is related that a certain gentleman, being in articulo mortis, was asked by his friends if he would like to see a clergyman. He answered, by way of compromise, that "he should not object to a few words with Ward M. Parker." $100,000.

Andrew Robeson, $100,000. This is but the wreck of what was once an immense fortune, being Robeson's private wealth, remaining after paying the great liabilities of Andrew Robeson & Sons, the calico printers. He is a great Abolitionist, peace man, Parkerite and Democrat, and yet, which is remarkable, very quiet and gentlemanly.

Edward Mott Robinson (the father of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America). The very Napoleon of our little business community. With him nothing is impossible. He overleaps all barriers in his love of money making, and that, he confesses, is the great object of his life. He was formerly a merchant of Providence, but coming to New Bedford, he married a daughter of the late Gideon Howland, who by great industry and business talent had acquired a large fortune. Mr. Robinson then engaged in business and speedily distanced all competitors. Not presuming to be great, generous or fashionable, he does profess to have a genius for money making, and that, too, justly. At the same time he is affable, colloquial and unassuming. He has, from his physical appearance, been honored by the public with the sobriquet of "Black Hawk," to which he answers with good nature. In business matters he is strictly honorable, but does not claim to be anything more. If his life and faculties are spared to him to old age he will be one of the richest men in New England, and his daughter—he has only one—will be an heiress of immense wealth, both from her father's and the Howland side. $1,500,000.

Samuel W. Rodman. A son of William R. Rodman. Having amassed the snug sum of $100,000, he sagely devotes himself to his dogs, horses, guns and beard, a sportsman, and hairy, like Esau of old.

William R. Rodman. A son of old Samuel, and a go-ahead, gain-or-lose sort of man. He owns in everything, from a sheep farm in Australia to a part of St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans; has whalers out of Havre and business everywhere in the world. Many think he will "make a spoon" and many that he will "spoil a horn"; these things lie in the womb of time. Meanwhile he is affable when he pleases, and does as he pleases generally. $500,000.

William R. Rotch, one of the children of William Rotch, Jr., who left nearly a million. The other heirs are Mrs. Emerson, the wife of George B. Emerson of Boston, Mrs. James Arnold and the children of the late Joseph Rotch, being Benjamin S. Rotch, who married a daughter of Hon. Abbott Lawrence; William J. Rotch, Rodman Rotch, Joseph Angier of Milton and Mrs. Joanna Rotch. $100,000.

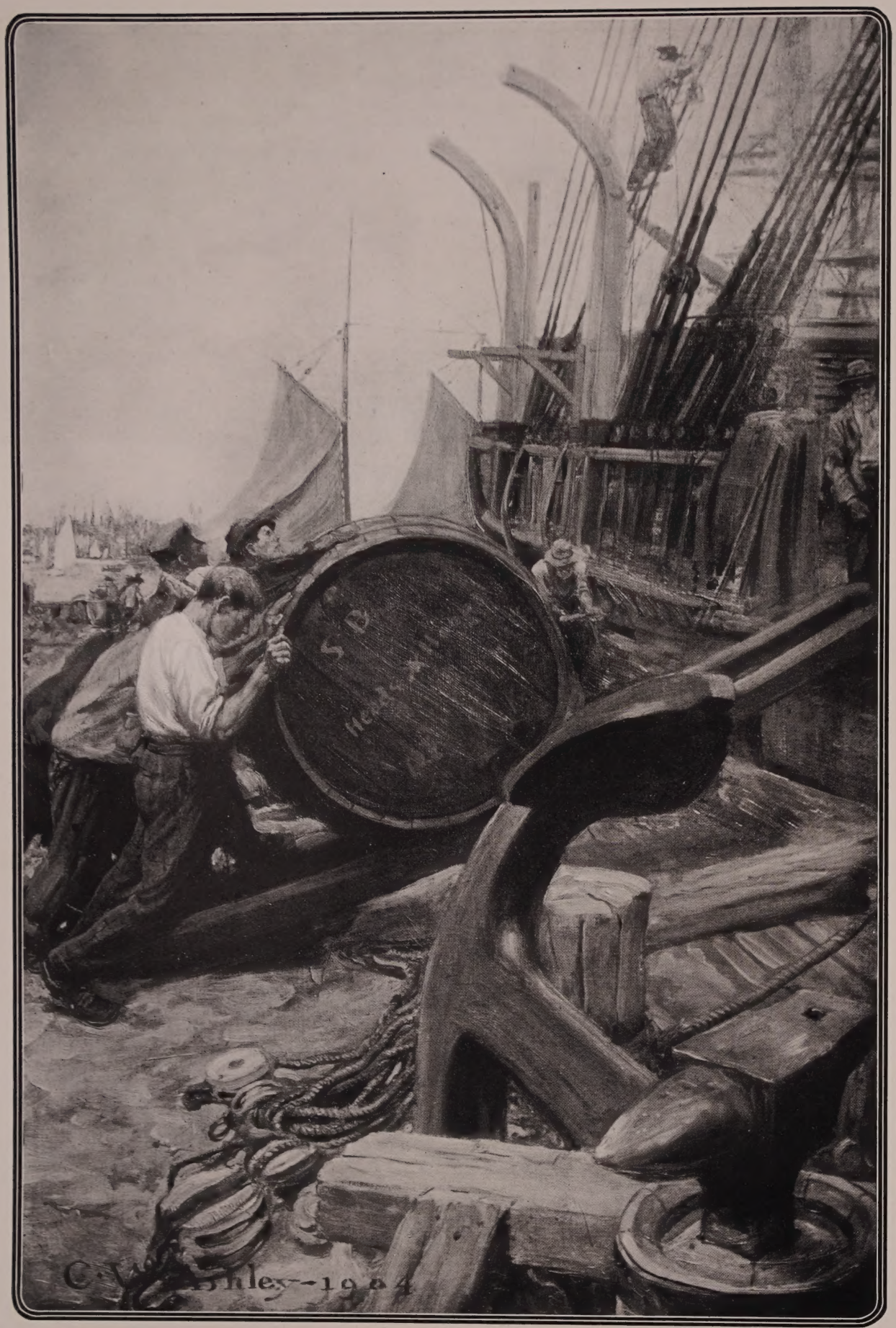
Ezekiel Sawin, a sharp, intellectual merchant, formerly of Boston. He lives on the other side, in Fairhaven. $100,000.

William W. Swain. A martyr to the gout, but a hero in investments. He is a large holder of Michigan Central railroad stock, which just now is looking up. He owns one-half the beautiful island of Naushon, and has there a summer residence. $100,000.

William C. N. Swift, $100,000. Partly received by marriage. Contractor in the Florida live-oak business, with several European powers.

William C. Taber. Started with small means. Bookseller. An honorable Quaker, having lately been elected to the state senate. $100,000.

Pardon Tillinghast, formerly a partner of Jireh Perry, and the "better horse" of the two, being very shrewd and industrious. Ferman R. Whitwell, Fairhaven, $200,000. Charles L. Wood, $100,000.



FITTING OUT A NEW BEDFORD WHALER.

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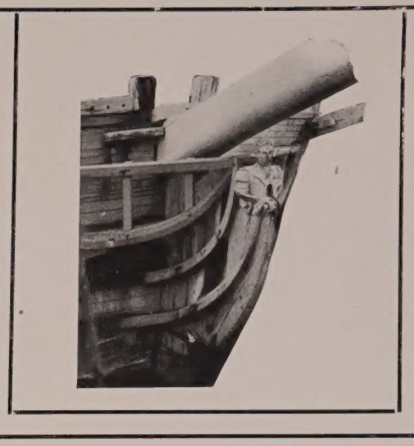
WHALING—A FASCINATING INDUSTRY.



No longer is the water front a forest of whalers' masts. The tall chimneys of the cotton factories have taken the places of the spars of the whaling vessels, and speak louder than any words can tell of the decline of the whaling business and the rise and progress of the cotton manufacturing industry in this city, which, at the present time, is on the top wave of success.

New Bedford, for many years the leading whaling port of the world, is still in the lead as far as the number of vessels owned and fitted out is concerned, but the industry has been relegated to a minor position in the business of the rapidly growing city, and while considerable sentiment is still attached to the business, the ships come and go with hardly any stir.

WHALESHIP AT WHARF, DRYING SAILS.

The rise and fall of the whalefishery in this country has been watched by all the readers of The Mercury for the hundred years of its existence. It is recorded that in the year 1807, the year The Mercury was first issued, but a single whaler arrived, while this present year has witnessed the arrival and departure of a score. But in the intermediate years the story was vastly different. Along in the early 40's and 50's there was an average arrival of one whaling vessel a day. Around the old-time industry which is still being prosecuted by the Americans, Norwegians, British, Japanese and several other nationalities today, are wound many stories of hardships and some tragedies.

The particular enterprise which in past years has distinguished the city was unmistakably the whalefishery. In 1751, two or three vessels from Apponagansett were engaged in it, and there were one or two vessels devoted to the same entrprise sailing from Acushnet river. These vessels made short voyages during the warm weather and whales were taken off the Capes of Virginia. One hundred and fifty years later, vessels are still cruising on the old grounds off Hatteras and meeting with good success.

The blubber was brought home and the oil from it extracted on shore. Joseph Russell, who has been called the founder of New Bedford, was the first to engage in the fishery. Gradually the voyages extended to the West Indies, the Bay of Mexico, the Western Islands and as the hardy mariners grew bolder, and more accustomed to the business, and the returns proved so remunerative, to Brazil and Guinea.

The war of the Revolution ruined the business, but upon the return of peace it was actively resumed. The first vessel to round Cape Horn in the pursuit of whales was the Rebecca, Joseph Kersey master, in 1791. She was built in New Bedford by George Claghorn, who afterwards built the celebrated frigate Constitution. In 1765 Joseph Rotch, an enterprising merchant, then residing in Nantucket, bought a considerable tract of land and called the village which up to that time had no distinctive name, Bedford, as a compliment to Mr. Russell. The latter during the Revolution lost most of his ships. Joseph Rotch returned to Nantucket.

The close of the war left New Bedford in a thoroughly crippled condition. The prospect was sufficiently disheartening. Great numbers of vessels, with other valuable property, had been destroye. Yet in January, 1804, the total number of registered vessels was fifty-nine, and of enrolled vessels there were 5525 tons, making an aggregate of 19,146 tons. Besides the whaling the port engaged in freighting, there being thirty ships and brigs, averaging two hundred tons burden, making voyages to Europe, South America and the West Indies. But other difficulties succeeded. The embargo proved ruinous, as the Berlin and Milan decrees had been disastrous, as well as the Orders in Council. The fortunes of New Bedford languished until the war of 1812 was concluded. The war had destroyed the Pacific fishery. But after the peace, the prosperity of New Bedford was very great, and continued until 1857. In 1845 New Bedford was the fourth tonnage district in the United States, the others being New York, Boston and New Orleans. The registered tonnage of New Bedford at that time was nearly double that of Philadelphia. The whale fishery of the city reached its highest point in capital, vesse's and tonnage in 1857. Its fleet of three hundred and twenty-nine ships and outfits were worth more than $12,000,000, and required 10,000 seamen. The whaleboats which the ships carried would have extended six miles if strung out in a line.

The whaling industry reached its zenith in 1846, when seven hundred and thirty-six vessels of all kinds were employed in the business, with a tonnage of 233,262. The greatest import ever received in one year was in 1845, being 158,000 barrels of sperm oil, 272,000 barrels of whale oil, and 3,000,000 pounds of whalebone. The prices then ruled at eighty-eight to ninety and one-half cents for sperm oil; thirty-two and seven-eighths to thirty-six and one-half cents for whale oil; and thirty-three and five-eighths to forty cents for whalebone. The price of whalebone had advanced from nineteen cents in 1841 to forty cents in 1845. With these large imports the results were not as remunerative owing to

EARLY WHALING METHODS AT NEW BEDFORD. [From a painting by William A. Wall.]

Brig "Daisy"- Sea Elephant Hunter
Bark "Canton"- 72 Yrs Old - Oldest Whaler in Service
Whaling Schr. "Bertha D. Nickerson"- Latest Type of Whaling Schr.
Arctic Steam Whaler "Beluga"
Bark C. W. Morgan

TYPES OF WHALING VESSELS.

low prices, as compared with future years, when very much higher prices were obtained for smaller catches.

The total number of vesse's of all kinds now engaged in the business is only thirty-six, the tonnage being 8475. The imports the past year were about 16,000 barrels of sperm oil, 4500 barrels whale oil, and 100,000 pounds of whalebone. Prices were nominally fifty-five to fifty-seven cents for sperm oil, thirty-five to thirty-seven cents for whale oil, and $4.50 to $5 per pound for whalebone.

When the Civil war broke out a great portion of the wealth tied up in whalers was afloat on various seas. Twenty-five New Bedford whalers with 2742 barrels sperm and 4150 barrels whale oil were burned by Confederate cruisers. The value of the vessels destroyed is given at $1,150,000; of the oil at $500,000, making a total of $1,650,000. Another terrible disaster followed in September, 1871, when one day thirty-three New Bedford ships, crushed or frozen, were abandoned in the Arctic ocean. Twelve hundred men were there shipwrecked, but all of them were ultimately rescued. With the oil and bone which the ships had on board they were valued at $1,090,000.

In 1876 twelve whalers were abandoned in the Arctic, and in 1888 five more were lost. About every year counts an Arctic disaster.

The year 1880, which in other branches of business throughout the country became more and more remunerative, brought no resuscitation of the old enterprise. Vessels were constantly retired and at one time twenty-eight were lying at the wharves unemployed. The sperm whale fishery has been nearly abandoned, the market for the oil not being sufficiently high.

THE DECK OF A WHALER.

Fifty odd years ago Nantucket was noted for her sperm whalers, who performed long voyages, maintained excellent discipline, and their ships, being generally confined to the temperate or tropical latitudes during their cruises, were examples of cleanliness and good management. Provincetown was always foremost with her numerous fleet of plum-puddingers, or in whaling phrase "plum-pudn-rs," which were small vessels employed on short voyages in the Atlantic ocean. New London was renowned for prosecuting right whaling in the rough waters of the high latitudes, and pursuing the sea elephant about the forbidding shores of Kerguelen island, the Crozets and Hurd's islands, in the far southern Indian ocean, and also in contending with the northern ice and snow of Davis strait and Hudson bay, in search of the bowhead whale. Sag Harbor and Stonington likewise employed many of their ships in the northern and southern right whale fishery; and New Bedford, in the course of her absorption of the greater portion of the whaling commerce of the United States, prosecuted the enterprise in its various branches all over the

ocean world, by availing herself of the services of many of the best whaling masters, and officers from other quarters, thus combining the highest energy and skill for the successful prosecution of the fishery.

Just half a century ago the whaling industry reached the pinnacle of success. Then New Bedford's great fleet numbered three hundred and twenty-nine ships; now she has twenty-two, Fairhaven had forty-eight; now not any, Edgartown had nineteen, New London had fifty, Westport had twenty, Nantucket had forty, and Stonington, Mystic, Greenport, Warren, Cold Harbor, Sippican, Wareham, Fall River, Falmouth, Holmes Hole, Providence, Newport, Lynn, Quincy, Mattapoisett, Yarmouth, Somerset, Beverly, Sag Harbor, Salem, Sandwich all together mustered a fleet of one hundred and fifty-six, and none now have a single whaler.

From 1835 to 1872 inclusive the average number of vessels employed was five hundred and twenty-four, averaging 158,883 tons, and the amount of oil taken yearly was a fraction over 96,625 barrels of sperm and 172,448 barrels of whale. The number of sperm whales required to produce this amount of sperm oil (allowing them to average twenty-five barrels each) would be 3658, and to this add ten per cent for whales mortally wounded, lost after capture, etc., which brings the number up to 4250. The black whales annually destroyed, which includes right whales, bowheads, California Grays, and humpbacks, (allowing an average of sixty barrels to each whale) would make the number 2895. Add to this twenty-five per cent for whales lost increases it to 3450; so that the total number of whales annually destroyed was 7703; According to this estimate, during the thirty-eight years, there were no less than 292,714 whales destroyed by the American whaler's lance.

On sluggish lonesome, muddy waters, anchored near the shore,
An old dismantled, gray and battered ship, disabled, done and broken,
After free voyages to all the seas of earth, hauled up at last and hawser'd tight,
Lies rusting, mouldering. —*Walt Whitman*

WHALING BARK PLATINA.

ARCTIC STEAM WHALERS WORKING A LEAD.

In these later years the whalemen consider the bowhead whale is the most valuable animal that can be caught in the seas. One bowhead is worth to its captor the neat sum of ten thousand dollars, and masters and crews of whaling vessels will take big chances in getting a good catch in the far north where the bowhead is found. In 1843 the first bowhead whales taken in the North Pacific were captured on the coast of Kamschatka by New Bedford ships, the Hercules (Captain Ricketson), and the James (Captain Turner). It is recorded that the value of the bowhead whale was discovered by Captain George A. Covell of New Bedford, while fishing for sperm whales in the Ochotsk sea. He struck one of the species and killed him with but little difficulty. Before cutting him in it was judged that he would make about seventy barrels, but instead the whale made over one hundred and fifty, with bone in proportion. This discovery was an important one, and the pursuit of the bowhead became an important factor in

WESTERN ISLAND IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT NEW BEDFORD.

SPERM WHALING. THE CAPTURE.

Drawing by A. Van Beest, R. Swain Gifford and Benjamin Russell 1850.

LOWERING FOR A WHALE.

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John Wells. Massachusetts. J. D. Thompson. Contest. Champion. E. Swift. O. Crocker. Reindeer. G. Howland. Carlotta.
E. Morgan. Henry Taber. Florida. Navy. Seneca. Fanny. Paier.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN OUR WHALING HISTORY. No. 1—ABANDONMENT OF THE WHALERS IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.
[From an Old Print.]

the whalefishery. In 1848 the first whaleship, the Superior, of Sag Harbor, passed through Bering Straits and obtained a good catch, some of her whales making two hundred and eighty barrels of oil. This was the beginning of the Arctic whaling, and the next year over a hundred vessels went into the Arctic, many New Bedford vessels being included in the number. They returned with full cargoes. Ever since, Arctic whaling has been carried on with success of a varying nature. New Bedford ships were sent away from this port and remained in the Pacific for many years before returning home, fitting out at San Francisco. In the case of the bark C. W. Morgan, she was away from the home port twenty years before coming back, and the bark Alice Knowles has been away a similar length of time. The diminishing number of whales, and the dangers attending a long cruise to the eastward in the Arctic, whither the remaining whales have been driven by the relentless hunters, make the risk too great for sailing vessels, and the last vessel without power made its final cruise to this dangerous ground a year or two ago.

DECK SCENE ON AN ARCTIC WHALER.

Just a word about the men who were masters and officers of the New Bedford ships in the palmy days of the business at this port. A race of men had been natured and trained in these ships who were daring and skillful, with keen perceptive faculties in the pursuit of the big game. They were also able navigators and seamen, upright and careful managers of the property entrusted to them. They were gathered from the town or from the surrounding country. Naturally there was a fascination to the youthful mind. They were the heroes of the port and they looked to pass the grades of promotion speedily and in due time to walk the deck as master. And this, those of them who were of the right stuff, really did.

The position of competent master of a good ship was one to be envied. Even if it did cause for a time separation from home ties and family surroundings, it was a position of honor and trust and great responsibility. The master was in charge of life and property and his word was law, and where he willed he could go. On his discretion and good judgment turned success or failure to many besides himself on sea and shore. His draft in

Europa. Daniel Webster. Midas. Chance. Arctic. Progress. Lagoda.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN OUR WHALING HISTORY. No. 2—SHIPS OUTSIDE RECEIVING THE CAPTAINS AND CREWS OF ABANDONED VESSELS.
[From an Old Print.]

WHALING SCHOONERS IN HUDSON BAY.
From a photograph by William Bradford.

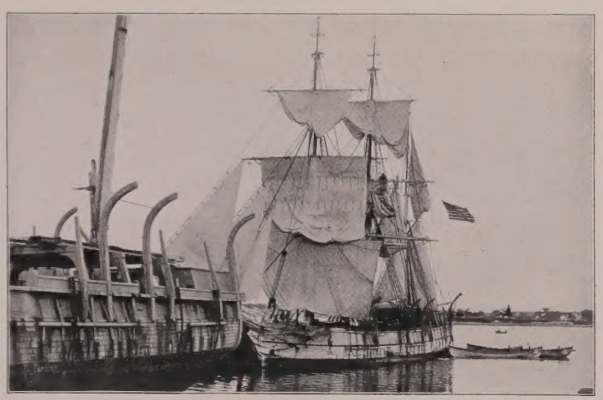
foreign ports for supplies or requirements bound every individual owner in the ship for the full amount of his disbursements. In this respect the power entrusted to him illustrates the inconsistencies of our human nature; close, careful men, who on shore would not trust their neighbor with a small portion of their property, who distrusted everyone's judgment and integrity, would placidly repose in the power of a master who was to sail the world around and had the right to make drafts in any quarter that might easily absorb their all.

To the honor of the men who commanded ships and accepted such trusts be it said that instances wherein they were unfaithful to the confidences reposed in them were rare indeed. The business was an almost perfect instance of co-operative work. The owners furnished ship and all the necessary outfits and advances. Captain, officers and crew took these from their hands and furnished their capacity and energy to procure the cargo, each man on board to receive a certain pro rata or share, called "lay," of the net result, the distribution being in the proportion of two-thirds to the capital invested and one-third to labor; in the latter, ability, readily recognized, commanded the highest reward.

No member of a whaleship's crew, from the captain down receives fixed wages. If the ship takes no oil, or disaster overtakes her, the crew have nothing but their existence and labor and pains. Officers and crew are shipped with the promise of a certain percentage of the catch.

A captain receives a lay ranging from a tenth or twelfth to a fifteenth, according to his success in previous voyages, which means that one barrel of oil in every ten to fifteen taken is his share. In the case of a foremast hand, his lay ranges from one one-hundred-and-fiftieth to one two-hundredth. The ordinary whaler carries a crew of 35 men. The mate receives a lay from an eighteenth to a twenty-fifth, according to agreement. The second mate receives a thirty-fourth, the third mate a forty-fifth, boatheader a fifty-fifth, four boatsteerers from a hundred and eighteenth to a hundred and seventy-fifth, cooper a sixty-third, steward a ninetieth, cook a hundred and twentieth and half the slush, green hands from a hundred and seventy-fifth to a hundred and eighty-fifth, boy a two hundredth, one seaman and one seaman carpenter each a hundred and sixty-fifth, three ordinary seamen each a hundred and seventy-fifth.

The question frequently asked, what has become of the large number of whaleships which were but a few years ago engaged in the fishery, can be answered by saying that the scattered wrecks of many of them were found in every quarter of the globe; while others were sold into the merchant service, or broken up at home. New Bedford has been the last port of many of the old ships. The Charleston bar swallowed up the stone fleet, made up altogether of old whalers; and the cruisers, during the Rebellion, destroyed many valuable vessels while at sea, and last of all, the ice of the Arctic made a full swoop upon the northern fleet in the fall of 1871 and again in 1876.



A WHARF SCENE.

ARCTIC WHALERS IN THE ICE.

One old whaling captain tells of a whale's tongue making twenty-two barrels of oil; there benig but one hundred and eighty in the body part.

The ship Onward made the biggest cut of oil of any whaler. On one voyage she returned with a catch worth at the prevailing prices, $395,000, and the captain's share was $40,000.

On Oct. 1st, 1882, Captain J. A. M. Earle took the most ambergris found in one lump. There was eight hundred and seventy pounds of green ambergris, and when it dried there were seven hundred and eighty pounds. The lump sold for $125,000.

It is a question who has taken the largest sperm whale ever captured, or to put it another way, the largest amount of oil from a sperm whale. The matter is in dispute and will, probably, always be. Starbuck says that Captain Briggs of bark Wave reported that on August second, 1876, he took a sperm whale which made one hundred and sixty-two barrels and five gallons.

On August third, the ship Pacific, Captain Gilbert B. Borden captured the mate of the Wave's whale. The whale made a few gallons over one hundred and sixty-two barrels. Captain Joshua G. Baker killed the whale.

Captain W. H. Allen of Groton, in the ship Robert Bowne of New London, took a right whale off Kamschatka which made two hundred and seventy-five barrels.

THE STORY OF THE STONE FLEET.

BY PARDON B. GIFFORD.

"View of the Stone Fleet, which Sailed from New Bedford Harbor Nov. 16, 1861," is the title of a colored lithograph which is found hanging on the walls of many New Bedford homes. But the old pictures are growing scarce as the old homes are broken up, and the rising generation hardly knows the significance of the title.

What is the Stone Fleet? is the common question asked by persons who see the picture and are attracted by the spectacle of a fleet of crowded ships,. It is a diverting story in which New Bedford whaling ships, masters and sailors played an important part.

In the latter part of the year 1861, soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, one of the chief annoyances to the Federal cause was the constant blockade running of southern ports. Let the navy of the north watch and guard those narrow channels as might be with the few serviceable ships at command, the sharp and speedy blockade runners would slip through with stores for the southerners and exports for foreign lands.

Some genius in the navy department finally evolved the plan of sending down a fleet of stone laden ships from the north, sinking them in the inlets and thus closing the channels. The scheme was readily adopted, and upon Gustavus V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy, was placed the burden of putting it into execution.

Bids were invited and a contract for furnishing ships and stone was awarded to a New York man, who in turn placed it with Richard H. Chappell of the New Haven shipping firm of Williams, Haven & Co. Mr. Chappell was an old-time correspondent and friend of the local firm of I. H. Bartlett & Sons, and with the extensive shipping of New Bedford in mind, he turned to them for assistance in raising the fleet. And thus it happened that New Bedford became the rendezvous. Another reason was that New Bedford had just then experienced the blow of adversity which was surely but gradually to drive her shipping from the seas. The old whaleships were lying several tiers deep at the wharves, awaiting purcahsers. There was no need for them in the waning industry, and rather than let them rot, their owners stood ready to sell.

Mr. Chappell was under contract to furnish forty-five vessels to the United States government. He sent agents up the coast, and this district was left to the Bartletts to look after. So it happened that New Bedford furnished twenty-four vessels of the number required.

The work of assembling the fleet occupied two months, and the wharves were alive with gangs of workmen engaged in fitting the vessels for their final voyage. The Bartletts leased four wharves north of Union street, and as fast as the ships were purchased they were berthed and prepared for their last mission.

The vessels were sold as they returned from their last voyage, with all the whaling gear aboard. The activity of the agent in purchasing the vessels was a mystery at first and the destination of the vessels aroused much speculation. The Bartletts bought all the vessels offered.

Among the craft purchased was the Margaret Scott, a vessel which had been seized a short time previously by a Unetid States marshall on the grounds that she was being fitted for a voyage in slave trading. Her commander and owners were found guilty of the charge and the Scott was sold at auction by United States Marshal J. S. Keyes and acquired for the Stone fleet. The old bark Potomac was so old and rotten that she was mere cement in places, yet she brought a good price because she was copper fastened and even after she was purchased the Bartletts were offered a bonus of $1000 for their bargain.

Some deals were made under unique conditions. For instance, in buying the ship Francis Henrietta, Mr. Bartlett was one entire night dickering with her owners, and the deal was not closed until 2 o'clock the next morning. In the case of the L. C. Richmond and Courier, Charles L. Wood asked Mr. Bartlett if he wanted any more vessels and that if he did he could have the two for $5000 each. Mr. Bartlett said he would look the Richmond and Courier over and let Mr. Wood know after dinner. Right after dinner he went to Mr. Wood and said: "I will give you $4000 each for the vessels." In two hours the ships had changed hands. The vessels purchased by the Messrs. Bartlett were as follows:

Vessel.	Owner.	Price.
Amazon,	Fairhaven, H. A. Church,	$3,670
Valparaiso,	William Hathaway,	5,500
Edward,	J. A. Beauvais,	4,000
Archer,	E. W. Howland,	3,360
Margaret Scott,	U. S. Marshal,	4,000
Herald,	E. W. Howland,	4,000
Courier,	O. & G. O. Crocker,	4,000
L. C. Richmond,	J. B. Wood & Co.,	4,000
South America,	W. O. Brownell,	3,600
Potomac,	Nantucket, I. & P. Macy,	3,500
Majestic,	S. Thomas & Co.,	3,150
Kensington,	D. B. Kempton,	4,000
Rebecca Simms,	Fairhaven, Jenney & Tripp,	4,000
Harvest,	S. A. Mitchell,	4,000
Leonidas,	R. Maxfield,	3,050
Maria Theresa,	T. Nye, Jr.,	4,000
India,	B. F. Howland,	5,250
American,	Edgartown, John Bayllies,	3,370
William Lee,	Newport, P. G. Monroe,	4,200
Mechanic,	O. Reed,	4,200
America,	I. Howland, Jr., & Co.,	5,250
Garland,	Rodney French,	3,150
Cossack,	C. Hitch & Son,	3,200
Francis Henrietta,	Wm. G. Pope,	4,000

The preparation of the ships was under the supervision of the Bartletts. Captain Rodolphus N. Swift was the general agent, and Captain James B. Wood and Fred A. Stall were assistant agents. The wharves were alive with gangs of workmen. About 7500 tons of stone was finally required for ballast and to ensure a ready sinking of the vessels.

New Bedford wharves had seen some activity, but not such a continuous stir and bustle as ensued for six or eight weeks. As finally fitted, each ship had only accommodations to furnish reasonable passage to the officers and crews to the rendezvous, only enough sails to get them there safely and expeditiously, no chorono-meters and only one anchor and chain.

All the gear purchased and not actually needed for the expedition was piled up in open squares and on the wharves and later sold at auction. Many were the bargains secured by local whaling men.

As fast as each ship was emptied, she was fitted for convenient scuttling. About two inches above the light water line a two inch hole was bored in the counter, running completely through the side of the vessel. Into this from each side was inserted a plug turning to a loose fit and provided with a flange head sufficiently large to close the opening. These two plugs were bolted together by a bolt passing through the centre, held by a head on the outside and by a wrench nut on the inside. At the proper time, the nuts were unscrewed by the wrench made on them, the bolt knocked out and the two plugs were allowed to fall out and let the water pour in.

James Duddy furnished the stone for filling the ships. He started into the country and soon had all the farmers tearing down walls and loading stone on drays.

When the fleet was ready for the expedition the crews were shipped at this port, just enough men being engaged to handle the vessels. For the most part old whaling captains were booked as commanders of the ships. There was just enough adventure in the enterprise to lend attractiveness to it.

By November 15, 1861, the Stone fleet was at anchor in the lower harbor with the crews on board. The captains of the vessels reported each morning to the agent. At 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 20, sealed instructions were received by Commodore Rodney French with orders to proceed to sea.

The first fleet consisted of the following vessels: Parks Garland, Commodore Rodney French, 243 tons;

VIEW OF THE STONE FLEET, WHICH SAILED FROM NEW BEDFORD HARBOR NOV. 16, 1861.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE STONE FLEET.

[From a photograph taken just previous to sailing.]

Harvest, Captain W. W. Taylor, 400 tons; Leonidas, Captain Joseph W. Howland, 200 tons; Amazon, Captain J. F. Swift, 336 tons; Cossack, Captain John D. Childs, 350 tons; Frances Henrietta, Captain Michael Comisky, 381 tons; Herald, Captain A. H. Gifford, 346 tons; ships Maria Theresa, Captain F. S. Bailey, 425 tons; Archer, Captain William Worth, 380 tons; South America, Captain David G. Chadwick, 550 tons; Courier, Captain Shubael F. Brayton, 350 tons; Kensington, Captain B. F. Tilton, 350 tons; Potomac, Captain Thomas Brown, 350 tons; L. C. Richmond, Captain Martin Mallory, 306 tons; Rebecca Simms, Captain J. M. Willis, 425 tons; American, Captain W. A. Beard, 400 tons.

The signal gun was fired, anchors weighed, and the fleet passed down into the bay. The garrison at Fort Taber saluted with 34 guns and the fleet replied. Clarks Point was crowded with citizens, who sped the parting fleet with cheers and waving handkerchiefs. The patriotic keeper of Dumpling light house fired a signal gun. The revenue cutter Varina with a large company on board escorted the fleet out of the bay. At 10 o'clock Pilot William O. Russell was discharged, and the vessels under full sail headed for the south. The sealed instructions were opened on the 21st and it was found the fleet was ordered to Savannah, and report to the commodore of the blockade squadron.

Captain J. M. Willis is the only living captain of the Stone fleet. Over eighty years old, Captain Willis has a retentive memory and the incidents of the trip to the south in the ships of the fleet are remembered by him with vividness. Conversing about the memorable incident, he tells some good stories that have not before been recalled, or if ever told have not been recorded.

Captain Willis was commander of the Fairhaven ship Rebecca Simms. In company with the other ships she made a successful short voyage down the coast, ultimately arriving at her destination without accident. The Simms was one of the fastest vessels in the fleet and she had the distinction of getting to Savannah first, and was the first of the Stone fleet to be taken across the bar. Captain Willis kept a log of the trip and in it is told that only two or three days of bad weather were encountered.

"When all preparations were made for the start," said Captain Willis, "we decided on Rodney French for commodore of the fleet. Rodney, who was afterwards mayor of New Bedford, was a pretty good fellow, told a good story and was generally liked by the rest of the captains. There was only one of the masters who thought Rodney was not the man for the position. This was Captain William Worth of Nantucket. Captain Worth had been on a man-of-warsman, and I supposed that he thought this should have made him commodore, but Rodney was good enough for us. We used to report on board the "flag ship," the Garland, every day as long as we laid in the harbor here waiting to sail. There was a great joke on the commodore at the time. When we started, the commodore wanted to follow the coast down south. Immediately there were objections on the part of almost every captain. We were not coasters and didn't want to get in too near the coast. The commodore on getting under way told us we were to shape our course for Long Island. But the majority of us wouldn't consent to any such thing. We had sailed out of New Bedford many times and had never done such a thing before. We split tacks on getting down the bay and by night the commodore was well in the rear. At dark the Simms, L. C. Richmond and Kensington were well ahead of the other vessels. The joke on the commodore was that the Garland did not get to Savannah until all the other ships of the Stone fleet had arrived, the Garland being six days behind the Simms.

"When the Garland came to anchor, Commodore Rodney fired a salute. He had taken a big spar and had some of his crew rig it to look like a gun, and ran it out forward of his gangway. When the commanding officer of the fleet heard the report, he began an investigation, and sent a boat aboard the Garland to see what she was doing with that big gun. He found that Commodore French had lashed a small cannon on his big spar, and when he reported' the circumstance to the commanding officer, the latter passed it off with a smile, as he was fond of a joke. Old Rodney was easy enough spotted as the ship that had fired the gun, for when he came in to anchor, he had all his pennants flying from topmast head to deck. There used to be a story that when the commanding officer asked Old Rodney who had fired that gun, that Rodney replied 'the commodore of the Stone fleet,' whereupon the commanding officer told French that he knew of but one commodore in those waters, and that was Dupont, and to haul in his colors and never fire the gun again, but I guess that story grew from the original version as I told you at first.

"I have often thought that we men of the stone fleet deserved a pension," said Captain Willis, laughing, "for I never realized the danger we were in until the trip was all over. The danger came from the way the stone was stowed on board, with only boards forward. Had we encountered any kind of rough weather the stones would have broken the boards and the cargo shifted, and there is no knowing what would have become of the ships that this happened to. But it didn't occur.

"In going down I frequently saw the ships L. C. Richmond and Maria Theresa, and the day I arrived off Savannah Bar, Dec. 4, the Theresa and Phoenix, the latter a New London ship, were in company with me. I passed the frigate St. Lawrence lying at anchor off Port Royal, and at 4 30 dropped anchor under foot off Savanah Bar. We were used to anchoring most anywhere in the world, and asking the mate if he could furl the sails I lowered a boat and started in to report my ship to the commanding officer.

"Captain Malory of the L. C. Richmond wanted to go in with me, so we took three men each and started in over the bar. We met a gunboat, the Senneca, coming out, and her commander hailed us and wanted to know who we were.

"'The Rebecca Simms and L. C. Richmond loaded with stone to the commanding officer off Savannah,' I answered.

"'Want to go in?' he asked, and I told him 'yes.'

"The commander of the Senneca turned to a man at his side, who turned out to be the pilot, and asked him if he could take us in, that night.

"'How long will it take to get sail on your vessel?' asked the pilot.

"'Three minutes if you will give me men enough,' I answered.

"The men were sent out to us and we got underway, and went in over the bar. The wind leaving us, we had to anchor just inside the entrance of the harbor.

"The next morning at 7 o'clock I reported to the captain of frigate Savannah. I found him sick, and talked with him as he lay in his cot. He wanted to know who we were, and I told him, and that we had stone. He sent word to Commodore Dupont, and at the same time gave me an opportunity to write home, which I did, but neglected to state where I was, and when the letter got home it was still thought that our objective point was a secret.

"Well, we were down there about a week. The same day I went on board the frigate ten of the fleet arrived. Seven of them came in over the bar. Several struck bottom and three were outside with their colors in the rigging or at half mast, and a gunboat went to their assistance. The Meteor of New London parted her chain and went on the bar. The Lewis of New London ran on the reef and was lost. That afternoon I landed on Tybee island and for the first time set my foot on secession soil. On December 6th the bark Phoenix of New London was beached on Tybee island to make a wharf for landing troops. The Robin Hood of New London and the Potomac of Nantucket arrived that afternoon, and the South America came in during the day.

"During the next few days the crews of the ships saw some of the naval life at the place. They saw the gunboat Senneca capture a large English bark loaded with cannon, ammunition, blankets, etc. We assisted in landing 800 troops. The whaleboats came in handy and the crews were glad to do the work. The bark Peter Denile of New York, and the South America of our fleet, were beached to make a wharf. We were ordered to Port Royal, and on Dec. 9th the gunboat Pocohontas towed us outside the bar and we anchored. We were still anchored the next day when the Harvest, Amazon and Garland arrived from New Bedford.

"On Dec. 12th the vessels of the stone fleet with the exception of two, the Potomac and Cossack, were safe in port and in company with Rodney French of the Garland, I went on board the frigate Wabash and reported to Commodore Dupont. I never met a more gentlemanly or a more noble man in my life. We found the commodore a very social man. He invited us to a social chat and when we left invited us to call again. He said he had nothing to do in ordering our fleet, and hardly knew what to do with us. We were at Port Royal a week, and I enjoyed my stay there very much. I met my sister's husband, Captain John Ewer, then acting master on board frigate Sabine, and his son Wallace Ewer, acting master on steam frigate Mohigan. I visited the latter several times and in his company and with the paymaster, rode across Port Royal island to a soldiers' encampment. We had a horseback ride at Uncle Sam's expense. We lunched on our way on oysters taken from the water and prepared by a Negro.

"On Dec. 17th we were ordered to sail for Charleston, and arrived off the bar in company with seven ships on the 19th and anchored. Later in the day we had orders to close in and the next day all the fleet had arrived and that night eight of the ships had been sunk after unbending sails, which were delivered on board the Robin Hood. The rest of the fleet were sunk later. We all anchored at high water and there was only two or three feet of water under us at the time. We were placed in position under direction of George H. Bradbury, flag officer on board frigate Wabash. It was just 9 45 when I drove out the plug below the water line in the Simms and then with my crew went on board the steamer Cahawber. I was ordered back to cut away my masts and at 11 30 they were overboard. I was the only captain of the fleet that had this distinction, in all other cases the crews of the warships doing the work.

"The plan for closing the harbor was to place the obstructions on both sides of the crest of the bar, so that the same forces which created the bar might be relied upon to keep them in their places; also, to place the vessels checkerwise, and at the same distance from each other, so as to create an artificial unevenness of bottom, resembling Woods Hole. This unevenness would give rise to eddies, counter currents and whirlpools, thus making navigation extremely dangerous. The placing of the vessels in the desired positions proved a difficult undertaking, but they were all sunk by ten o'clock or were sinking. None disappeared wholly from sight. Some were on their beams end, some down by the head, others by the stern, and masts, spars and rigging of the thickly crowded ships were mingled and tangled in great confusion. For an hour or two the falling spars as they were cut away made great splashings, as one after another of the ships became mere hulks upon the water. The vessels sunk were the Amazon, America, American, Archer, Courier, Herald, Kensington, Leonidas, Maria Theresa, Potomac, Rebecca Simms, L. C. Richmond and William Lee all belonging to New Bedford and the Fortune and Leonidas of New London. The remaining vessels excepting the Harvest and Valparaiso which were retained at Port Royal as store ships were disposed of at various points, a number of them being used for store ships and temporary wharves.

"The next day all the crews of the stone fleet were on board steamer Cahawber, and in the middle of the day a fire was started on the ship Robin Hood, which was literally filled with the sails from all the vessels of the stone fleet. It was hoped to give the southerners a grand sight of a bonfire of the remains of the stone fleet, but the Robin Hood did not burn very fiercely, and there was more smoke than flames. We laid at anchor for several days before starting for the north, and on the 27th went up to Beaufort, where we roamed about the deserted town. I remember going into the houses and finding everything as the families had left them, children's playthings, and it made even a northerner feel sad. On the day after we went up to Beaufort we were transferred to the steamer Empire State and on the 28th sailed north. We landed in New York December 31st, and as there was no boat for Fall River that night, we had a good time in the city until the following night, and on January 2d arrived back home in New Bedford."

Captain Willis recalls that all the vessels but one allowed the men to work as little as possible, but the exception made some talk at the time among the crews. The idea of going to sea, and not having the ship's deck scrubbed was too much for the idea of sea duty of Captain Worth of the Archer, so he had his crew break up some of the stone cargo and scrub the decks of the ship. The decks had been filled with tar and pitch to stand the trip and had not been smoothed down as if the vessel was going on a voyage, but in the week the Archer was going down the coast the crew were made to polish the deck and by the time Savannah bar was reached the deck was smooth. The men had only the regular allowance of food, although all the ships were well provisioned for the trip, and a quantity of stores had to be thrown away before the ships were sunk. It is recalled of Captain Worth that there was a particularly fine whole ham on board the Archer that had not been cut and Captain Worth could not bear to see this wasted, so he placed it in a traveling bag, and carried it back to Nantucket with him. It is said that the crews of one or two of the ships lived so well they got short of provisions. Not a thing was taken out of the ships when they were scuttled.

The second fleet of New Bedford vessels sailed December 9th and comprised the following: Ships America, Captain B. Chase; William Lee, Captain Horace A. Lake; barks India, Captain Avery F. Parker; Mechanic, Captain Archibald Baker, Jr.; Valparaiso, Captain William Wood; Margaret Scott, Captain Henry F. Tobey; Majestic, Captain Joseph Dimmick. This fleet joined the other vessels before the fleet was finally sunk.

It is told that one of the New London ships never reached her destination, but finally brought up in Provincetown harbor.

PEN PICTURES OF TYPICAL WHALEMEN.

BY Z. W. PEASE.

Captain Ahab ordered the entire whaleship's company aft, Melville relates, as the voyage was commencing.

"What do ye do when ye see a whale, men?"

"Sing out for him," was the impulsive rejoinder from a score of clubbed voices.

"Good!" cried Ahab with a mild approval in his tones, observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them.

"And what do ye next, men?"

"Lower away, and after him."

"And what tune is it ye pull to, men?"

"A dead whale or a stove boat!"

That song which the whaleman sang as he drove his boat upon the whale, embodies the spirit which dominated the men of New Bedford and brought prosperity.

"A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat."

This phrase should be emblazoned on the monument we are one day to build to the whaleman. It should be inscribed in the schoolroom and on the wall of the bed chamber of the youth of New Bedford.

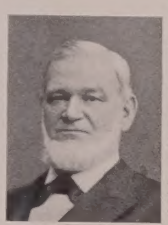
This was the impulse which led the whaleman to do brave deeds and take many risks for a chance of success, so that all history cannot point to an enterprise prosecuted with greater courage, hardihood and intelligence. Where the adoption of such a glowing, slashing, inspiring, do-or-die, spirit-stirring motto might still lead our youth, if it was adopted into our precepts, we love to consider.

The world has always been interested in the whaleman. In a far-off day the inspired Burke, in the house of commons, uttered eloquent tribute to the victorious industry. "No ocean," said he, "but what is vexed with their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverence of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

William W. Crapo, in an address many years ago said our primary wealth was "drawn up from the broad fields of the ocean with much toil and manifold dangers, with perils from the ice and fogs and storms of frozen regions and exposure and disease under the hot burning sun of the equator. It has been a creation of wealth by the skill of the merchant and the hardy daring of the sailor and not a mere exchange of wealth."

So honor has been done the whalemen as a class. It is quite worth while to present a few sketches of individuals whose lives are typical of the school that created our fortunes in that fascinating industry which makes our past unique. We would like to emphasize the story of a race of men with a few details of the experience of those who sailed "free voyages to all the seas of the earth" and accepted strange adventures and hairbreadth escapes as a part of the day's work. These narratives present the essential characteristics of the New Bedford whaling master. One group of Captains serves almost as well as another, for there is scarcely one whose experiences are not equally eventful.

Captain Charles H. Robbins, who passed over the other day at the age of 81, was an American down to the feet—Lemuel Robbins his father and Rachel Robbins his mother. The former died when Charles was nine years old, and the boy parted with school at the age of twelve, for there were nine sisters and two brothers to be supported. At that age the boy sought an opportunity to ship, but he was declared by the agents to be too young and he worked at the lever of the old hand press in The Mercury office and carried papers for three years. When he was fifteen, however, he shipped on the ship Swift, without his mother's knowledge, although she subsequently gave her consent. The ship was to sail on February 1, but the vessel was frozen in at the dock. Fearing desertions the captain ordered the men to saw a channel through the ice, and for ten days she was frozen in off Clarks Point with the lonesomest boy in the world on board.



At length the ship sailed away in February, 1837, and thereafter Robbins lived more stories than all the writers could invent. He visited isles of the Pacific which civilization had never touched. In proof of the claim that he encountered the heathen in his utter blindness, the captain used to affirm that not only were they cannibals, but they had no knowledge of any kind of intoxicating liquor. It was August, 1841, after an absence of fifty-four months, before the boy came back. He went away a stripling weighing ninety-six, and when he came home he weighed one-hundred and sixty and had to be introduced to his sisters.

He received one hundred dollars and a suit of clothes for four and a half years' work and in a few weeks he sailed again, this time as boatsteerer on the Balaena. He was gone nearly four years, adding to the store of novel experiences which filled his life. While cruising down the line one day his vessel picked up a canoe containing eight persons, Kanakas, who turned out to be the royal family of Ascension. There had been a revolution and the king and queen and princes had been cast adrift literally as well as practically. The Kanakas did these things half a century ago, more humanely than the enlightened nations of the earth, exampli gratia, Servia, now rid themselves of their rulers. One of the princes had a wound in his shoulder where a shark had seized him when he jumped overboard to capture it for food.

The ship took eighteen hundred barrels of sperm this voyage, and when the captain reached home he married. Two months later he was at sea again as mate of the Balaena. On the Peru grounds small pox broke out on board the ship, several of the crew died. Robbins had a light attack of the disease, and finally left the ship at Payta and reached home after a year and a half to greet his wife and sail again in a few weeks as mate of the bark Hope. To the Indian ocean he sailed this time and was gone two years and a half. Arriving home in May, 1850, he sailed four or five months later as master of the same vessel. He was gone thirty months this voyage. His next voyage as master of the bark Elisha Dunbar was a broken one and he returned ill, but sailed again in the Clara Bell and added thirty months more to his life on the ocean wave.

In 1859 Captain Robbins sailed in command of the bark Thomas Pope on a four years' voyage, and this time he took his wife and children with him. The vessel was struck by a hurricane in the Mozambique channel, her masts were torn out, the mizzen mast tearing out the skylight so that the water rushed into the cabin. The vessel lay on her beam ends, and the captain's wife and little children clung to the weather side. An officer fell on his knees and prayed for the safety of his wife who was at home. Since his wife was safe and sound ashore, Mrs. Robbins suggested it would be more to the purpose to pray for those about him who were in extremity. When the storm abated jury masts were rigged and the crippled ship drifted into Mauritius. All the whaleboats were lost and none could be procured nearer than New Bedford. So the ship waited nine months for the boats. A child was born to Captain Robibns on this voyage.

So the story runs. Once his ship was struck by a meteor. At another time he was for months in a leaking ship. One day a bomb gun exploded and tore the mate's hand. Put to the shifts, Captain Robbins amputated it and subsequently was complimented by a professional surgeon upon doing a skillful job.

We but touch upon the continued hazards, here and there to remind this generation of the men who made a history which thrills the world.

And what manner of man was Captain Robbins, whom we bring to mind as a type of the New Bedford whaleman? That he was a courageous valorous man, a man of hardy daring, we need not say, but withal he was a gentle, kindly, conscientious God-fearing man, excelling in character. It is the combination of these qualities which makes it our especial pride to cherish the example of these veterans of the sea.

We never tire of telling the story of Captain George Fred Tilton. In 1898 the whaling fleet was caught in the ice pack off Point Barrow in the Arctic ocean. Every plan which could be devised to reach open water was resorted to and failed. There was a lack of supplies and the whalemen appreciated that unless help came before the arrival of the fleet the following summer all would perish.

Thereupon Tilton filled his pockets with crackers and, with the Arctic night closing in upon him, he walked three thousand miles to civilization and carried the message he had promised to deliver.

On his last voyage to the Arctic in 1904 the steam whaler he commanded lost her propeller as she was about to enter the Arctic but Captain Tilton slammed her through the ice pack under sail and brought out a rich cargo of oil and bone.

Then there is the story of his besting Joe Choyinski, which is told to every New Bedford man who visits San Francisco, and of his winning the horse race at North Tisbury, Marthas Vineyard. They make an interesting group of tales "of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field and hairbreadth 'scapes," and they are all worth the telling.

* * *

It was in 1898 that Captain Tilton performed the feat which none of the more famous Arctic explorers would have dreamed of attempting under similar circumstances. That year Captain Tilton was mate of the Belvedere, the vessel he now commands. There were eight vessels in the fleet that season and in October they were assembled off Point Barrow, which is usally the farthest northing the whaleships make. The vessels were caught in the pack, which is nothing unusual, as the northwest wind which breaks up the pack is almost a certainty at this season. The westerly wind blew unshifting and the vessels were gripped in the ice on the east shore, within a hundred feet of each other, the Belvedere, Jessie H. Freeman, Orca, Rosario, Genie, Newport and Fearless, and, farther to the west-

ward and in a safe position, the Wanderer.

Every day was an anxious one. One night the crew of the Jessie H. Freeman was awakened by the splitting of the ship, and the company of forty-nine men had barely time to jump for the ice before she was crushed to a pulp. The crew reached the Belvedere and a few hours later the captain and fifty-five of the crew of the Orca appeared, their ship having encountered a fate similar to that of the Freeman.

Various schemes to reach the open water were considered. Then, experiments in blowing a path to the sea were tried, but accomplished nothing. Communication with Point Barrow established the fact there were no supplies to be obtained there. The other ships were reported with inadequate provisions to last through the winter, and the Belvedere could furnish her augmented ship's company with but two rations a day.

It was apparent there were not supplies sufficient to keep the men alive until assistance in the natural order of things arrived the following July. Then it was that Tilton offered to attempt to reach civilization. The suggestion was flouted by all the captains. "But it is our only hope," said Tilton. "We cannot survive without assistance until summer. I have a fighting chance if I go and scarcely that if I remain. If any one can make the trip, I can."

The latter was a conceded point, and after long consideration the captains gave a reluctant consent to Tilton's proposition. A letter was given Tilton to those in charge of the shore whaling station at Point Barrow, and there he was given the best outfit the station afforded, a sled drawn by eight young dogs and two Indian runners. The sled was fitted with a sail to ease the work of the dogs when the wind was fair.

Such provisions as could be spared, principally hard tack, were given him, a map and compass, a gun and cartridges and a tent. The start was made October 27 and all the crews assembled to bid him farewell. There were few who did not believe he would perish in one of the fierce northern blizzards which rage for days in that zone. The men cheered him until he was lost to sight. Tilton had little to guide him and no relief from the responsibility, for the Indians could speak no English.

The first day's journey was most encouraging. Twenty-eight miles were traveled, but the performance was not repeated. A storm raged the next day and the men remained in their sleeping bags. The third day Tilton lost his axe, which was invaluable in making paths and in cutting fuel. They subsequently found a knife in a deserted Indian village, which served the purpose. The coast was followed as closely as possible. Tilton's feet and hands were frozen.

On the twelfth day from the ship the shelter tent was lost and the sled afforded their only protection from the storms. The fierce winds in the mountains of Cape Lisburne blew them from the path. On the fifteenth day the provisions gave out. A few frozen fish were found, but the dogs were killed one by one as food for the others. After days of starvation a village at Point Hope, six hundred miles from the starting point, was reached. Here food was secured in small quantity. The Indian runners deserted, but an Indian and his wife volunteered to go on. Twenty-nine days more of suffering. And then another village was reached. Many days a single frozen fish was all there was to eat.

Eventually Tilton reached St. Michaels and found the Jarvis expedition, bound north, furnishing the latter with valuable information. For months thereafter the little company wandered in the wilds of Alaska, always on the verge of starvation and freezing, until Kotzebue sound was passed and on March 22 the Kodiak Islands were reached. A month later the party arrived at San Francisco. If Tilton had been a professional explorer the world would have acclaimed this marvellous achievement and he would have been celebrated in books. Tilton expected nothing of it, made nothing of it and reshipped for another whaling voyage.

* * *

In 1904 Captain George Fred Tilton was in command of steam whaler Belvedere. The voyage had alternated in ill and good luck from the start. The Belvedere sailed from San Francisco, March 2, and a week later one of the crew fell ill with small pox. He was isolated, but returned to duty, and Captain Tilton's anxiety was just relieved when another sailor was taken down. He recovered likewise and again the entire crew reported for duty.

Then the ship banged into Behring strait earlier than any ship had accomplished the same feat, only to be frozen in for two weeks. On the 17th a smashing big bowhead whale was taken, yielding 2906 pounds of bone, worth more than $10,000 at present prices, and then came the crippling of the ship.

Some captains might have been discouraged at the thought of sailing through the menacing leads in the ice pack at the mercy of the freak of the winds. Such navigation is dangerous enough with the steam auxiliary to assist the ship out of a tight place, but to maintain control over a steamship with sail power means that the safety of the crew and ship will be menaced every minute during the three or four months the vessel remains in the Arctic. Captain Tilton accepted the hazard and returned home in the fall with a profitable season's catch to his credit.

* * *

The story of how Captain George Fred Tilton lathered a champion prize fighter is not without its value in a presentation of the resources of our captain.

It was in a San Francisco barroom and a company of whalemen were pledging good voyage. A big brute of a man under the influence of liquor swept all of the glasses off the bar. Tilton stepped forward, "Fill them again," he said. The giant was about to repeat the performance when Tilton picked him from the floor and flung him on his back. It's likely he'd have killed him if there had been occasion.

And the fallen one was Joe Choynski.

* * *

Captain Tilton settled down for a quiet winter at his Vineyard home last season. But his light could not be hid. A clipping from a local paper tells this story:

A VINEYARD HORSE RACE.

Captain George Fred Tilton's Trotter Surprises Islanders.

"On Friday evening a large number gathered on the state road at North Tisbury to witness the race between the horse belonging to Captain George Fred Tilton and Le Roy Norton. The course was one-quarter mile, straightaway. The Norton horse won the first heat. Captain Tilton's horse took the next two and won the race, to the surprise of a large number present."

So we see that Captain George Fred Tilton is equally at home afloat or ashore, under steam or sail, afoot or horseback. Did you 'ere hear of gallant like this among your professional explorers?

He is finest type of a race of men whose slogan was "A dead whale or a stove boat."

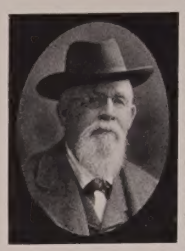
Photograph by H. W. Taber.

THE PASSING TYPE OF WHALEMAN, AND THE NEW. YANKEE AND CAPE VERDER.

Captain George O. Baker might have been a king, as this story will tell, or an admiral in the Conferedate navy, "but in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" he remains a citizen of the United States.

Captain Baker's family has a village named for it—Bakerville—a part of the township of Dartmouth, a suburb of New Bedford. He was born there in 1837, and he went to sea when he was but thirteen years old—whaling was his occupation for forty years and most of that time he was master of a whaleship. His first experience as captain was an exciting one, his ship being burned by the Confederate cruiser Shenandoah. His ship was the Edward Cary.

"The Edward Cary," said the captain the other day, "was one of the first whalers to sail from San Francisco. It was in June that we sailed for a short cruise for sperm whales, We ran down to the equator, west of Ascension, and never saw a spout, so I made harbor to recruit, reaching an anchorage March 28. At Ascension I found the Hector, Captain Amos Chase of New Bedford, the Pearl of New London, Captain Edwin P. Thompson, also of New Bedford, and the Herbert, Captain Eldridge, of Honolulu, sailing under the German flag.



"Three days later we sighted a steamer on the weather edge of the island, fifteen miles out, and coming slowly to where we lay. We took her to be a merchantman, and having no suspicions, a party of us, including all the captains, left our ships for the day to visit a friend at Hadley's harbor, eight miles distant.

"We returned to our vessel at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and were surprised to find the steamer we had seen in the morning anchored near the Harvest."

"What is she?" asked Captain Davis.

"Russian, I guess," said I.

"Meanwhile a lieutenant from the steamer was equally curious.

"What boat is that?" he hailed.

"The Harvest," replied Captain Eldridge.

"You will report on board the Confederate steamer. You are wanted," said the lieutenant.

"Chase you're a goner," said I. "That's the Confederate steamer Shenandoah."

"Now Chase was spunky and he persisted he would fight first, but we calmed him down and went board the Shenandoah, where we were all placed under guard. I was taken with the rest, and after answering a few questions, Captain Waddell said, "Your ship is confiscated to the Confederate government." I was ordered placed in irons, but was permitted to remain to hear my comrades put through the ordeal.

"When poor little Chase boiling with indignation and full of grit, was ordered in irons, he said:

"'Well that's pretty quick done.'

"None of your impertinence to an officer of the Confederate navy," said Captain Waddell.

"I'm not impertinent, but it's pretty quick done, just the same," said Chase.

"Thereupon he was doubled ironed and ordered gagged, but the officer to whom he was turned over let up on him and he was not gagged.

"We were marched to the topgallant forecastle, where our officers were confined, and seventeen of us lived in this hole. Our crews had been put ashore excepting a few who agreed to sail on the Shenandoah.

"After we had been confined for a week Captain Waddell sent for me. Now I had been cheerful all through and the captain was pleased to approve my disposition. I was ushered into the ward-room by the master of arms. My irons were taken off and I came within an ace of being started on a career as admiral.

"Paker," said Waddell, "this is no place for you—aboard here and in irons."

TYPES OF MEN WHO MADE NEW BEDFORD'S FAME ON THE SEAS.

Largely from Portraits in the Possession of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society. Capt. John C. Smith, aged 90, is the oldest living whaling captain.

"That's true enough captain," said I, "but I have been unable to avoid the situation."

"Take a drink," said the captain, "and join the ship."

"I prolonged the good time I was having until the captain grew impatient. He offered me a place in the ward-room at $125 a month. 'I'll sleep on that proposition a few weeks,' said I. Then the captain cursed me, ordered me in irons again and sent me back to the forecastle.

"After seventeen days more we were summoned before Waddell and required to kiss the Bible and swear we would never take up arms against the Confederacy.

"Chase swore more oaths than Waddell desired, so he was compelled to kiss the Bible twice.

"We were given a boat, a barrel of bread and another of pork and were put ashore. This was the food allowance for 120 men.

"At Ascension I happened to make a hit with the king and he wanted to adopt me as his son. It happened like this: There was an uprising of the Kanakas, and although I was a Democrat then, as I have been since, I fought for the king against the common people. I was prejudiced, maybe, because the people raided our stores.

"I tied a sword about my waist with a rope yarn and we had a victorious engagement. I was given the title of 'mighty general,' and my position in Ascension as a military man was akin to that of General Grant at home.

"We killed two Kanakas, wounded three and sank a canoe. The insurgents disappeared and when the king saw that nine of us had whipped twenty-eight he feared for his throne. But we were not imperialists, and when a United States warship came along in about six months after our landing, we were glad to get away. I was landed at Honolulu and worked my way to Peru, where I took command of the bark Valparaiso, of which I was master five years."

Captain Baker then commanded the Cape Horn Pigeon for eight years, the Europa for seven and the Josephine for two years. He retired from the sea in 1890. Two summers ago he went to Holland as an expert witness for the government in the case of the seizure of a whaling vessel suspected by the Russian government of being a sealer.

The Russian expert told the court that whales were taken to port whole and sold for $1250 each. Afterward Captain Baker was invited to dine with the expert, and asked to tell a whaling story. "After having heard the Russian expert's testimony, I concluded that I need not be afraid of being taken up, so I palmed off the story about Jonah and the whale as one of my own experiences."

When Frank T. Bullen, the English writer of whaling stories, who wrote himself into fame out of his experiences on New Bedford whaleships, was visiting this city a few years ago, he was continually regretting the lack of imagination of our whaling captains. He was actually exasperated to find a race of men who had lived exciting experiences day after day, reducing it all to the merest commonplace. But it isthe most natural thing, it always seemed to me, that the whaleman should be stolid. It would be incompatible with their calling that they should be other than phlegmatic. To bind a high-strung imaginative man down to a succession of long voyages with constant peril lurking over men and ship, would be unendurable. However, Mr. Bullen brought imagination to his experience and he was constantly impressed in his conversations with New Bedford whalemen with the magnificent material for stories that was going to waste.

Among the men whom Mr. Bullen met here was the late Commander William P. Randall, U. S. N., who was a hero in spite of himself for there never lived a man to whom notoriety was more distasteful. The story of his heroic deed in firing the last gun on the Cumberland before she was sunk by the Merrimac was perpetuated in departmental records and in Boker's poem, to his intense chagrin. In an advertising age he had an awful dread of publicity, and to his dying day he never forgave a newspaper writer who heard the story at first hand under a pledge of secrecy and then wrote it in interview form in a newspaper.

Captain Randall was a whaleman before he entered the navy. He had taken Mr. Bullen to drive one day and beguiled by silence told the novelist a story which he wrote out on his return to the hotel. As we sat together Mr. Bullen handed the manuscript to Captain Randall. Captain Randall was furious and in his wrath tore the manuscript in bits.

"The story is damned good," he said. "I'd give a million dollars if I could tell it half as well. But you know as well as I that some galoot would be sure to get up and say I'd paid you to write it. That's why I tore your manuscript. Besides, I don't talk as you made me. My grammar's as good as yours. You make me talk like a rough sailor man."

The story was charmingly written and Mr. Bullen rewrote and gave the writer a copy. It is a picturesque incident in the life of the youth of New Bedford who went down to the sea in ships, and we are glad to preserve it in this little group of stories.

"Randall was a young man, second mate of a whaleship, already in good repute for his smartness and ability to deal with the most difficult case of whalemanship as it arose. But as so often happens, this extraordinary evidence of capability in a young man did not help him very much because his seniors were jealous of him and consequently did their best, or worst, to keep him in the background.

"Men like that, however, are apt to refuse to be kept down very long. Randall's chances kept coming, and he kept taking them until one afternoon in the north Pacific, all the boats were lowered for a mighty sperm whale. By the skipper's orders Randall was made to wait attendance upon the other three boats, the third and fourth mates being relatives of his own. In spite of this, however, the young second mate managed to creep up and get fast, the mate and fourth mate's boat being already so, but apparently unable to do anything.

"The whale was a fighter and in the course of an hour's run he got the lines of the three boats so snarled up that they could not get near him. They had resolved to cut adrift, and begin again, when the whale solved the problem for them by suddenly turning a somersault between them and rising to the surface again with the second mate's line entagled in its lower jaw. The other two officers, seeing that the game was now in Randall's hands, cut themselves adrift, upon which the whale, as if conscious that he had now achieved two-thirds of his freedom, sprang forward with tremendous vigor, defying all the crew's efforts to get up close to him.

"It was now evening, and but few minutes remained before the darkness would shut down upon them like a canister lid, yet every one of those minutes saw them being carried farther and farther away from the ship and their fellows in the other boats.

"At last, just as the last faint streaks of light were fading, young Randall saw his chance, and rallying all the energies of his men, succeeded in hauling up on the whale's flank and giving him a thrust with the lance between the first two ribs, which settled matters finally. Being so exhausted the whale did not make much of a flurry. His dying agonies were brief, and in a few minutes Mate Randall was enabled to bore a hole in the whale's fluke with his boat spade wherein to secure the towline for hauling the prize alongside.

"While doing this he had the grievous misfortune to split his hand quite open to the bone on the spade edge. The work was finished, however, and with the satisfaction that he had the whale secure the young man set about binding his hand as well as might be, for it was becoming stiff and painful.

"And as if his troubles must needs come upon him all at once, he had hardly completed his rude surgery when a huge Kanaka, his harpooner, suddenly seemed to become crazy with fear of the darkness and his inability to see the ship. He howled with fright and demanded water and food, which, as is generally known, is only carried in the most limited quantities in whaleboats—say two gallons of water and three pounds of biscuit, a tiny provision indeed, for six men.

"Randall tried to soothe the frantic man, but finding that he could not do so, and that, moreover, the rest of the crew showed signs of demoralization, he reached for his bombgun, and calling all hands to witness that if compelled to shoot the Kanaka, he was doing such an act only in the common interest, he sat pointing the gun with its awful charge at the mouthing, gesticulating Negro, trying meanwhile to ignore the pain which was slowly deadening his left side, from the jaw to the waist.

"And there in his loneliness and full acceptance of responsibility sat the youth, Randall, feeling face to face with death in various shapes, but fully determined to die, if he must, man fashion.

"There is no doubt that he would have died, but his after oarsman, in a happy moment, thought of filling the only pipe in the boat with the strong, rank tobacco they carried. Lighting it with the flint and steel, he passed it to his officer, who smoked it and felt it send a blissful feeling of lethargy all through his frame. So sweet was the sensation that when the pipe was smoked out he asked for another, and when that had been consumed he felt entirely happy. Not sleepy; O, no; but free from pain, and throughout that long quiet night he sat communing with all the great friends of books he had learned to love.

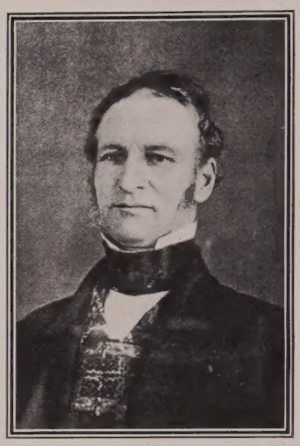
"To my mind," commented Mr. Bullen, "that makes a truly magnificent picture. This mere boy of twenty-one, sitting calmly in his boat's stern throughout the long night, his gigantic prey wallowing at his side, and before him in various painful attitudes, the five sleeping forms of the men in his charge covered with the boat sail, and for the time oblivious of their peril. With pain of body benumbed, but his mind active, he holds mighty converse with the spirits of the mighty dead whose words he has learned and loved, until with eyes that grow humid with gratitude he sees the tender flush of dawn mantling the eastern blue.

"And as the day springs into being he sees afar off the silhouette of the ship, and lifting his voice in the long, mellow cry of 'Sail ho!' he brings all of his men out of their slumbers into rejoicing consciousness. Even then he has need of all his firmness of purpose to prevent his being compelled by his men to cut adrift from the whale and pull for the ship, they are so afraid she will miss them. Two hours of steady holding his own with them passes slowly away before it is seen that she knows of their whereabouts, and all is well."

It is little wonder that after a youth passed in such experiences he never seemed able to quite comprehend why the world persisted in making so much of that day's incident on the Cumberland. He had lived with sailor men, who, cast adrift in a whaleboat, could whittle with a jackknife a quadrant, tear off the rim of the compass focal for an arc, break up a five cent mirror for a speculum and by such crude device, fight their way back to home and life. But they were men of action, not of speech.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

The remarkable house founded by Isaac Howland, Jr., is represented and crystallized in the famous Hetty Green. Isaac Howland, Jr., was a little man, weighing only ninety-five pounds. He found it the greatest hardship and toil to accumulate the first thousand dollars. When there were small schooners trading from the West Indies, before the seizures which led to the French spoliation claims, the sailors wore silk stockings into port on The Howlands' ships. Isaac Howland, Jr., bought these stockings from the men, washed and ironed them, and resold them at a good profit. This is a feeble structure on which to build a fortune of forty or fifty millions. He could neither read nor write. His one object was money, money, money. He had one daughter who married the famous Uncle Gideon Howland. Each was fond of old New England rum, for everybody drank in those days and a foundation of a good deal of the wealth of New Bedford's old families traces back to rum. Uncle



EDWARD MOTT ROBINSON,
Father of Hetty Greene.

Gideon lived on the corner of School and South Water streets. Gideon Howland died in 1847, leaving about $800,000.

Edward Mott Robinson, the father of Hetty Green, came here penniless, and married Abby Howland, one of Gideon's daughters. The other was Sylvia Ann Howland, who never married. Robinson was a strange man and one of the meanest. He lived a sad and miserable life and he had few redeeming qualities. Many stories are told of him. One day a young man offered him a cigar. He examined it and asked what it cost. Upon being told that it cost ten cents, he handed it back with the remark: "I buy mine two for a cent. If I smoke that one I will have my taste cultivated for good ones, and I don't want that."

George Howland, Senior, writes Mary Jane Howland Taber, "was particular about the names of his ships. There was the George and Susan, and the George Howland, and the Ann Alexander, the name of an Irish Friend who was traveling in this country, and the Corinthian, supposed to refer to Paul's epistles, and the Golconda, a pleasant association of ideas with the diamond mines of Hindustan, and when he bought of Stephen Girard a merchant vessel named Rousseau, it was with the intention of fitting her for a whaler and changing her name. As soon as she arrived in this port he had the figurehead of the "infidel" chopped off and thrown into the mud of the dock, where perchance it still reposes. While casting about in his mind for an unexceptionable name he was told the name could not be changed. Once Rousseau, always Rousseau. He declared he was very much tried, which in worldly parlance might mean very angry or pretty mad, and talked of sending the ship back to Philadelphia, though of course he was aware that could not be done. This devil's bark proved very lucky, and always made what the sailors call greasy voyages, but when her great catches were reported her owner puffed out his cheeks and emitted a contemptuous pooh! When he was obliged to speak the name he purposely mispronounced it, calling it Rus-o, and to this day you will hear people speak of the old Rus-o. She had the longest life of any known ship, lasting from 1801 to 1893. The bracket which supports the bust of George Howland, Junior, in the city library is a part of the carved scroll which usurped the place under the bowsprit of the great Frenchman's figurehead, and has ploughed most of the oceans of the globe."

NEW BEDFORD AS MELVILLE SAW IT.

"Moby Dick," Herman Melville's story written more than a half century ago, is a classic among whaling stories. The unique picture of New Bedford as it existed in Melville's youth has brought many a boy and man to make a pilgrimage here, under an inspiration to which Robert J. Burdette confesses. The "Spouter Inn" is agreed to be typical of the old sailor boarding houses on Water street and "The Marsh." Of all the institutions connected with whaling mentioned by Melville there is but one which can be pointed out to the seeker of literary landmarks. That is the Seaman's Bethel. The New Bedford Port society was established about seventy-five years ago for the "moral improvement of seamen," and in 1831 a chapel was built. It was dedicated May 2, 1832, "Father" Taylor of Boston officiating. Then the Bethel flag was unfurled, and from that time until the present it has never failed on every Sunday morning to signal to the sailor that here is a temple peculiarly his own, where he is welcomed on his return from his voyage, and where he can listen to the word of the Gospel. The chapel which Melville attended was burned in 1866, but the old tablets which attracted Melville's interest were saved and are still the wonder of visitors. The walls are covered with marble cenotaphs, masoned into the structure, proclaiming to the sailor about to go down to the sea, the death that lurks in the business of whaling. The tablets were often placed in the walls by the shipmates of the sailors lost at sea. Occasionally they were provided by a mother, wife or sister. Some of them bear weeping willows; others, more appropriately, ships, and nearly all are bordered in heavy frames of solemn black. Here are some of the actual inscriptions (those in Melville's book are adaptations) given on the cenotaphs which have remained on the walls to this day:

In memory of
Capt. William Swain,
Associate Master of the
Christopher Mitchell of Nantucket.
This worthy man, after fastening to a
Whale, was carried overboard by the
line, and drowned,
May 19th, 1844, in the
49th year of his age.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh."

There is one which tells of the tragic death of Charles Petty, who was bitten by a shark while bathing near the ship and died in nine hours. He was buried by his shipmates on the island of De Loss, near the coast of Africa. Some of the tablets are inscribed with a verse, like this one regarding a youth who fell from aloft and was drowned:

The sea curls over him and the foaming billow
As his head now rests upon a watery pillow.
But the spirit divine has ascended to rest
To mingle with those who are ransomed and blest.

The officers and crew of the Emily Morgan have erected a stone to the memory of Lewis Ayshire and this verse is engraved on the tablet:

The ship's bell—deep-toned, moaning sound—
Boomed o'er the quiet air,
To call the crew in sadness round
To attend the funeral prayer.
In his coral grave he's left to rest
With no urn or willow tree.
His tablet is in the sailor's breast,
This token of which you see.

The following inscription on a tablet shows how generally the men in a family followed the sea in the old days and how often they were bereaved:

To the Memory of
William S. Jay,
Chief mate of bark Gov. Carver, who died on board at sea, Feb. 7, 1863.
Aged 29 years.
Also his Uncles,
Gilbert Jay,
Of ship Peru of Nantucket, was lost from a boat while in pursuit of a whale, 1822, aged 19 years;
Franklin Jay,
Mate of ship Pioneer, was lost in his boat while in pursuit of a whale, 1832, aged 27 years;
William H. Swasey,
Of schooner T. Cash of Fairhaven, Conn., was lost at sea, with all her crew, April, 1850, aged 39 years.

The nautical flavor to the service which Melville attended is no longer maintained. Rev. E. Williams, the present chaplain, does not use the vernacular, "Starboard gangway there!" in addressing his hearers, and the picturesque harpooners, cannibals and sailors with beaver hats and bombazine cloaks, or in sou'-westers and swallow-tails, with sheath knives at their belts, are no longer to be found. The chaplain whom Melville heard was, undoubtedly, Father Mudge. The author gives him the sobriquet of Father "Mapple" in his book. But surely a sermon of greater beauty, character and effectiveness was never heard on land or sea than that which Melville reports

—Z. W. Pease.

"Long ago, in my boyhood days, or nights rather, I carried 'Moby Dick' to bed with me, and scared myself so wide awake with Captain Ahab and his terrible foe that I couldn't get to sleep. But a score of years ago, when I visited New Bedford, I did not see the town of my dreams. 'The Spouter Inn' was not, (albeit a man—a committee man, at that—did show me the long lance, 'now wildly elbowed,' with which 'Nathan Swain did kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and sunset,') Queequeg and Dago and Tashtego I missed. But I saw such a city as Melville saw not, even when he wrote 'nowhere in all America will you find such patrician-like houses, parks and gardens more opulent, than in New Bedford, and all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. One and all they were harpooned and dragged up thither from the bottom of the sea.'

"But how time outgrows prophecy! The city of New Bedford that I knew had made the land tributary to her grandeur and wealth and comfort. Many-acred fields poured their snowy harvests into New Bedford's lap, so that the sea and the shore alike were her vassals. And I recall one more sentence from my first 'New Bedford book':

"'And the women of New Bedford, they bloom like their own red roses. But roses only bloom in summer; whereas the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in the seventh heavens.'

* * * "Country isn't a cheap word to New Bedford. It means something; it is as broad as the continent. While thy sister Philadelphia was dancing in the arms of Howe's officers, Earl Grey's storm of iron was pelting on thy head, and when the rest of us slept and waked in all security from the armies of our hot-headed brethren in the sixties, New Bedford was strewing her wealth in ashes over the Pacific, and carrying the flag she loved down into the heart of the seas, to make the depths beautiful with it.

"New Bedford—Ah, what a history! The schoolboy in Arizona loves it, and is thrilled by it, and inspired by it, even as his fellow in the Massachusetts district school. We 'know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works, and the last to be more than the first.'"

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THE SPOUTER INN.

Now having a night, a day, and still another night, following before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, bitingly cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver. So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I, to myself as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag, and comparing the gloom towards the north with the darkness towards the south—wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the sign of "The Crossed Harpoons"—but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Further on, from the bright red windows of the "Sword-Fish Inn," there came such fervent rays that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house, for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement—rather weary for me, when I struck my foot against the flinty projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. Too expensive and jolly, again thought I, pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street, and heard the sounds to the tinkling glasses within. But go on, Ishmael, said I at last; don't you hear? Get away from before the door; your patched boots are stopping the way. So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inns.

Such dreary streets! blocks of blackness, not houses, on either hand, and here and there a candle, like a candle moving about in a tomb. At this hour of the night, of the last day of the week, that quarter of the town proved all but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look, as if it were meant for the uses of the public; so, entering, the first thing I did was to stumble over an ashbox in the porch. Ha! thought I, ha, as the flying particles almost choked me, are these ashes from that destroyed city, Gomorrah? But "The Crossed Harpoons," and "The Sword-Fish"—this, then, must needs be the sign of "The Trap." However, I picked myself up and hearing a loud voice within, pushed on and opened a second, interior door.

It seemed the great Black Parliament setting in Tophet. A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer; and beyond, a black Angel of Doom was beating a book in a pulpit. It was a Negro church; and the preacher's text was about the blackness of the darkness, and the weeping and wailing and teeth-gnashing there. Ha, Ishmael, muttered I backing out, wretched entertainment at the sign of "The Trap!"

Moving on, I at last came to a dim sort of a light not far from the docks, and heard a forlorn creaking in the air; and looking up, saw a swinging sign over the door with a white painting upon it, faintly representing a tall, straight jet of misty spray, and these words underneath—"The Spouter Inn—Peter Coffin."

Coffin?—Spouter? — Rather ominous in that particular connection, thought I. But it is a common name in Nantucket, they say, and I suppose this Peter here is an emigrant from there. As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the time, looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee.

* * *

But no more of this blubbering now, we are going awhaling, and there is plenty of that yet to come. Let us scrape the ice from our frosted feet, and see what sort of a place this "Spouter" may be.

* * *

Entering that gable-ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry with old-fashioned wainscots, reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oil-painting so thoroughly besmoked, and every way defaced, that in the unequal cross-lights by which you viewed it, it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and shadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist, in the time of the New England hags, had endeavored to delineate chaos bewitched. But by dint of much and

THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL.

earnest contemplation, and oft repeated ponderings, and especially by throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry, you at last came to the conclusion that such an idea, however wild, might not be altogether unwarranted.

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber, portentous, black mass of something hovering in the centre of the picture over three blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite, half-attained, unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant. Ever and anon a bright, but, alas! deceptive idea would dart you through.—It's the Black Sea in a midnight gale.—It's the unnatural combat of the four primal elements.—It's a blasted heath.—It's a Hyperborean winter scene.—It's the breaking up of the icebound stream of Time. But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentious something in the picture's midst. That once found out, whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon—so like a cork-screw now—was flung in Javan seas, and run away with by a whale, years afterwards slain off the Cape of Elanco. The original iron entered nigh the tail, and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of man, travelled full forty feet, and at last was found imbedded in the hump.

Crossing this dusky entry, and on through yon low-arched way—cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with fireplaces all round—you enter the public room. A still duskier place is this, with planks beneath, that you would almost fancy trod some old craft's cockpits, especially of such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old bark rocked so furiously. On one side stood a long, low, shelf-like table covered with cracked glasses, cases filled with dusty rarities gathered from this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale's head. Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide, a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, like another cursed Jonah (by which name indeed they called him), bustles a little withered old man, who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death.

INTERIOR OF SEAMEN'S BETHEL SHOWING THE CENOTAPHS.

and all the rest were plain. But stop; does it not bear a faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great leviathan himself?

In fact, the artist's design seemed this; a final theory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The picture represents a Cape Horner in a great hurricane; the half-foundered ship weltering there with its three dismantled masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast heads.

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws; others were tufted with knots of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment made in the new mown grass by a long-armed mower. You shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death-harvesting with such a hacking, horrifying implement. Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and harpoons all broken and deformed. Some were storied weapons. With this once long lance, now widely elbowed, fifty years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen

A New Bedford Street.

If I had been astonished at first catching a glimpse of so outlandish an individual as Queequeg circulating among the polite society of a civilized town, that astonishment soon departed upon taking my first daylight stroll through the streets of New Bedford.

In thoroughfares nigh the docks, any considerable seaport will frequently offer to view the queerest looking nondescripts from foreign parts. Even in Broadway and Chestnut streets, Mediterranean mariners will sometimes jostle the affrighted ladies. Regent street is not unknown to Lascars and Malays; and at Bombay, in the Apollo Green, live Yankees who have often scared the natives. But New Bedford beats all Water street and Wapping. In these last mentioned haunts you see only sailors but in New Bedford, actual cannibals stand chattering at street corners; savages outright; many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh. It makes a stranger stare.

But besides the Feejeeans, Tongatabooars, Erromangoans, Pannangians, and Brighgians, and, besides the wild specimens of the whaling craft which unheeded reel about the steets, you will see other sights still more curious, certainly more comical. There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men, all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery. They are mostly young, of stalwart frames; fellows who have felled forests, and now seek to drop the axe and snatch the whale-lance. Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came. In some things you would think them but a few hours old. Look there! that chap strutting round the corner. He wears a beaver hat and swallow-tailed coat, girdled with a sailor belt and sheath knife. Here comes another with a sou'-wester and a bombazine cloak.

No town-bred dandy will compare with a country-bred one—I mean a downright bumpkin dandy—a fellow that, in the dog days, will mow his two acres in buckskin gloves for fear of tanning his hands. Now when a country dandy like this takes it into his head to make a distinguished reputation, and joins the great whale-fishery, you should see the comical things he does upon reaching the seaport. In bespeaking his sea outfit, he orders bell-buttons to his waistcoats; straps to his canvas trousers. Ah, poor Hay Seed! how bitterly you will burst those straps in the first howling gale, when thou art driven, straps, button, and all, down the throat of the tempest.

But think not that this famous town has only harpooners, cannibals, and bumpkins to show her visitors. Not at all. Still New Bedford is a queer place. Had it not been for us whalemen, that tract of land would this day perhaps have been in as howling condition as the coast of Labrador. As it is, parts of her back country are enough to frighten one, they look so bony. The town itself is perhaps the dearest place to live in, in all New England. It is a land of oil, true enough; but not like Canaan; a land, also, of corn and wine. The streets do not run with milk; nor in the spring time do they pave them with fresh eggs. Yet, in spite of this, nowhere in all America will you find more patrician-like houses; parks and gardens more opulent, than in New Bedford. Whence came they how planted upon this once scraggy scoria of a country?

Go and gaze on the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion, and your question will be answered. Yes; all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans. One and all, they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea. Can Herr Alexander perform a feat like this?

In New Bedford, fathers, they say, gave whales for dowers to their daughters, and portion off their nieces with a few porpoises apiece. You must go to New Bedford to see a brilliant wedding; for, they say, they have reservoirs of oil in every house, and every night recklessly burn their lengths in spermaceti candles.

In summer time, the town is sweet to see; full of fine maples—long avenues of green and gold. And in April, high in air, the beautiful and bountiful horse-chestnuts, candelabra-wise, proffer the passer-by their tapering upright cones of congregated blossoms. So omnipotent is art; which in many a district of New Bedford has superinduced bright terraces of flowers upon the barren refuse rocks thrown aside at creation's final day.

And the women of New Bedford, they bloom like their own red roses. But roses only bloom in summer; whereas the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in the seventh heavens. Elsewhere match that bloom of theirs, ye cannot, save in Salem, where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands.

The Seamen's Bethel.

In this same New Bedford there stands a Whaleman's Chapel, and few are the moody fisherman, shortly bound for the Indian ocean or Pacific, who fail to make a Sunday visit to the spot. I am sure that I did not.

Returning from my first morning stroll, I again sallied out upon this special errand. The sky had changed from clear, sunny cold, to driving sleet and mist. Wrapping myself in my shaggy jacket of the cloth called bearskin, I fought my way against the stubborn storm. Entering, I found a small scattered congregation of sailors, and sailors' wives, and widows. A muffled silence reigned, only broken at times by the shrieks of the storm. Each silent worshipper seemed purposely sitting apart from the other, as if each silent grief were insular and incommunicable. The chaplain had not yet arrived; and there these silent islands of men and women sat steadfastly eyeing several marble tablets, with black borders, masoned into the wall on either side the pulpit. Three of them ran something like the following, but I do not pretend to quote:

Sacred
To the Memory
of
JOHN TALBOT,
Who, at the age of eighteen, was lost
Overboard, near the Isle of Desolation, off Patagonia, November 1st, 1836,
This tablet
Is erected to his Memory
By His Sister.

Sacred
To the Memory
of
ROBERT LONG, WILLIS ELLERY, NATHAN COLEMAN, WALTER CANNY, SETH MACY, AND SAMUEL GLEIG.
Forming one of the boats' crews
of
the ship Eliza,
Who were towed out of sight by a Whale, on the Off-shore Ground in the Pacific,
December 31st, 1839.
This Marble
Is here placed by their surviving Shipmates.

Sacred
To the Memory
of
The late
CAPTAIN EZEKIEL HARDY,
Who in the bows of his boat was killed by a sperm whale on the Coast of Japan,
August 3d, 1833.
This Tablet
Is erected to his Memory
by
His Widow.

Shaking off the sleet from my ice-glazed hat and jacket, I seated myself near the door, and turning sideways was surprised to see Queequeg near me. Affected by the solemnity of the scene, there was a wondering gaze of incredulous curiosity in his countenance. This savage was the only person present who seemed to notice my entrance; because he was the only one who could not read, and, therefore, was not reading those frigid inscriptions on the wall. Whether any of the relatives of the seamen whose names appeared there were now among the congregation, I knew not; but so many are the unrecorded accidents in the fishery, and so plainly did several women present wear the countenance if not the trappings of some unceasing grief, that I feel sure that here before me were assembled those, in whose unhealing hearts the sight of those bleak tablets sympathetically caused the old wounds to bleed afresh.

Oh! ye whose dead lie buried beneath the green grass; who standing among the flowers can say—here, here lies my beloved; ye know not the desolation that broods in bosoms like these. What bitter blanks in those black-bordered marbles which cover no ashes! What despair in those immovable inscriptions! What deadly voids and unbidden infidelities in the lines that seem to gnaw upon all Faith, and refuse resurrections to the beings who have placelessly perished without a grave. As well might those tablets stand in the cave of Elephanta as here.

In what census of living creatures, the dead of mankind are included; why is it that a universal proverb says of them, that they tell no tales, though containing more secrets than the Godwin Sands; how is it that to his name who yesterday departed for the other world, we prefix so significant and infidel a word, and yet do not thus entitle him, if he but embarks for the remotest Indies of this living earth; why the life insurance companies pay death-forfeitures upon immortals; in what eternal, unstirring paralysis, and deadly, hopeless trance, yet lies antique Adam who died sixty round centuries ago; how it is that we still refuse to be comforted for those who we nevertheless maintain are dwelling in unspeakable bliss; why all the living so strive to hush all the dead; whereof but the rumor of a knocking in a tomb will terrify a whole city. All these things are not without their meanings.

But faith, like a jackal, feeds among the tombs, and even from these dead doubts she gathers her most vital hope.

THE PULPIT.

I had not been seated very long ere a man of a certain venerable robustness entered; immediately as the storm-pelted door flew back upon admitting him, a quick regardful eyeing of him by all the congregation, sufficiently attested that this fine old man was the chaplain. Yes, it was the famous Father Mapple, so called by the whalemen, among whom he was a very great favorite. He had been a sailor and a harpooner in his youth, but for many years past had dedicated his life to the ministry. At the time I now write of, Father Mapple was in the hardy winter of healthy old age; that sort of old age which seems merging into a second flowering youth, for among all the fissures of his wrinkles, there shone certain mild gleams of a newly developing bloom—the spring verdure peeping forth even beneath February's snow. No one having previously heard his history, could for the first time behold Father Mapple without the utmost interest, because there were certain engrafted clerical peculiarities about him, imputable to that adventurous maritime life he had led. When he entered I observed that he carried no umbrella, and certainly had not come in his carriage, for his tarpaulin hat ran down with melting sleet, and his great pilot cloth jacket seemed almost to drag him to the floor with the weight of the water it had absorbed. However, hat and coat and overshoes were one by one removed, and hung up in a little space in an adjacent corner; when, arrayed in a decent suit, he quietly approached the pulpit.

Like most old-fashioned pulpits, it was a very lofty one, and since a regular stairs to such a height would, by its long angle with the floor, seriously contract the already small area of the chapel, the architect, it seemed, had acted upon the hint of Father Mapple and finished the pulpit without stairs, substituting a perpendicular side ladder, like those used in mounting a ship from a boat at sea. The wife of a whaling captain had provided the chapel with a handsome pair of red worsted man-ropes for this ladder, which, being itself nicely headed, and stained with a mahogany color, the whole contrivance, considering what manner of chapel it was, seemed by no means in bad taste. Halting for an instant at the foot of the ladder, and with both hands grasping the ornamental knobs of the man-ropes, Father Mapple cast a look upwards, and then with a truly sailor-like, but still reverential dexterity, hand over hand, mounted the steps as if escending the main-top of his vessel.

The perpendicular parts of this side ladder, as is usually the case with swinging ones, were of cloth-covered rope, only the rounds were of wood, so that at every step there was a joint. At my first glimpse of the pulpit, it had not escaped me that however convenient for a ship, these joints in the present instance seemed unnecessary. For I was not prepared to see Father Mapple after gaining the height, slowly turn round, and stooping over the pulpit, deliberately drag up the ladder step by step, till the whole was deposited within, leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec.

I pondered some time without fully comprehending the reason for this. Father Mapple enjoyed such a wide reputation for sincerity and sanctity, that I could not suspect him of courting notoriety by any mere tricks of the stage. No, thought I, there must be some sober reason for this thing; furthermore it must symbolize something unseen. Can it be, then, that by this act of physical isolation, he signifies his spiritual withdrawal for the time, from all outward worldly ties and connections? Yes, for replenished with the meat and wine of the world, to the faithful man of God, this pulpit, I see, is a self-contained stronghold—a lofty Ehrenbreitstein, with a perennial well of water within the walls.

But the side ladder was not the only strange feature of the place, borrowed from the chaplain's former seafarings. Between the marble cenotaphs on either hand of the pulpit, the wall which formed its back was adorned with a large painting representing a gallant ship beating against a terrible storm off a lee coast of black rocks and snowy breakers. But high above the flying scud and dark-rolling clouds, there floated a little isle of sunlight, from which beamed forth an angel's face; and this bright face shed a distinct spot of radiance upon the ship's tossed deck, something like that silver plate now inserted into the Victory's plank where Nelson fell. "Ah, noble ship," the angel seemed to say, "beat on, beat on, thou noble ship, and bear a hardy helm; for lo! the sun is breaking through; the clouds are rolling off—serenest azure is at hand."

Nor was the pulpit without a trace of the same sea-taste that had achieved the ladder and the picture. Its panelled front was the likeness of a ship's bluff bows, and the Holy Bible rested on a projecting piece of scroll work, fashioned after a ship's fiddle-headed beak.

What could be more full of meaning?—for the pulpit is ever this earth's foremost part; all the rest comes in its rear; the pulpit leads the world. From thence it is the storm of God's quick wrath is first descried, and the bow must bear the earliest brunt. From thence it is the God of breezes fair or foul is first invoked for favorable winds. Yes, the world's a ship on its passage out, and not a voyage complete; and the pulpit is its prow.

THE BETHEL SERVICE AND SERMON.

Father Mapple rose, and in a mild voice of unassuming authority ordered the scattered people to condense. "Starboard gangway, there!—side away to larboard—larboard gangway to starboard! Midships! midships!"

There was a low rumbling of heavy sea-boots among the benches, and a still lighter shuffling of women's shoes, and all was quiet again, and every eye on the preacher.

He paused a little; then kneeling in the pulpit's bows, folded his large brown hands across his chest, uplifted his closed eyes, and offered a prayer so deeply devout that he seemed kneeling and praying at the bottom of the sea.

This ended, in prolonged solemn tones, like the continual tolling of a bell in a ship that is foundering at sea in a fog—in such tones he commenced reading the following hymn; but changed his manner toward the concluding stanzas, burst forth with a pealing exultation and joy—

"The ribs and terrors in the whale,
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,
And lift me deepening down to doom.

"I saw the opening maw of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell—
Oh, I was plunging to despair.

"In black distress, I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,
He bowed his head to my complaints—
No more the whale did me confine.

"With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a radiant dolphin borne;
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone
The face of my Deliverer God.

"My songs forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
I give the glory to my God,
His all the mercy and the power."

Nearly all joined in singing this hymn, which swelled high above the howling storm. A brief pause ensued; the preacher slowly turned over the leaves of the Bible, and at last, folding his hand down upon the proper page, said: "Beloved shipmates, clinch the last verse of the first chapter of Jonah—'And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah.'

"Shipmates, this book, containing only four chapters—four yarns—is one of the smallest strands in the mighty cable of the Scriptures. Yet what depths of the soul does Jonah's deep sea-line sound! what a pregnant lesson to use in this prophet! What a noble thing is that canticle in the fish's belly! How billow-like and boisterously grand! We feel the floods surging over us; we sound with him to the kelpy bottom of the waters; sea-weed and all the slime of the sea is about us! But what is this lesson that the book of Jonah teaches? Shipmates, it is a two-stranded lesson; a lesson to us all as sinful men, and a lesson to me as a pilot of the living God. As sinful men, it is a lesson to us all, because it is a story of the sin, hard-heartedness, suddenly awakened fears, the swift punishment, repentance, prayers, and finally the deliverance and joy of Jonah. As with all sinners among men, the sin of this son of Amittai was in his willful disobedience of the command of God—never mind now what that command was, or how conveyed—which he found a hard command. But all things that God would have us do are hard for us to do—remember that—and hence, he oftener commands us than endeavors to persuade. And if we obey God, we must disobey ourselves; and it is in this disobeying ourselves, wherein the hardness of obeying God consists.

"With this sin of disobedience in him, Jonah still further flouts at God, by seeking to flee from Him. He thinks that a ship made by men will carry him into countries where God does not reign, but only the captains of this earth. He skulks about the wharves of Joppa, and seeks a ship that's bound for Tarshish. There lurks, perhaps, a hitherto unheeded meaning here. By all accounts Tarshish could have been no other city than the modern Cadiz. That's the opinion of learned men. And where is Cadiz, shipmates? Cadiz is in Spain; as far by water, from Joppa, as Jonah could possibly have sailed in those ancient days, when the Atlantic was an almost unknown sea.

* * *

"'Who's there?' cries the Captain at his busy desk, hurriedly making out his papers for the Customs—'Who's there?' Oh how that harmless question mangles Jonah! For the instant he almost turns to flee again. But he rallies. 'I seek a passage in the ship to Tarshish; how soon sail ye, sir?' Thus far the busy Captain had not looked up to Jonah, though the man now stands before him; but no sooner does he hear that hollow voice, than he darts a scrutinizing glance. 'We sail with the next coming tide,' at last he slowly answered, still intently eyeing him. 'No sooner, sir?'—'Soon enough for any honest man that goes a passenger.' Ha! Jonah! that's another stab. But he swiftly calls away the Captain from that scent. 'I'll sail with ye,' he says,—'the passage money, how much is that?—I'll pay now.' For it is particularly written, shipmates, as if it were a thing not to be overlooked in this history, 'that he paid the fare thereof' ere the craft did sail. And taken with the context, this is full of meaning.

"Now Jonah's Captain, shipmates, was one whose discernment detects crime in any way, but whose cupidity exposes it only in the penniless. In this world, shipmates, sin that pays its way can travel freely, and without passport; whereas Virtue, if a pauper, is stopped at all frontiers. So Jonah's Captain prepares to test the length of Jonah's purse, ere he judge him openly.

"He charges him thrice the usual sum, and it's assented to. Then the captain knows that Jonah is a fugitive; but at the same time resolves to help a flight that paves its rear with gold. Yet when Jonah fairly takes out his purse, prudent suspicions still molest the Captain. He rings every coin to find a counterfeit. Not a forger, any way, he mutters; and Jonah is put down for his passage. 'Point out my stateroom, sir,' says Jonah now. 'I'm travel-weary; I need sleep.' 'Thou look'st like it,' says the Captain, 'there's thy room.' Jonah enters, and would lock the door, but the lock contains no key. Hearing him foolishly fumbling there, the Captain laughs lowly to himself, and mutters something about the doors of convicts' cells never being allowed to be locked within. All dressed and dusty as he is, Jonah throws himself into his berth and finds the little stateroom ceiling almost resting on his forehead. The air is close, and Jonah gasps. Then, in that contracted hole, sunk, too, beneath the ship's water-line, Jonah feels the heralding presentiment of that stifling hour, when the whale shall hold him in the smallest of his bowel's wards.

"Screwed at its axis against the side, a swinging lamp slightly oscillates in Jonah's room; and the ship, heeling over toward the wharf with the weight of the last bales received, the lamp, flame and all, though in slight motion, still maintains a per-

manent obliquity with reference to the room; though, in truth, infallibly straight itself, it but made obvious the false, lying levels among which it hung. The lamp alarms and frightens Jonah; as lying in his berth his tormented eyes roll around the place, and this thus far successful fugitive finds no refuge for his restless glance. But that contradiction in the lamp more and more appalls him. The floor, the ceiling, and the side, are all awry. 'Oh! so my conscience hangs in me!' he groans, 'straight upward, so it burns; but the chambers of my soul are all in crookedness!'

"Like one who after a night of drunken revelry hies to his bed, still reeling, but with conscience yet pricking him, as the plungings of the Roman race horse but so much the more strike his steel tags into him; as one who in that miserable plight still turns and turns in giddy anguish, praying God for annihilation until the fit be passed; and at last amid the whirl of woe he feels, a deep stupor steals over him, as over the man who bleeds to death, for consicence is the wound, and there's naught to staunch it; so, after sore wrestlings in his berth, Jonah's prodigy of ponderous misery drags him drowning down to sleep.

"And now the time of tide has come; the ship casts off her cables; and from the deserted wharf the uncheered ship for Tarshish, all careening, glides to sea. That ship, my friends, was the first of recorded smugglers! the contraband was Jonah. But the sea rebels; he will not bear the wicked burden. A dreadful storm comes on, the ship is like to break. But now when the boatswain calls all hands to lighten her; when boxes, bales, and jars are clattering overboard; when the wind is shrieking, and the men are yelling, and every plank thunders with trampling feet right over Jonah's head; in all this raging tumult, Jonah sleeps his hideous sleep. He sees no black sky and raging sea, feels not the reeling timbers, and little hears he or heeds the far rush of the mighty whale, which even now with open mouth is cleaving the seas after him. Aye, shipmates, Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship—a berth in the cabin as I have taken it, and was fast asleep. But the frightened master comes to him, and shrieks in his dead ear, 'What meanest thou, O sleeper! arise!' Startled from his lethargy by that direful cry, Jonah staggers to his feet, and stumbling to the deck, grasps a shroud, to look out upon the sea. But at the moment he is sprung upon by a panther billow leaping over the bulwarks. Wave after wave thus leaps into the ship, and finding no speedy vent runs roaring fore and aft, till the mariners come nigh to drowning while yet afloat. And ever, as the white moon shows her affrighted face from the steep gullies in the blackness overhead, aghast Jonah sees the rearing bowsprit pointing high upward, but soon beat downward again towards the tormented deep.

"Terrors upon terrors ran shouting through his soul. In all his cringing attitudes, the God-fugitive is now too plainly known. The sailors mark him; more and more certain grow their suspicions of him, and at last, fully to test the truth, by referring the whole matter to high heaven, they fall to casting lots, to see for whose cause this great tempest was upon them. The lot is Jonah's; that discovered, then how furiously they mob him with their questions. 'What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou? Thy country? What people?' But mark now, my shipmates, the behaviour of poor Jonah. The eager mariners but ask him who he is, and where from; whereas they not only receive an answer to those questions, but likewise another answer to a question not put by them, but the unsolicited answer is forced from Jonah by the hard hand of God that is upon him.

"'I am a Hebrew,' he cries—and then—'I fear the Lord the God of heaven who hath made the sea and the dry land!' Fear him, O Jonah? Aye, well mightest thou fear the Lord God then! Straightway, he now goes on to make a full confession; whereupon the mariners become more and more appalled, but still are pitiful. For when Jonah, not yet supplicating God for mercy, since he but too well knew the darkness of his desserts—when wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him forth into the sea, for he knew that for his sake this great tempest was upon them; they mercifully turn from him, and seek by other means to save the ship. But all in vain; the indignant gale howls louder; then, with one hand raised invokingly to God, with the other they not unrelentingly lay hold of Jonah.

JONAH THROWN UPON THE LAND.
Wood Cut, Early Eighteenth Century. From the Free Public Library Collection.

And now behold Jonah taken up as an anchor and dropped into the sea; when instantly an oily calmness floats out from the east, and the sea is still, as Jonah carries down the gale with him, leaving smooth water behind. He goes down in the whirling heart of such a masterless commotion that he scarce heeds the moment when he drops seething into the yawning jaws awaiting him; and the whale shoots to all his ivory teeth, like so many white bolts, upon his prison. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer, and learn a weighty lesson. For sinful as he is, Jonah does not weep and wail for direct deliverance. He feels that his dreadful punishment is just. He leaves all his deliverance to God, contenting himself with this, that in spite of all his pains and pangs, he will still look towards His holy temple. And here, shipmates, is true and faithful repentance; not clamorous for pardon, but grateful for punishment. And how pleasing to God was this conduct in Jonah, is shown in the eventual deliverance of him from the sea and the whale. Shipmates, I do not place Jonah before you to be copied for his sin, but I do place him before you as a model for repentance. Sin not; but if you do, take heed to repent of it like Jonah."

While he was speaking these words, the howling of the shrieking slanting storm without seemed to add new power to the preacher, who, when describing Jonah's sea storm, seemed tossed by a storm himself. His deep chest heaved as with a ground swell his tossed arms seemed the warring elements at work; and the thunders that rolled away from off his swarthy brow, and the light leaping from his eye, made all his simple hearers look on him with a quick fear that was strange to them.

There now came a lull in his look, as he silently turned over the leaves of the Book once more; and, at last, standing motionless, with closed eyes, for the moment, seemed communing with God and himself.

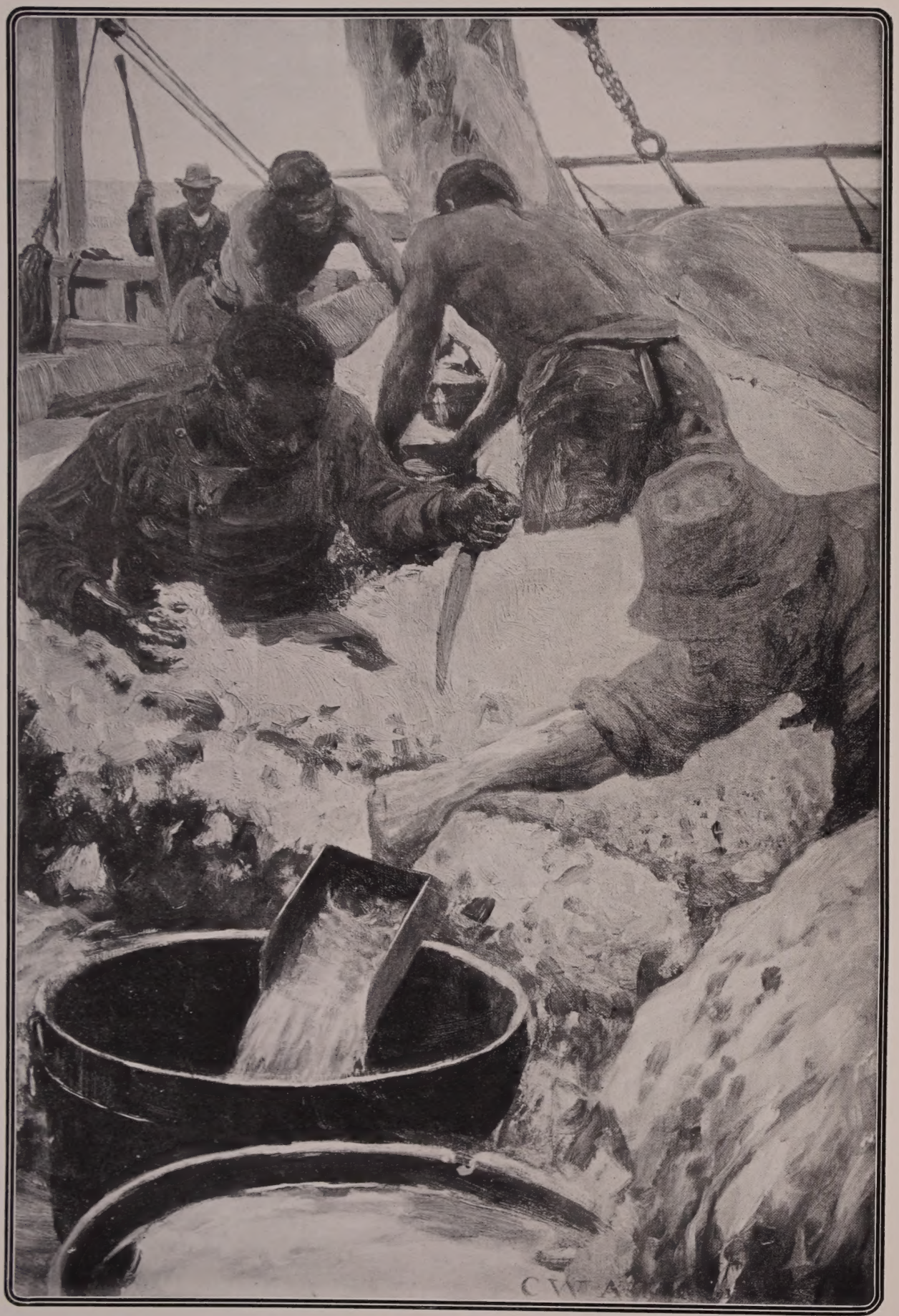
But again he leaned over toward the people, and bowing his head lowly, with an aspect of the deepest yet manliest humility, he spake these words:

"Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you; both his hands press upon me. I have read ye by what murky light may be thine the lesson that Jonah teaches to all sinners; and therefore to ye, and still more to me, for I am a greater sinner than ye. And now how gladly would I come down from this mast-head and sit on the hatches there where you sit, and listen as you listen, while some one of you reads me that other and more awful lesson which Jonah teaches to me, as a pilot of the living God. How being an annointed pilot-prophet, or speaker of true things and bidden by the Lord to sound those unwelcome truths in the ears of a wicked Nineveh, Jonah, appalled at the hospitality he should raise, fled from his mission, and sought to escape his duty and his God by taking ship at Joppa. But God is everywhere; Tarshish he never reached. As we have seen, God came upon him in the whale, and swallowed him down to living gulfs of doom, and with swift slantings tore him along 'into the midst of the seas,' where the eddying depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down, and 'the weeds were wrapped about his head,' and all the watery world of woe bowled over him. Yet even then beyond the reach of any plummet—'out of the belly of hell'—when the whale grounded upon the ocean's utmost bones even then, God heard the engulfed, repenting prophet when he cried. Then God spake unto the fish; and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea, the whale came breeching up toward the warm and pleasant sun, and all the delights of air and earth; and 'vomited out Jonah upon the dry land'; when the word of the Lord came a second time; and Jonah, bruised and beaten—his ears, like two sea-shells, still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean—Jonah did the Almighty's bidding. And what was that, shipmates? To preach the Truth to the face of Falsehood! That was it!

"This, shipmates, this is that other lesson; and woe to the pilot of the living God who slights it. Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty! Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale! Woe to him who seeks to please rather than to appal! Woe to him whose good name is more to him than goodness! Woe to him who, in this world, courts not dishonor! Woe to him who would not be true, even though to be false were salvation! Yea, woe to him who, as the great Pilot Paul has it, while preaching to others is himself a castaway!"

He dropped and fell away from himself for a moment; then lifting his face to them again, showed a deep joy in his eyes, as he cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm,—"But oh! shipmates! on the starboard hand of every woe, there is a sure delight; and higher the top of that delight, than the bottom of the woe is deep. Is not the main truck higher than the kelson is low? Delight is to him—a far—far upward, and inward delight—who against the proud gods and commodores of this earth, ever stands forth his own inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him, when the ship of this base treacherous world has gone down beneath him. Delight is to him, who gives no quarter in the truth, and kills, burns, and destroys all sin though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges. Delight,—top-gallant delight is to him, who acknowledges no law or lord, but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to heaven. Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from this sure Keel of the Ages. And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his, who coming to lay him down, can say with his final breath—O Father!—chiefly known to me by Thy rod—mortal or immortal, here I die. I have striven to be Thine, more than to be this world's, or mine own. Yet this is nothing; I leave eternity to Thee; for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?'"

He said no more, but slowly waving a benediction covered his face with his hands, and so remained kneeling, till all the people had departed, and he was left alone in the place.



"BAILING THE CASE" ON BOARD A WHALER.

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A THRILLER FROM AN OLD LOG BOOK.

During the palmy days of New Bedford's fascinating industry the records of thousands of voyages to all the seas of earth in search of whales, accumulated in the lofts and attics of the outfitters' establishments and the waste places in the office buildings of the whaling agents. As the ancient industry was put aside for the newer vocations of a changing world, most of the old records found their way to the junk shops.

The loss of the literature of the day when the whalemen went down to the sea in ships to search for the hugest monster is already a reproach to New Bedford people, and the newly organized historical society as well as the free public library are now assembling such log books as escape the collectors, who are offering tempting prices.

Yet the log book is almost invariably a disappointment, and the record of the most extraordinary achievements in discovery and adventure is a mere recounting of the wind and weather and the sail carried ,"and so ends" repeated to utter weariness and exasperation.

Occasionally, however, the reader is rewarded. Within the canvas-clothed board cover of a large volume, which came to light the other day, bearing the device "Remarks of a Whaling Voyage on Board Ship Junior, commanded by Archibald Mellen, Jr. Sailed July 21, 1857," the writer found the story of a famous tragedy of the seas.

The written pages are few. The opening pages are devoted merely to the routine record of the direction of the wind, the condition of the sea, the fitting out of the whaleboats and the unsuccessful chase.

On Christmas day, which came on a Friday, the ship was in the vicinity of Fayal. The record of the day, transcribed in the writing of the third mate, who kept the log to this point, is rather dreary and portentious in its closing. It is as follows:

"Lat. 37.58 S.

"Long. 166.57 E.

"Friday, Dec. 25, first part strong winds from the SW. Steering NE by E. At sundown, shortened sail to maintopsail and foresail. Middle part strong gale. Latter part heavy gale from southward. Lying-to at sundown, heading to the eastward. So ends."

So, indeed, ended the day for the writer of this record. He was murdered that night, along with the captain; the other mates were shot, and the very next entry, in a strange hand, is a confession of a horrible crime, signed by a company of mutineers, while following is a graphic story by one who came back, almost from death itself, to write it.

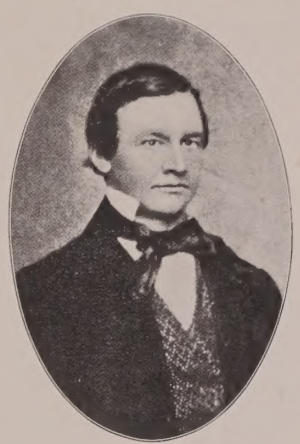
The confession was written by William Herbert, a marginial note states. It is in an engrossing hand which would be creditable to a bookkeeper. The statement follows:

"This is to testify that we, Syrus Plummer, John Hall, Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns and William Herbert, did, on the night of the 25th of December last, take the ship Junior, and that all others in the ship are quite innocent of the deed.

"The captain and third mate were killed, and the second mate was wounded and taken prisoner at the time. The mate was wounded on the shoulder with the balls from a whaling gun, and at the time we fired we get his bed on fire, and he was obliged, for fear of suffocation, to take himself to the lower hold, where he remained until Wednesday afternoon.

"We could not find him before that, but we undertook a strict search and found him then. We promised his life and the ship if he would come out and surrender without any trouble and so he came out. Since he has been in the ship he has been a good officer and has kept his place. We agreed to leave him the greater part of the crew and we have put him under oath not to attempt to follow us, but to go straight away and not molest us. We shall watch around here for some time and if he attempts to follow us or stay around here, we shall come aboard and sink the ship.

"If we had not found Mr. Nelson the ship would have been lost. We are taking two boats and ten men and



CAPT. ARCHIBALD MELLEN, JR.

everything that we want. We did not put Mr. Nelson in irons on account of his being wounded, but we kept a strict guard on him all the time.

"We particularly wish to say that all others in the ship but we five aforesaid men are quite innocent of any part in the affair.

(Signed)

Cyrus Plummer.
John Hall,
Richard Cartha,
Cornelius Burns,
William Herbert.

Witnesses:
Hugh Duff,
Henry T. Lord,
Herman Graf.

The following pages are in the writing of Henry Mason and dictated by Nelson Provost, the mate of the ship:

"Friday, Dec. 25, 1857.

"Shortened sail for the night and everything appeared as usual until 1 o'clock Saturday morning, when the cabin was attacked by the five men aforesaid. Cyrus Plummer shot the captain with a whaling gun containing three large balls. The balls went in at his left side, passing under his ribs, and came out at his right side, entering the side of the ship. The captain sprang from his bed and exclaimed: 'O, my God, what is this?' He was answered by Plummer: 'G— d— you, it is me,' who then seized the captain by the hair of his head (at the same time calling to his other men to 'up with those hatchets') and commenced cutting him with his hatchet. After he has struck him three or four times he let him fall on the floor, and he (Plummer) went on deck. The mate was also shot by a whaling gun in the hands of John Hall, alias William Payne.

"I was fired upon at the same time the captain was. The charge from the gun went so close to my left cheek as to take some of the skin off and lodged in my left shoulder. It stunned me so that I knew nothing, but when I came to myself I sprang from my bed, exclaiming, 'My God! My God! What is this?' and called for someone to come to me. I said, 'Steward, come here.' The steward made haste to obey, but was met at the door by John Hall with cooper's ax raised (he had dropped his gun), and was told by him if he said a word he would cut him down. I then sung out, 'Boy.' The boy turned out and came to me with a light, and I told him to put the fire out in my berth, which was ablaze. Then I went into the second mate's room and saw the second mate dressing himself. I told him I was shot. He answered that he was shot, too. The third mate was on the deck, out of his berth, dying. I left him and went to the captain's stateroom. I was barefooted, not having taken time to dress myself.

"When I entered the captain's state room I found I was treading in blood. I sung out to the boy to bring a light. When the boy brought the light, I saw the captain lying on the deck, dying. I raised his head and he breathed his last. I then opened his chest and took his pistol, revolver and loaded three shots.

"I determined to shoot the ringleader and sent the boy to tell the second mate to come to me. But neither returned. I then blew the light out and stood as long as I could without suffocation. I then thought I would leave and give them a chance to put the fire out. As I passed through the steerage I sang out' Cooper.' The cooper answered me, 'Here I am.' Then I sang out for several others to see how many I'd have to help me. But when I saw the ship on fire I thought it was no use to ask for help.

"I then sung out to the men to put the fire out and I would not hurt them. As I passed by I heard the second mate on deck asking for his life. I heard Plummer say, 'Kill him,' as I thought. When the men heard me sing out to put the fire out, they said: 'Yes, you would like to get us down there. Come up or I'll shoot you.'

"I felt faint and, being wounded, I thought I'd take a bung borer and go down in the lower hold and get some water, and also in hope of shooting the ringleader. But I was two days without getting water or anything to eat. By that time my pistol was out of order. My thoughts were that I would live to get into port, and if they undertook to sell the ship I would come out and take her. But after I had been in the hold five days they found me and told me if I would come out that I should not be hurt and that I might have the ship. So I passed my pistol up, when I found, to my surprise, the second mate alive and in irons.

"I was almost dead. But they took me aft and washed and dressed me. My shoulder, where I was shot, had mortified, but they had it dressed. They told me that all they wanted me to do was to take them where they wanted to go and I might have the ship.

"The third mate had the boarding knife run through him several times by Cornelius Burns, and after he had killed him Richard Cartha told him to get out of the way. And he (Cartha) struck at the second mate with another boarding knife, but it struck the berthboard. He then struck at him again, when the second mate caught the blade in his hand and bent the point of it over the berthboard. By that time I was out of my berth hallooing. Cartha then fired a pocket pistol at the second mate and shot him in the breast. All I knew before I took to the hold was that the captain and third mate were dead and that the second mate was shot and wounded and I supposed he was killed after he went on deck. The remainder of the aforesaid testimony was told me after I was taken."

THE PROCEEDINGS ON DECK AS I WAS TOLD.

"Between 1 and 2 o'clock Saturday morning the foremast hands not engaged in the mutiny were called from a sound sleep and were told by one of the gang that the ship was taken, that the captain, second and third mates were dead and that the first mate had stowed himself away. We were then made to come on deck and were made to arm ourselves with lances, harpoons, spades, axes and other things, and were made to stand at the fore, main and mizzen hatchways, watching for the mate.

"Just after we came on deck and had got to the try works the second mate came on deck and was made prisoner by the gang. Plummer then bound him and sent him to the forecastle and set a strict watch on him.

"All hands except two at each hatch were made to come aft and work at putting out the fire. After we had worked very hard for an hour or so we got the fire so much subdued that we could venture below.

"A couple of men were then sent below in the cabin and bent a rope on the captain's ankle, and some of the men on the deck hauled him up. A heavy chain was then made fast to him, and he was thrown overboard on the larboard quarter.

"After the fire was put out Plummer ordered the ship to head NNW, thinking he was steering for Cape Howe. He was steering a straight course for Lord Howe's islands.

"After I was found I was told to steer for Cape Howe, Australia. I accordingly changed my course to SW by S. We made the land on Sunday, Jan. 3, 1858. The same morning, Saturday, all hands were made to come on deck and throw the boat craft, the spades, spare irons, and, in fact, everything pertaining to whaling, overboard. Then they broke out the slops in the ship and all the stores, and hove casks of rye and other things overboard. After that they went below to the cabin and broke out everything they could find—liquors, tobacco and everything else they could lay their hands on. All the stores and, in fact, everything in the ship useful for a whaling voyage were used or destroyed excepting bread and water. The clothing and the articles on board to recruit ship were destroyed."

MY PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOLD FROM DEC. 25 TO DEC. 30, 1857.

"After telling the men to put out the fire (which were the last words I said) I started between decks to the lower hold. As I passed the main hatch, Plummer raised the corner and threatened to shoot me. At that time the men were called aft to work. I heard them working, and supposed that they were all against me. I

heard none speak except Plummer, Cartha and Hall. While the men were putting the fire out, I came aft and raised the corner of the after hatch and went down into the lower hold. I crept aft to the run. While I was in the run they made the foremast hands go down between decks and break out the cask of powder. They were afraid to go themselves. After I saw no hopes of shooting the ringleader, I proceeded on to midships, on the starboard side.

'I suppose it was on the second day after I was shot. I then raised my hands to God and asked him to protect my soul. I almost choked with thirst. Then I said, 'O God, wilt thou be so kind as to give me a little water?' As the ship rolled I heard a noise of water and found the bung out of a cask which was nearly full. Then I said, 'How will I get it out?' I was in my drawers and had on a thick woolen shirt. Then I thought about taking a piece of my shirt collar and diping it in the water to suck. I moved away when I heard shooting on deck, and thought they were firing in the hold. I thought I saw lights and was frightened almost to death.

"As I crept further forward I lost my bung borer between the main and fore hatch, so I had nothing left but my pistols containing three loads. I found a cask of water and got a drink. I also found a cask of bread with the bung up. The bund being of soft wood I rubbed a hole through it with the sight of my pistol, not daring to pound on it for fear of making them hear me. There I lay. My feet had no feeling on account of cold. I tore a piece off my shirt and wrapped it around my feet and tried to sleep.

"I expected to be shot as soon as I went on deck, so I thought I would stay there and die. I thought I had been there three days and that I was getting along well. I had torn alother piece off my shirt collar by which I could get water, and I could get bread out of the bunghole of the bread cask. The collar I made fast in my buttonhole for fear of losing it.

"The day they found me I asked them how long I had been in the hold. They told me five days. I thought I had only been there three.

"When I was in the hold I was as strong as a lion, but when I came on deck I could scarcely stand. While I was in the hold I could hear a kind of suction in my shoulder, and I knew that I was badly hurt. My shirt was cold and stiff with blood, and I shifted it around and put the soft side on the lame shoulder.

"When I got on deck I could not stand. I looked so bad they had pity on me. The foremast hands said if there had been another person with me they could not have told who it was, I was so much altered. My hair stood upright from fear of being shot. They took me aft. Cartha came up with a pistol cocked and a hatchet raised and struck me on the lame shoulder with the hatchet. He said he was going to shoot me. He made motions with his hatchet and said he would cut my nose off.

"Plummer told him to keep still and not shot me, but he had hard work to hold him back. Plummer told me if I'd take them ashore where they wanted to go I should not be hurt, but might have the ship.

" 'You never misused me,' he said, 'and I shan't shoot you.'

"But my thoughts were that as soon as they made land they would kill me. My sufferings were indescribable.

"They took me forward to the forecastle, and told me that Mr. Lord was all right. My heart was overjoyed. I was then sent aft, and Mr. Lord was kept forward in irons. They then made irons for me out of iron hoop, and made them so small that I could hardly get them on. The irons were made of heavy iron hoop in the shape of an ox-bow, with an iron bolt running through, and a padlock on the end instead of a key. I then asked them to put them on my feet and not on my hands, on account of my shoulder. They then kept the irons off, and let me free, thinking I'd have a better chance to navigate the ship. "Nelson Provost.,
"First officer of the ship Junior of New Bedford."

There are but few more entries. The men left the ship in two boats, a number of the crew joining the ringleaders, and started for Cape Howe, Australia, twenty miles away. The Junior kept her course until out of sight, when she put about for Sydney, where the two mates received surgical attendance and reported the story of the tragedy.

Eight of the mutineers were captured and the Junior was converted into a prison ship to convey them to this country for trial. The after part of the ship was fitted with eight cages or cells, four on a side. The cages were built of colonial hardwood, with roof, sides and floors of iron. Each prisoner was manacled with leg irons and a guard of six men, in command of Mr. Reynolds, who was an officer in the Mexican war, was assigned to their care. There were loopholes between the guardroom and the cages, and if any attempt at escape was made they were to be shot. The prisoners were taken on deck in charge of an officer, one at a time, for air and exercise. The American consul shipped a new crew to sail the vessel home.

The trial commenced in the United States court and was a famous one. Benjamin F. Butler defended Plummer. The defence was bad fare and cruel treatment on the part of the officers. Plummer was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. Three others, whose names were revised before pleading, were convicted of manslaughter. They were William H. Cartha, William Herbert and Charles H. Stanley.

Plummer was sentenced to be hanged on June 24, but meanwhile some sympathy developed in consequence of the fact that in the end he saved two of the mates from the mutineers, and it was maintained that the disparity in the sentences was unjust. He secured a temporary reprieve, and, finally, July 8, the president of the United States remitted the sentence to imprisonment for life. Plummer died in prison.

A REDOUBTABLE CAPTAIN.

At the time The Mercury appeared, a century ago, Captain Loum Snow, the father of the present president of the Five Cents Savings Bank, was a source of news, for it seemed as if whenever Captain Snow went on a voyage, something interesting happened. George Howland, Senior, was the agent of Captain Snow's vessel, which was named the "Ann Alexander" from an Irish Friend who was traveling in this country. Following is an unembellished narrative of some of Captain Snow's experiences, as recorded in the archives of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society:

Ship Ann Alexander of New Bedford, George Howland, agent; Loum Snow, master.

1805. October 21—Captain Snow, in command of ship Ann Alexander, fell in off Cape Trafalgar with the English fleet a few days after the battle of Trafalgar between the English fleet and the fleets of France and Spain, which occurred October 21, 1805.

The Ann Alexander was on a voyage from New York to Leghorn with a cargo of general merchandise consisting of flour, tobacco, salt fish, lumber, etc.

The English fleet was repairing damages which had occurred during the battle with the combined fleets.

The Ann Alexander had a deck load of lumber which was the personal property of Captain Snow. An English officer boarded the Ann Alexander and informed Captain Snow that Lord Nelson had been shot through the shoulder and spine and had died on board the Victory a few hours after the battle was over, and that Lord Collingswood was the next senior officer in command. The English ships showed the effects of the battle, and their crews were at work repairing the damages.

The English officer returned to the Victory and soon returned with a request from Lord Collingswood that we would let him have some lumber, flour and apples. Captain Snow agreed, and soon boats from the different ships came alongside and were furnished with these articles.

The captain was paid for these goods in English gold by the fleet paymaster, who came on board and settled accounts.

The Ann Alexander squared away for the Straits of Gibraltar, and on the following day came up with the new 74-gun frigate United States. They lowered a boat and came alongside. We gave them the news and sent to the commander ten barrels of apples.

1806. December 26—On a voyage from St. Ives, England, to Leghorn, France, in ship Ann Alexander, sailing from St. Ives, December 26, 1806, Captain Snow had the following experience:

On January 8, 1807, they were captured by a Spanish privateer who took

CAPT. LOUM SNOW.

out the second mate and crew and manned her, and ordered her to proceed to Vigo, Spain. The next day the vessel was captured by an English man-of-war, who took out the crew and put aboard a prize crew of nine men and ordered the vessel to Gibraltar.

On January 16, 1807, in the Gulf of Gibraltar, the vessel was again taken by a Spanish privateer and carried into Algiers.

Previous to putting into Algiers Captain Snow enrolled the English prize crew as his crew, and on arrival at Algiers was allowed by the authorities to take possession of her and proceed on his voyage to Leghorn.

On August 20, 1851, the Ann Alexander, Captain James Deblois, was attacked by an infuriated sperm whale which had been made fast to by one of the other boats, which had been stove. This whale stove the bow of the Ann Alexander, and she was sunk in the Pacific ocean, latitude 5-50 S., longitude 102-00 W. The captain and crew took to their boats and were picked up by another whaler, the ship Nantucket.

Although the ship Essex of Nantucket was sunk by a whale in 1819, the first report of the disaster to the Ann Alexander excited much scepticism in the newspapers of the country, and a report of the interesting controversy which arose is printed elsewhere in this edition. Five months after the incident the whale that wrecked the Ann Alexander was captured by the Rebecca Simms of this port. Two of the Ann Alexander's harpoons were found in the whale, and pieces of the ship's timbers were found imbedded in the whale's head. The whale yielded about 75 barrels of oil. In March, 1902, the bark Kathleen was struck by a whale when a thousand miles off the coast of Brazil, and sunk. The men took to the whaleboats and were subsequently picked up by a steamer.

SHIP ANN ALEXANDER.
From an old painting in the possession of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society.

THE PATRICIAN HOMES OF NEW BEDFORD.

By HENRY B. WORTH.

It was not until after the war of 1812 that the patrician homes of New Bedford, the mansions that denoted the prosperity of its merchants, appeared along County street and in the section that became the exclusive residential part of the town of that time. Before the war there were no dwellings of stone and only two of brick, but increasing wealth enabled men to use freely both materials in the building of their homes. House building reached its highest point between 1820 and 1850, and these three decades may be considered the period of classic architecture.

It has been claimed that examples of dwellings of that date were neither comfortable nor convenient as habitations, and that modern houses, although irregular in appearance, are more satisfactory indoors. Every house is a compromise. If the outside is to be perfect in design, there must be a corresponding sacrifice within. Artistic and agreeable arrangement of fireplaces, reception halls and windows may produce an irregular exterior, and since 1880, when the attention of people was largely devoted to the interior, the classic models of 1830 have been discarded.

During the period between 1850 and 1880, house-building made no advance.

The dwellings that were erected were generally without notable features. The financial troubles of 1857, the war of the Rebellion and the long period of recovery and disaster in the Arctic ocean all contributed toward this result. The only great house built during this time was the three-storied mansion of Jonathan Bourne, on the corner of Orchard and Clinton streets. This was the last house of the end chimney design of 1830, one exceptionally fine feature of which is the circular staircase extending from ground floor to roof.

The period of great mansions opened about 1823 by the erection of three fine houses on County street, near the head of William street. Two rich men built houses for their children, but like similar cases in that family the young people were only occupants while the fathers retained the ownership.

On the lot on the north side of William street, between County and Eighth street, a brick mansion was erected by William Rotch, Jr., for his son Joseph. Judging from the pictures, the building must have been large and expensive. After standing about twenty years the home and land were sold to Seth Ingalls, who took down the house and divided the land. On the corner of County and William streets, Dr. Lyman Bartlett built the house now owned by Dr. F. H. Hooper. Next north, Ingalls built his own mansion. On the corner of William and Eighth streets, Alexander H. Seabury built the house which in recent years was owned by Dr. B. C. Howland.

On the south corner of William and County streets, William Rotch built another house for his son Thomas. It fronted Eighth street, with the rear toward County street. It was later owned by Thomas Nye, Jr., Daniel C. Waterman, Sylvia Ann Howland, An-

THE CHARLES W. MORGAN HOUSE.

Photograph by J. G. Tirrell.

THE JOHN AVERY PARKER MANSION.

drew H. Potter and I. H. Bartlett. When it came into the possession of George H. Bartlett he turned the house around to front County street, and recently the property was purchased by Miss Ella F. Ivers, and the house demolished.

Charles W. Morgan married a daughter of Samuel Rodman, Sr., and her father built the stone house on the lot on the west side of County street, between Court and Morgan streets. It was covered with cement and, although surrounded by trees, always presented an attractive and cheerful appearance. This was due to the fact that it was painted light brown or yellow, described as being something between a cream and dust color. In this way the dreary and gloomy aspect of most of the New Bedford stone houses was avoided. Then it was admirably located, with plenty of room on all sides. It was demolished in 1904 at the time when the city acquired the land for a High school site.

At about the same date James Arnold built his brick house on the west side of County street at the head of Spring street. No pictures of this house, as originally constructed, are known to exist. Daniel Ricketson says it followed an English style. After it came into the possession of William J. Rotch, he altered it considerably by adding a French roof. The groves planted by Mr. Arnold many years before have been kept without change, and give to this house an atmosphere of substantial repose, not possessed by any other dwelling in the city.

With the exception of those already mentioned and two gothic cottages, all the great houses of New Bedford were built in the short interval between 1827 and 1837. It seemed as if with one accord all the wealthy men decided to have fine mansions.

The house of Henry T. Wood on the southeast corner of County and Grinnell streets was built by Seth Russell, and is an illustration of a large class built in all parts of the city. That of William C. Taber on the northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut street is one of the same style; also that of Henry Taber on the west side of Orchard street near the head of Madison street. Some of the same plan were placed end to the street with fine effect. On the corner of County and Hawthorn streets are two of this type. William W. Swain built that on the north corner, and Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., that on the south. Each was a son-in-law of Gilbert Russell who presented them with large tracts of land in 1828. The houses were based on the same model and located well back from the street lines. The south house was greatly lengthened by the late Horatio Hathaway by additions to the west end which do not improve the north side. But from the corner of Russell street this house presents a very attractive view. The fine grounds about these houses bring out all their advantages.

On the west side of Fourth street a few yards north of Russell street are two of the same style, but lacking the attractions of the others because they are located too near the street and hemmed in by neighboring houses, besides being disfigured by unbecoming paint. The south house was built by Ward M. Parker as his homestead and in recent years was owned by Dr. Helen M. Webster. The other was built by Joseph Taber, pump and block maker, and owned later by St. Luke's hospital. Another of the same design was built by Thomas Riddell on the southeast corner of County and Union streets, which was sold to Charles L. Wood. While more attractive than the Parker or Taber house, this suffers by being too near the street and without adequate environment. The house of James Howland on the northwest corner of School and Sixth street is of the same plan.

THE THOMAS R. ROBESON HOUSE.

On the northwest corner of Orchard and Bedford streets stands a house built in 1832 for Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, minister at the Unitarian church. In 1851 it was purchased and rebuilt by William C. N. Swift. Next to it on the north was the house of John W. Clifford, attorney general and later governor of Massachusetts. The present owner, John V. Spare, divided this house so as to obtain two separate dwellings. Another of the same style was built by David R. Greene on the east side of Sixth street, a few yards north of Russell.

Probably the finest house in the city constructed of wood was that of William Rotch, Jr., on the east side of County street, between Madison and Cherry streets. The effectiveness of its design is obscured by its environment. Being too close to the street is some detriment, but a close, high board fence hides the house except as to the front end. In 1851, after the death of Mr. Rotch, it was pur-

THE ABRAHAM H. HOWLAND MANSION.
Built by William R. Rodman.

chased by Edward C Jones for $17,000.

In June, 1830, there were two wooden houses on the south side of School street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and one Sunday morning they burned and a disastrous fire was kindled in other sections. On the two lots were built the present brick houses, and several others were constructed in the same locality. That on Seventh street was occupied by William H. Allen and was sold in 1847 to Matthew Luce. That on Sixth street was occupied by Gideon Allen and recently owned by Dr. J. C. Shaw. Among the brick houses of this style none presents as handsome a front door and portico.

These Allen houses were followed by others on the same plan. On the northwest corner of Sixth and Madison streets is the house of George Howland, Jr., now owned by Charles F. Wing. Directly across Sixth street is the house built by John Howland, Jr., and after him owned successively by Edward W. Howland, Edward Kilburn and John McCullough.

The house of Andrew Robeson is still standing in the rear of the block on the northwest corner of Second and William streets, but it is mostly surrounded by other brick buildings. In 1866 it became the residence of Dr. William A. Gordon and after him the estate was divided. This house is now owned by Standish Bourne and is used for storage purposes. The house built by David Coffin, on the southeast corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, was purchased later by Frederic S. Allen; on the northeast corner of School and Sixth streets is the house built by John A. Standish, and next north, that of Philip Anthony. On the northwest corner of County and Union streets is the home of the Wamsutta club. It was built and occupied by Jireh Perry and after him by his son, Eben.

THE JOSEPH GRINNELL MANSION.

Built a few years later than the others was the house owned by Oliver Prescott on the west side of County street, next north of the corner of Madison street. It was once owned and occupied by Barton Ricketson. All of these brick houses were constructed on the same plan, and were without architectural ornamentation, yet exhibiting the essence of strength and solidity.

On the west side of Orchard street at the head of Madison streets is the brick cottage, built by William J. Rotch in 1844 from plans furnished by A. J. Davis of New York. Its style was called Rural Gothic and it was described in the treatise of A. J. Downing. It was occupied by Mr. Rotch until he came into possession of the homestead of James Aronid. In recent years it has been occupied by Morgan Rotch.

THE HOME OF BENJAMIN RODMAN.

THE CHARLES RUSSELL HOUSE.
Birthplace of Hetty Green.

Concerning the stone houses, of which eleven will be mentioned, some general comments are required. This material is naturally dark, with a tendency toward a dull and heavy effect. This is particularly true of the granites that have a dark slate color. One of the prime qualities of a dwelling house should be a cheerful attractiveness which can be secured in a high degree by the use of wood. But stone may be gloomy in appearance unless the house be placed on an eminence in a spot clear of trees. If such a location cannot be provided, it is desirable to cover the surface with cement and paint the outside some neutral shade, that of English freestone, the color adopted for the Morgan house, being recommended. Either they have been placed on a flat lot, on a level with the street or else are shaded by trees, and then with no cheerful color to relieve the sombre effect of the natural stone, they have a heavy and dull appearance. This cannot be overcome by any amount of elaborate ornamentation. In extenuation it ought to be said that the surroundings have changed since they were built seventy-five years ago. Possibly as originally placed they may have presented a correct appearance. But as dwelling houses are built in the vicinity and trees increase the shade, the architectural effect has become entirely

THE GIDEON HOWLAND HOUSE.

changed. Whatever may be the case, those now standing leave a cold appearance, lacking in cheerfulness. The Morgan house was a decided exception to the general rule in New Bedford. In color and location it was a success. The same was true of the Tyson house on South street, between County and Fourth streets. It was covered with cement and painted the shade "between dust and cream."

Samuel Rodman, Jr., built the house on the southeast corner of County and Spring streets. Three stories in height and very plain, it presents the appearance of an immense cube. The cement coating of the outside with the light Quaker brown coloring relieve the house from the dull, cold effect of natural stone. But a house of that design is intended to present the idea of solidity and strength, and it fails in its object on account of being too near the street lines. But even if it stood in a more favorable position, a house of such severe contour could not be made beautiful. It is still owned by his descendants. At some date, Benjamin Rodman, another son of Samuel, built the house on the east side of Second street, next north of the corner of William street. It was owned later by Mrs. Nathan L. Ellis, and recently by Standish Bourne. It was constructed in much the same style as the Spring street house and has the same limitations. For a number of years it has been used for mercantile purposes.

The house built by William P. Grinnell, now owned by Mrs. Charles D. Stickney, on the southwest corner of William and Sixth streets, is so skilfully covered with cement that most persons suppose it is constructed of wood and the outside sanded. It is a substantial stone structure of plain but presentable design. Having ample space on the east and south it ought to be easy to make this a very attractive house. Its sombre appearance is largely due to the color. After the failure of Mr. Grinnell, the property was purchased by Oliver Crocker, and then inherited by his son, George O. Crocker. It contains the finest private collection of paintings in the city.

THE JAMES ARNOLD MANSION.

On the southwest corner of County and Robeson streets was the house built by Thomas R. Robeson. It is said the stone from which it was constructed was taken from bowlders found on the place. It was later owned by Benjamin R. Almy and Dr. Henry M. Dexter, and was taken down a few years ago when the land was divided. The house was erected under the supervision of Augustus A. Greene, it being built at the same time as the Joseph Grinnell house, and Mr. Greene was in charge of both. The Almys named it "Greystone."

Joseph Grinnell erected the house on the west side of County street, at the head of Russell street. In 1893 it was purchased by Frederic Grinnell, a nephew of Joseph, a wealthy manufacturer of Providence. He added the upper story to obtain more room. While the spot occupied by this mansion is admirable, yet from the dark color of the stone or the shade of the trees, it lacks that attractiveness that a dwelling should possess. This effect may be produced by the crowding of houses on the south. It is said that this house and that of Thomas R. Robeson were constructed by a Rhode Island contractor, who employed as foreman Augustus A. Greene, and at the completion of these houses Mr. Greene remained in New Bedford and formed the partnership with Henry T. Wood known as Greene & Wood.

In the square bounded by Orchard, Hawthorn, Grove and Cottage streets, stands the house built by Joseph R. Anthony who married a daughter of Gilbert Russell. It is constructed of the same dark granite as the Joseph Grinnell house and presents the same appearance. In 1845 it was purchased for $17,000 by Captain Joseph C. Delano, and is owned by his daughter. He added the French roof and the extensions to the west.

On the northwest corner of Pleasant

A MODERN RESIDENCE STREET.

THE WILLIAM W. SWAIN HOUSE.

THE ANDREW ROBESON HOUSE.

and Campbell streets is a Roman Catholic institution occupied by women who teach in the parochial schools. It is still known as St. Joseph's hospital. It was built by Charles Russell. Across Campbell street is a small stone dwelling which was designed and started by Russell as a barn, but his failure came before it was completed and it was finished as a house. The Russell house was occupied by Edward Mott Robinson several years after his marriage. It was owned by Sylvia Ann Howland, and later by H. H. Forbes, who sold it to the Roman Catholic bishop. Although this building has inadequate space in front and on the sides, yet the architectural treatment of the exterior is more pleasing than that of some other local houses.

In 1843 Samuel W. Rodman, son of William R. Rodman, built the stone Gothic cottage on the east side of County street, between Walnut and School streets, the only dwelling of that style in New Bedford. It was later owned by William P. Howland, Frederic Homer, Stephen C. Lowe and John B. Rhodes. It was constructed of the same dark granite already described. As originally designed it has been considered a fine piece of domestic architecture. Owing to its shape and size, the dark stone does not produce the dull effect noted in other cases. Some additions have been made that do not improve its appearance, but it is still one of the unique houses of New Bedford.

The finest house now standing in the city was built in 1833 by William R. Rodman on the east side of County street south of Cherry street. Probably no expense was spared in its construction and it is reputed to have cost $75,000. In 1856 it was purchased for $25,000 by Abraham H. Howland and

AN OLD LANE.

recently sold by his heirs to Frederic Grinnell and the Hathaways, who own estates on the opposite side of County street, and who desired to keep this old landmark from being demolished and the land occupied by cheaper houses. Both inside and out this house is highly ornamental and it is a very imposing edifice. Still it does not posses the characteristics of a dwelling house. There is no way to verify the conjecture, but there are some reasons for supposing that the architect was Russell Warren of Providence.

The most imposing house ever constructed in New Bedford and one of the masterpieces of Russell Warren, was built by John Avery Parker, on the corner of County and Pearl streets. The west facade somewhat resembled that of the W. R. Rodman house, but the east side was the most elaborate. There was ample space to the east, and as the house was painted white that was no suggestion of heaviness in its appearance. The view from below was particularly satisfying. It would be easy for one who had seen this house to understand how it and the famous Colt house of Bristol were designed by the same architect. This structure is reported to have cost Mr. Parker $100,000. In 1864 it was purchased by Thomas Bennett, and in 1902 was sold by his daughter and demolished. This spot was the home of four men who contributed largely to the prestige and prosperity of New Bedford. For half a century after 1712 it was the residence of Colonel Samuel Willis, and for the same period was owned and occupied by his son, Colonel Ebenezer Willis, and his family. The third was John Avery Parker, and the last was Thomas Bennett, who, as its superintendent, successfully established the prosperity of the Wamsutta mills.

A Pretty Romance of Old New Bedford.

N. P. WILLIS.

One of the prettiest romances recorded in the history New Bedford was that connected with the marriage of Nathaniel Parker Willis, the poet essayist, traveler and journalist, who wedded Miss Cornelia Grinnell, the niece and adopted daughter of Joseph Grinnell. To the majority of people not alone in New Bedford, but throughout the country, Willis is nothing but a shadowy memory. Willis was the Richard Harding Davis of a half century ago. His name was a household word, and extracts from his writings were quoted far and wide. All of his books were eagerly bought by a discriminating public. But who, today, reads Willis? While his poems may have some vogue, his prose writings have fallen into utter oblivion.

Willis was married to Miss Grinnell on Thursday evening, Oct. 1, 1846, the eleventh anniversary of his first marriage. The ceremony took place in New Bedford and was performed by Rev. Ephraim Peabody of Boston. Willis was at the time in his forty-first year. His bride, writes Professor Beers, in his biography of the poet, "was his junior by nearly twenty years, but she united to her graces of person and character a penetrating mind and an uncommon energy and firmness of will, which made her an invaluable helpmate through the years of trial that were in store for both."

Willis had become acquainted with Miss Grinnell during the spring and summer preceding their marriage, while he was in Washington as correspondent of the National Press and the Morning Chronicle. Mr. Grinnell was at the time congressman from this district. While it probably had no bearing on their courtship and marriage, there is a romantic story concerning Willis and Miss Grinnell which is deserving of narratation. Mr. Grinnell was in Florence in the spring of 1830 and there employed Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, to make him a statue of his niece, then a child of five years. In 1832 Greenough carved a bust of Willis in marble, using, it is said, a remnant of the same block from which little Cornelia Grinnell's statue was made. "The two fragments thus strangely reunited," says Beers, "stand now in the same drawing room, the head of the youthful poet, with its Hyperion curls, and the full-length figure of the demure little Quaker maiden, holding in one hand a drinking cup and in the other a bird."

Not long after his marriage Willis and George P. Morris changed the name of their paper the National Press, to the Home Journal, under which title it has ever since been published. Willis's connection with it terminated only with his death in 1867. He grew to be a recognized arbiter elegantiarum, and his correspondence columns were crowded with appeals on knotty points of etiquette or costume. His decisions of these social problems were always marked by good sense and good taste."

Willis was not a little of a dandy in his personal appearance, and was always pointed out as one of the best dressed of men. Charles Taber Congdon writes that he was wont to pace the streets of New Bedford "with a Pall Mall manner."

After a residence of several years in New York City the Willises bought fifty acres of land at Cornwell, in the Highlands of the Hudson, where the family had passed their summers. There Willis built that home to which he gave the famous name of Idlewild, which, like Irving's Sunnyside, is one of the historic points on the Hudson. The family first occupied it on June 26, 1853.

Before Idlewild was built Willis had made a journey along Cape Cod with Mr. Grinnell as his companion, and the letters which he wrote to the Home Journal from the various points visited, as well as from New Bedford, Plymouth, and elsewhere, are comprised in his "Hurrygraphs," a volume published by the Scribners in 1851. "All that can be said of these traveler's letters," comments Professor Beers, "is that they are fairly good reporting. They hardly attain the rank of literature." The letters are compared with Thoreau's work on Cape Cod somewhat to the disadvantage of Willis.

But Willis's letter from New Bedford has more than a passing interest in this day and generation. "What do you think of a town," he asks, "in which, if the property taxed in it were equally divided, every man, woman and child in its population would have over $1000? This makes a rich town (they would say in Ireland) and, in fact, New Bedford is as rich, for its population, as any town in the country. The taxed property this year is $17,237,400, and the whole number of inhabitants is but about 16,000."

Continuing, this observant and fashionable New Yorker speaks as follows about the peculiarity of the people: "Luxurious as the town is now, and few and far between as are the lead-colored bonnets and drab cutaway coats, there is a strong tincture of Quaker precision and simplicity in the manners of the wealthier class in New Bedford, and among the nautical class it mixes up very curiously with the tarpaulin carelessness and ease. The railroad which has brought Boston within two hours' distance, is fast cosmopolizing away the local peculiarities, and though at present, I think I could detect the New Bedford relish in almost any constant inhabitant whom I might meet elsewhere, they will soon be undistinguishable, probably, from other New Englanders."

In this letter he speaks of the decline of the whale fishery and the necessity that "some new industry must be grafted on the habits of the place," one, if possible, "of which the families of sailors and mechanics could avail themselves, independent of the precarious yield from following the sea.

"This is the moral history of the establishment of the Wamsutta Steam Cotton Factory, which has lately been put into operation in New Bedford, with a capital of $300,000, and in which a sailor's daughter, for example, (who else might be painfully dependent, or compelled to leave home and go out to service,) may earn four dollars a week by independent and undegrading labor. This is the average of the present earnings of 200 operatives in this new factory; and as the investment is already proved to be a good one, other factories will doubtless be built, and the industry of New Bedford, turned into a new and more reliable and acceptable channel, will be independent of the precarious resources of whaling. Towns are well furnished that have controlling minds among their inhabitants, capable of this sort of enlarged foresight and remedy, to provide new conduits against their natural or accidental depletion. New Bedford is indebted for this to its able representative in congress, Hon. Joseph Grinnell."

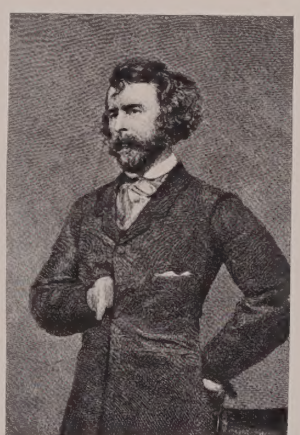
In the spring of 1852, Willis's health failing, he made a journey south with Mr. Grinnell, the trip including a visit to Bermuda and the West Indies. His letters to the Home Journal from the points visited were re-issued in book form as "A Health Trip to the Tropics." In July, 1860, Willis accompanied Mr. Grinnell on a journey to the west, duly reported, of course, for the Home Journal.

Willis on his frequent visits to New Bedford was wont to attend divine services at old Grace church on Union street. He is remembered by old-time worshippers there for a habit of occupying the sermon hour in taking copious notes on some subject or other and in sketching, for which he had no slight talent. He usually sat in the Russell pew. Afterwards, at Idlewild, he became a vestryman of a nearby Episcopal church and used to pass the plate on Sundays.

Willis's life at Idlewild was that of a country gentleman, though he continued his connection with the Home Journal. Most of the time he was in extremely poor health. At the outbreak of the Civil war he went on to Washington as a correspondent. Mrs. Willis and the five children spent the winter and spring of 1861-62 at New Bedford with her father. In April they rented Idlewild and Mrs. Willis went with her family to pass the summer at Campton, near Plymouth, N. H. In the autumn of the following year (1863) Mrs. Willis opened at Idlewild a little school for girls, in the hope of persuading her husband to leave New York (to which he had returned) and come home for life. "He appreciated her energy and devotion, shown through long years of failing health and fortune, but he doomed himself to homeless exile, and refused to abandon his post."

The remainder of his life was a hopeless struggle with disease, and in November, 1866, he went home to die. He passed away January 20, 1867, on his sixty-first birth day. He was buried in Mount Auburn, Cambridge. Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell were among his pall bearers.

Mrs. Willis, the widow of the poet, spent her closing days in Washington and died in the spring of 1904. She was buried on the Grinnell lot in Oak Grove cemetery. There are also four surviving children, Grinnell, born April 28, 1848; Lillian, born April 27, 1850; Edith, born September 28, 1853; and Bailey, born May 31, 1857. The two daughters are now Mrs. Robert A. Bolt and Mrs. Lawrence L. Grinnell. Mother and children are among the famous Gideon Howland heirs who are to inherit the Sylvia Ann Howland trust fund upon the death of Mrs. Hetty H. Green.



Illustrating Willis's "Pall Mall Manner."

Our poet and annalist won the praise and appreciation of many of the great men of his day. Lowell wrote well of him in the "Fable for Critics," and Thackeray gave recognition to his graceful talent when he said: "It is comfortable that there should have been a Willis."

THE REIGNING INDUSTRY.

New Bedford Now the Leading City in the United States in the Manufacture of Fine Cotton Fabrics.

BY EDWARD H. HICKS.

THE STACKS OF GREAT MILLS HAVE REPLACED IN THE SKY-LINE THE MASTS OF SHIPS.

This is the story of New Bedford pluck, discernment, energy and enterprise which placed this city first of all the cities of the United States in the manufacture of fine cotton goods after the whaling business, in which it had gained similar achievement, commenced to wane.

In the days of oil, New Bedford's chief industry did not stay at home; it went to sea. Sperm oil was the chief factor in the diffusion of artificial light, and many a fortune that today endures in local mill stocks, real estate or otherwise, owes its being to the barreled extract of whale.

New Bedford's mariners sailed on every sea, braving the rigors of the Arctic and the heat of the equatorial regions, with equal equanimity, and returning with rich cargoes of oil and bone. With Joseph Russell as the pioneer of the whaling industry, New Bedford engaged in the business about 1760, and long before the Revolution took the lead over all competitors. The war almost stamped out the business, but its followers struggled pluckily to bring it back, though no marked improvement was shown until after the war of 1812. With the termination of that conflict, began a tremendous advance, this city continuing to maintain its lead over all other ports in whaling, the years from 1820 till 1857 being marked by uninterrupted prosperity. The latter year the flood-tide of success in our first great industry. At that time, the local fleet of 329 ships and whaling outfits was worth more than $12,000,000, and employed more than 10,000 seamen.

From that time, the industry began to decline. Contributory events were the depredations of rebel privateers during the Civil war; the sale of a number of vessels which formed a large portion of "the Stone fleet," sunk off the harbors of Charleston and Savannah to prevent the egress of blockade runners; the loss of New Bedford ships in the Arctic in 1871, valued without the oil and bone on board, at over $1,000,000; and other similar disasters in 1876 and 1888.

From natural causes, chiefly the advent of petroleum as an illuminant, the whaling industry had begun to decline prior to some of these disasters, and, save for the building of an occasional vessel, the shipping has never been replaced. Vessels still return to this port with record-breaking cargoes of oil but the profits are reduced to small per centage. New Bedford has been immortalized in the geographies for its whaling industry, and "Cap'n" is still a title oft heard on the streets, but the old-time fame of the city, as pre-eminent in whaling, has given place to its pre-eminence in an industry located on dry land. Once first in the whale fishery, New Bedford now leads the United States in the manufacture of fine cotton goods, and will soon be the leading cotton manufacturing city of the country.

The cotton manufacturing industry had its inception in New Bedford even before the whaling business had reached the zenith of its prosperity. During the forties, Dwight Perry of Fairhaven had a small cotton mill in one of the southern states, and one of his employes, Thomas Bennett, Jr., also of Fairhaven, was ambitious of starting a mill of his own.

Coming to New Bedford to raise the necessary funds, he appealed for aid and influence to the late Joseph Grinnell, then a member of congress. At first Mr. Grinnell favored establishing the mill at the south, but upon consideration became convinced that this city was an advantageous location, and finally insisted that the mill must be located here if he was expected to aid it.

Considerable difficulty was encountered in securing the subscription of the capital stock, though it was fixed at only $160,000. Most of the city's leading men were represented, but few individuals subscribed for over ten shares, and 150 was the largest number for any one. Among the heaviest subscribers were Gideon Howland, Sylvia Ann Howland, Thomas Mandell, Ward M. Parker, David R. Green, Latham Cross, and Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York. On the 8th of April, 1846, the legislature granted a charter to the new Wamsutta mill corporation, Matthew Luce, Jireh Perry and Thomas S. Hathaway being named as the incorporators. Organization was effected with the following officers:

President—Joseph Grinnell.

Treasurer—Edward L. Baker.

Directors—Joseph Grinnell, David R. Greene, Thomas Mandell, Joseph C. Delano, Pardon Tillinghast.

Thomas Bennett, Jr. was elected superintendent, and under his management, the plant grew to include four mills, and earned a splendid reputation throughout the world-civilized or uncivilized. So far has its trademark gone that many a voyager of the seven seas has landed in some unfrequented portion of the globe, to be greeted by natives lightly clad in cotton cloth bearing the familiar word, "Wamsutta."

Mr. Bennett's determination, well-trained faculties and marvelous executive ability was one of the greatest factors in the marvelous success of the corporation. He continued as superintendent and agent until 1874, when he was succeeded by Edward Kilburn, who held the position until 1887, when he was succeeded by Edward R. Milliken, who remained for a few months only, William J. Kent assuming the duties of agent in January of 1888. At Mr. Kent's death, in 1897, Herbert E. Walmsley took his place as agent, and has continued in the office up to the present time.

Mill number one, a five story stone structure, was commenced in 1847. Its architect was Seth H. Ingalls of this city. Mr. Bennett, and David Whitman of Rhode Island, a celebrated mill engineer, who acted as an adviser, recommended the manufacture of the standard shirtings which have made the reputation of the mills. In 1848, work was begun in the mill, and the first cloth was manufactured in February of 1849. At that time, there were 15,000 spindles and 200 looms. Within six or seven years, increasing business made imperative an extension of the plant, and about 1854, another mill was erected adjoining the original mill. In 1860, a duplicate of number two mill was put in operation.

At that period, the three stone mills, with their 47,000 spindles, seemed a magnificent plant, but in less than ten years came mill number four, a brick structure which almost doubled the productive capacity of the plant. Today, the corporation has eight mills, operating 228,000 spindles and 4300 looms, and employing 2100 operatives. The capital stock is $3,000,000.

Since the organization of the Wamsutta began the mill industry in New Bedford, its history has been one continuous, unprecedented advance, until the city has now about 25 corporations, operating fifty mills, with a total spindleage of over 2,000,000.

Within a year, the most prodigious stride forward has been taken. Fourteen new mills have been started, with 424,400 additional spindles and 7750 looms, and several mills are to be added during the summer. The new mills begun, or for which contracts have been awarded include: Page Manufacturing company, 60,000 spindles, 1250 looms; Nonquitt, new corporation, 60,000 spindles; Quansett, new corporation, 60,000 spindles; Taber, new corporation, 1000 looms; Pierce Manufacturing company, spinning mill, 12,000 spindles; Bristol Manufacturing company, 20,000 spindles, 800 looms; Wamsutta, two weave mills, 2000 looms; Manomet, 100,000 spindles; Dartmouth Manufacturing company, weave mill, 800 looms; Beacon Manufacturing company, 2400 spindles, 120 looms; Kilburn, 16,000 spindles; new mill on Hastings wharf; Gosnold new mill, and addition to old, 9000 spindles, 1780 looms.

Not one mill's stock is below par, and some stocks are quoted as high as $325 a share. During the past year some of them earned 100 per cent on the capital stock, and a majority earned from 30 to 50 per cent. With the new mills in operation, the total of the weekly pay rolls will amount to $150,000.

Mills have grown up like magic, many of them on made land, where ships once were moored or the boys of a generation ago went in swimming. Thousands of workers have come to the city in response to the labor demand occasioned by the raising of these mills. French-Canadians, Portuguese, Irish, English, Poles and Greeks are included in the cosmopolitan make-up of the mills' forces. When the Wamsutta mills were incorporated in 1847, the population of the city was 14,000. It is now about 83,000, and it is estimated that it will reach 100,000 by the end of 1907. The city now ranks sixth in population among Massachusetts cities.

The dates of the incorporation of the various mills are shown in the following summary:

Wamsutta mills, cloth, incorporated in 1847.

Potomska mills, cloth, incorporated in 1871.

Acushnet mills, cloth, incorporated in 1881.

Grinnell Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1882.

New Bedford Manufacturing Co., yarn, incorporated in 1882.

City Manufacturing Co., yarn, incorporated in 1888.

SOME OF THE MEN, PAST AND PRESENT, WHO HAVE PROMOTED THE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

Bennett Manufacturing Co., yarn, incorporated in 1889.

Howland Manufacturing Co., yarn, incorporated in 1889.

Hathaway Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1889.

Pierce Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1892.

Columbia Spinning Co., yarn, incorporated in 1892.

Bristol Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1892.

Rotch Spinning Co., yarn, incorporated in 1892.

Dartmouth Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1895.

Whitman mills, cloth, incorporated in 1895.

In 1899 the New England Cotton Yarn Co. was incorporated, taking over the New Bedford Manufacturing Co., Howland mills, Rotch Spinning Co., Bennett Manufacturing Co., and Columbia Spinning Co., also the Fall River and Taunton yarn mills.

Soule mills, cloth, incorporated in 1901.

Butler mills, cloth, incorporated in 1902.

Gosnold Mills Co. was incorporated in 1902, purchasing from New England Cotton Yarn Co. the Howland mills, making a cloth mill of it.

Manomet mills, yarn, incorporated in 1903.

Kilburn mills, yarn, incorporated in 1904.

Page Manufacturing Co., cloth, incorporated in 1906.

Nonquit Spinning Co., yarn, incorporated in 1906.

Taber mill (weave mill), yarn, incorporated in 1906.

Quansett Spinning Co., yarn, incorporated in 1906.

In April, 1907, the Taber mill purchased the Quansett Spinning Co.

The city is endowed with every conceivable natural advantage as a location for cotton manufacture. The atmosphere provides the humidity so desirable for the manufacture of fine goods, closely resembling that of Lancashire, England, which has been so widely exploited. A fine harbor, soon to be greatly improved by dredging to an additional depth, is among the facilities with which nature has provided the city.

A project of incalculable importance to local mill men is the industrial railway proposed by President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. An electric line is to run through Water and Prospect streets south to the Cove, and thence west, and there is to be an extension of tracks north, with spur tracks to every cotton mill, north and south, as well as some of the other manufactories.

In addition to this prospective improvement, the city enjoys excellent transportation facilities to New York, in the shape of a daily freight service.

The mills have also the benefit of a fine municipal water supply, and the high water pressure insures ample protection against fire.

Another feature, which is important in enabling New Bedford to secure the most highly skilled operatives for its mills, is the high rate of wages paid, higher than is paid the employes in any textile centre in the country. Wages in this city were twice advanced last year—5 per cent in July and 7½ per cent in December—and in May of this year the mill employes were gratified by a wage advance of 10 per cent. This advance affects all the mill operatives in the city, and places the local scale of wages 2½ per cent higher than is paid the Fall River mill employes.

As it is with the cotton mills, so with the rest of the city's varied and thriving activities, and all records have been broken in real estate sales, building of all kinds, and growth of population.

The Pairpoint corporation is constantly gaining in business and prosperity. It now has in process of erection a paper mill built entirely of reinforced concrete, the first of its kind in this city; this building when completed will increase the capacity of its paper manufacturing department two and one-half times. Few people here realize the diversity of manufactures at this plant, on Prospect street. Silverware, fine cut glass and blown glass, and specialties in paper for textile lines are among its products, and thousands of the cases for firecrackers that reduce the fingerage of Young America on Fourth of July are turned out here. The corporation paid 16 per cent in dividends last year.

Another important industry is that of the Morse Twist Drill company. Thirty years ago, the firm's plant occupied only the southwest corner of Bedford and Fourth streets, and only about 125 men were employed. Now the working force has increased to about 1000. The plant occupies the great square bounded by Bedford, Fourth, Wing and Fifth streets, and extensive additions are contemplated on the next square, west of Fifth street. The Morse Twist Drill's products go far afield, and the young men from the company's office are sent to all parts of the world on business missions.

The prosperity of the banks affords evidence of the city's growing wealth. But a few years ago, the banking district was located well to the eastward of the business centre. Now the Merchants and Mechanics banks do business side by side as of yore, but on opposite corners in the very heart of the business district, instead of at the foot of William street. The Merchants bank building supplies scores of professional men with office room, as does the Five Cent Savings bank in its new stone building on Purchase street. The Institution for Savings, one of the richest of banking firms, has likewise moved uptown from its old location, and is exclusive in the occupation of its handsome building at the corner of Union and Fourth streets.

The aggregate capital of the banks is $2,920,000, as follows:

First National, $1,000,000; Mechanics National, $600,000; Merchants National, $1,000,000; New Bedford Safe Deposit & Trust Co., $200,000; Fairhaven National bank, $120,000.

The savings bank deposits amount to $25,030,803, as follows:

New Bedford Institution for Savings, $16,205,514; New Bedford Five Cents Savings bank, $8,825,289.

The authorized capital of the co-operative banks is $2,000,000:

Acushnet Co-operative bank, $1,000,000; New Bedford Co-operative bank, $1,000,000.

Local bank dividends have averaged during the past ten years: Merchants, 8 1-10 per cent; Mechanics, 6; First National, 5 6-10; New Bedford Safe Deposit & Trust company, 4 52-100. New Bedford savings banks' deposits increased in 1906 $1,044,906, against an increase in 1905 of $788,279. They paid out in dividends $941,954, an increase of $31,056. All of the banks mentioned broke the records in amounts of deposits.

The New Bedford Cordage company, which has added new and improved machinery to its plant, is turning out more cordage than ever before in its history. The reorganized company paid seven per cent in dividends on its preferred stock last year.

The Taunton-New Bedford Copper company, manufacturers of copper printing rolls for printing and embossing textile fabrics, is doing very satisfactory business. Last year the corporation paid eight per cent in dividends.

Altogether, the entire industrial life of the city is sharing in the general prosperity. The street railways and the lighting company find the volume of their business growing rapidly; wholesale and retail merchants are prospering, and mechanics are well employed.

In real estate, a tremendous boom is in progress, the building of new mills and the proposed extensive improvements on the part of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway company being important contributing factors. Great building activity is noticeable at the north, south and west ends, and values have markedly increased. Values of real estate on Union street and along the water front have also been greatly enhanced since the announcement of the proposed re-location of the railroad passenger station at the foot of Union street.

So, with the rewards of pluck, perseverance and determination piled high behind and around her, New Bedford looks cheerfully into the future, enjoying her present-day success and confident of greater glories in the years to come.

THE OLD INDUSTRY, AND THE NEW. Photograph by George H. Nye.

WILLIAM W. CRAPO,
PRESIDENT.

EDWARD T. PIERCE,
TREASURER.

HERBERT E. WALMSLEY,
AGENT.

—DIRECTORS—

WILLIAM W. CRAPO, F. B. GREENE, T. M. STETSON, W. P. WINSOR, HORATIO HATHAWAY, JR.,
OLIVER PRESCOTT, EDWARD T. PIERCE.

WAMSUTTA MILLS

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETINGS

Plain, Twilled and Double Warp.

All Widths to 150 Inches.

HIGH GRADE
YARNS.

Fine Shirtings, Cambric Muslins.

Lawns, Fancies, Sateens, &c., &c.

President
WM W. CRAPO

Treasurer
WM. O. DEVOLL

Superintendent
FREDERICK C. REYNOLDS

POTOMSKA MILLS CORP.

NEW BEDFORD,

MASS.

FINE COTTON GOODS

108,000 SPINDLES

2,600 LOOMS

OTIS N. PIERCE, President. JOSEPH W. WEBSTER, Treasurer.

JOHN NEILD, Agent.

Grinnell Manufacturing Corporation

New Bedford, Mass.

FINE GREY COTTON AND SILK GOODS

Plain and Fancy Weaves,

All Widths and Any Number of Yarns.

PIERCE MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

EDWARD T. PIERCE, Prest.
ANDREW G. PIERCE, JR., Treas.
ALBERT R. PIERCE, Supt.

RUFUS A. SOULE, PRES. FREDERICK B. MACY, TREAS. SAMUEL TAYLOR, SUPT.

SOULE MILL

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

FINE COTTON GOODS

LAWNS
ORGANDIES
SATEENS
DIMITIES
LENOS
FANCIES

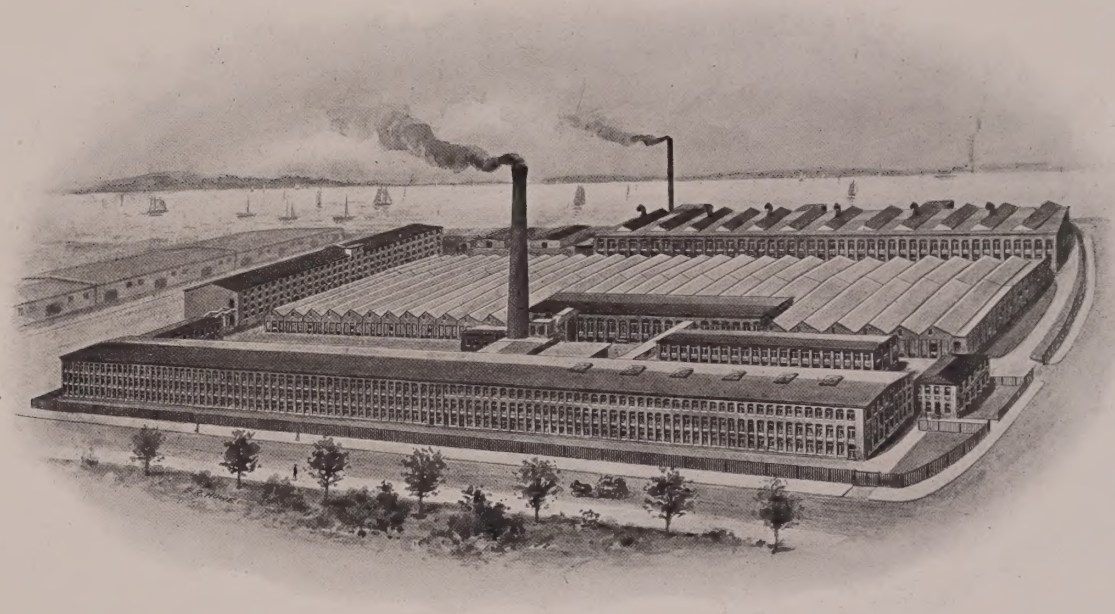
CAPITAL $1,050,000

90,000 SPINDLES. 2,000 LOOMS.

DARTMOUTH MANF'G CORPORATION

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

WALTER H. LANGSHAW, President and Agent. JAMES W. ALLEN, Treasurer.



120,000 SPINDLES. 4,100 LOOMS. CAPITAL $600,000.

FINE COTTON GOODS

PLAIN,

FANCY,

LENO,

JACQUARD.

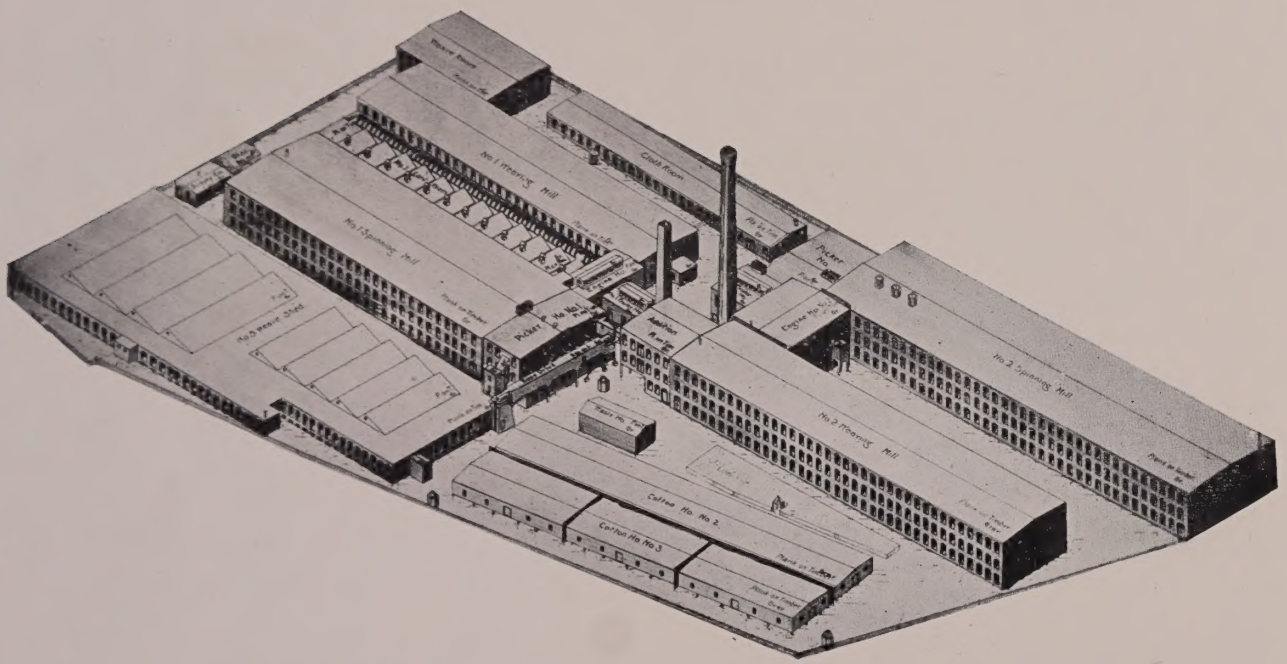
Particular Attention Paid to Novelties Requiring Mercerized Yarns or Silk

THOMAS S. HATHAWAY,
President.

JOSEPH F. KNOWLES,
Treasurer.

Hathaway M'f'g Co.

Organized 1888. Built 1889.



Manufacture

SATEENS, PLAIN AND FANCY GOODS

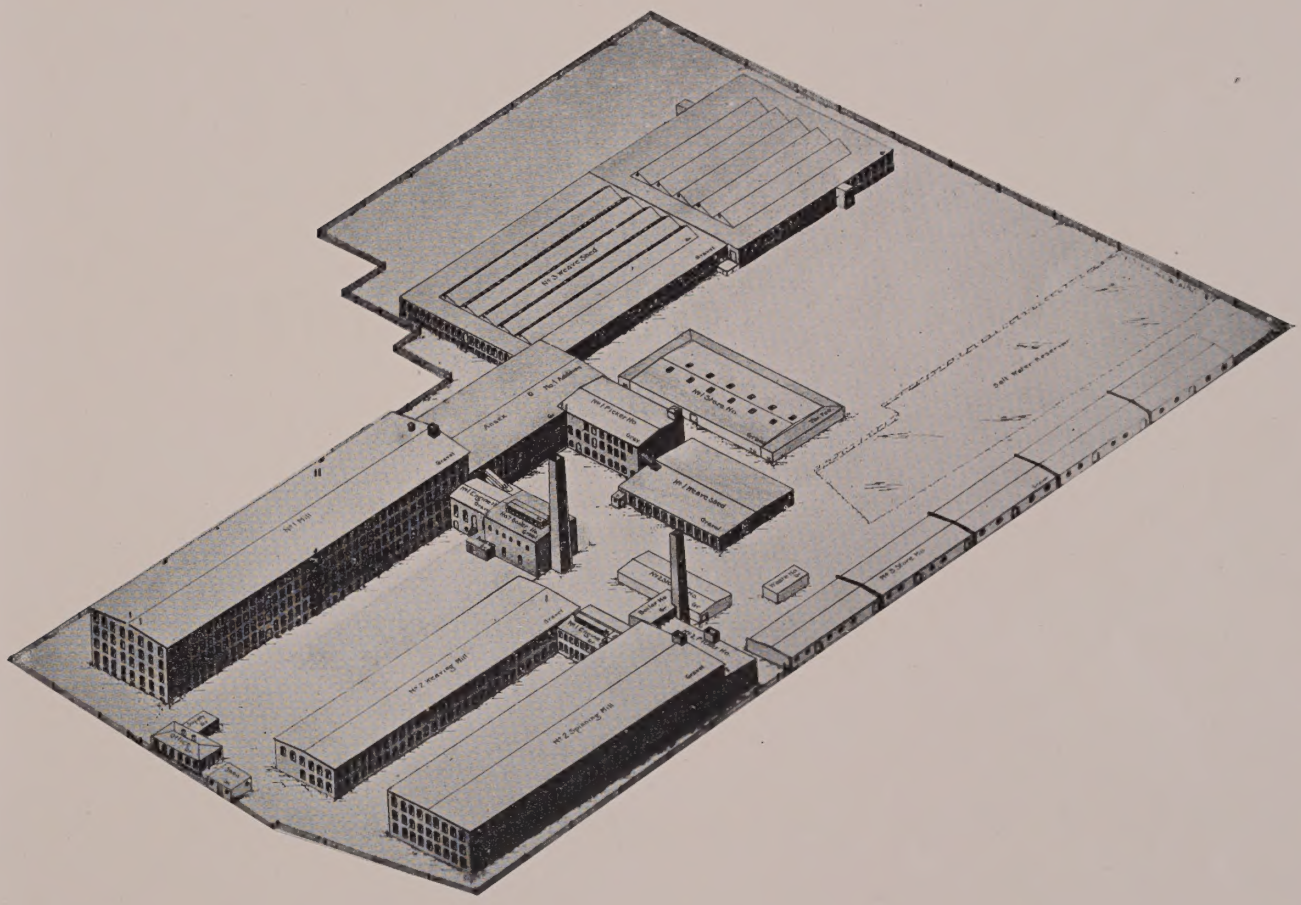
From Fine Single and Ply Combed Yarns.

WILLIAM W. CRAPO,
President.

JOSEPH F. KNOWLES,
Treasurer.

Acushnet Mill Corp.

Organized 1881. Built 1882.



Manufacture

SATEENS, PLAIN AND FANCY GOODS

From Fine and Medium Combed Yarns

Both Single and Ply.

WALTER H. LANGSHAW,
PRESIDENT.

EDWARD O. KNOWLES,
TREASURER.

Capital $700,000

Bristol Manufacturing Corporation

Fine
Cotton Goods

68,000 SPINDLES.

1,600 LOOMS.

PRESIDENT, FREDERIC TABER. TREASURER, RUFUS A. SOULE, JR.

SUPT. SPINNING DEPT., LEWIS E. BENTLEY.

SUPT. WEAVING DEPT., THOMAS STONE.

TABER MILL

(INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS OF

NOVELTIES IN FINE

COTTON AND SILK GOODS

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

50,000 SPINDLES 1,050 LOOMS

STEPHEN A. JENKS
President

HENRY L. TIFFANY
Treasurer

E. G. SHEPARDSON
Superintendent

KILBURN MILL

NEW BEDFORD,

MASS.

HIGH GRADE COMBED YARNS

71,888 FRAME SPINDLES

WILLIAM M. BUTLER, Pres.,
Boston, Mass.

NATHANIEL B. KERR, Treas.,
New Bedford, Mass.

BUTLER MILL

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Incorporated 1902.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE COTTON GOODS.

CAPITAL, $1,250,000.

100,000 SPINDLES. 1,800 LOOMS.

DIRECTORS:

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ARNOLD SCHAER,
JAMES PHILLIPS, Jr.,
JAMES F. SHAW,
ABBOTT P. SMITH,
MAYHEW R. HITCH.

RUSSELL GRINNELL,
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J. W. KNOWLES,
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LEONARD JOHNSON,
Superintendent.

PAGE MANUFACTURING CO.

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MASS.

FINE COTTON GOODS.

50,000 SPINDLES.

1,250 LOOMS.

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DYE AND BLEACH WORKS:
Fall River, Taunton.

New England Cotton Yarn Co.

C. MINOT WELD, President

HENRY C. SIBLEY, Treasurer

ARTHUR R. SHARP, General Manager

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Knitting and Weaving Yarns

Every Description and Form

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600,000 Mule and Frame Spindles

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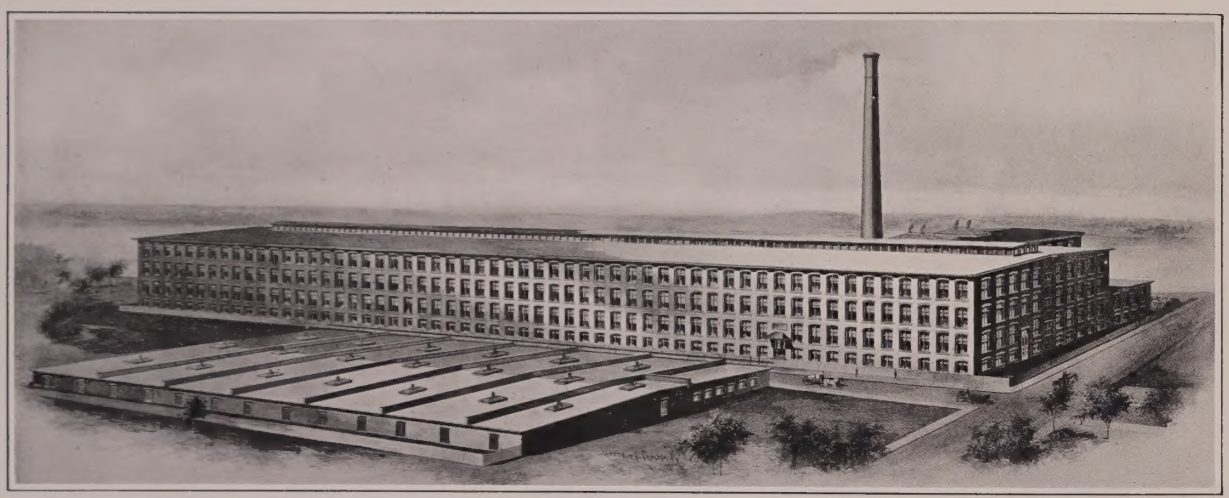
NEW YORK, 346 Broadway

PHILADELPHIA, 213 Chestnut Street

MANOMET MILLS

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



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WHITMAN MILLS

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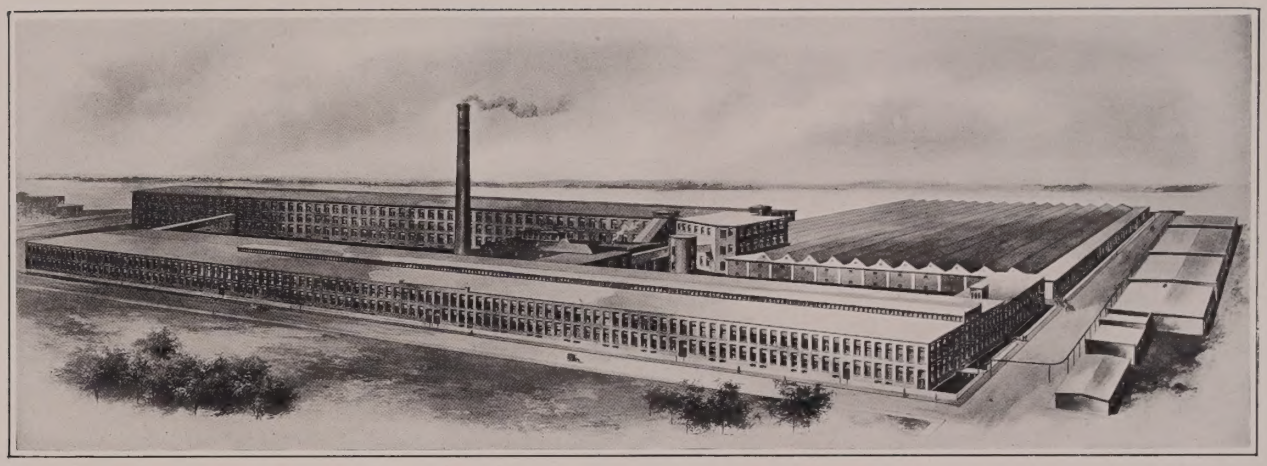

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THOMAS B. WILCOX,
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WALTER E. PARKER,
FRANK S. WILCOX.

City Manufacturing Corp'n

New Bedford, Mass.

Highest Quality of Carded and Combed Peeler, Egyptian and Sea Island

COTTON YARNS

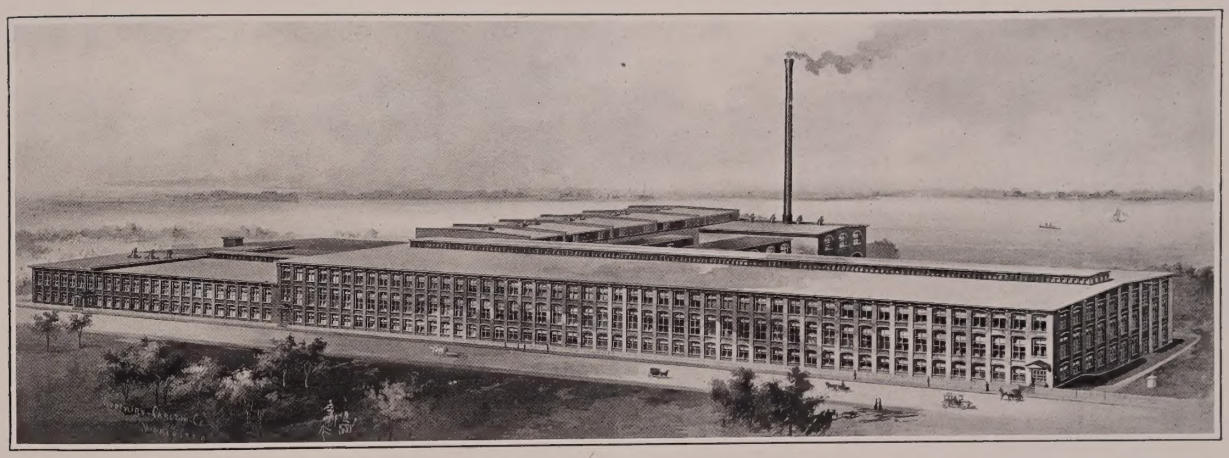
BENJAMIN WILCOX,
Treasurer and Selling Agent.

WILLIAM WHITMAN,
President.

ANDREW J. CURRIER,
Agent.

LEONARD C. LAPHAM,
Treasurer.

Nonquitt Spinning Co.



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FOR WEAVING AND KNITTING

— FROM —

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THE PAIRPOINT MFG. CO.
Established 1880.

NEW BEDFORD PAPER CO.
Established 1890.

CAPITAL, $600,000.

No. Employes, 1,100.

Floor Space, 200,000 sq. ft.

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Gas and Electric Portables.

PAIRPOINT IDEAS are recognized as the standard in every civilized country of the world.

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NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Capital, . . . $577,000.

No. of Employes, 250

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TRADE TAUNTON-NEW BEDFORD YELLOW METAL MARK
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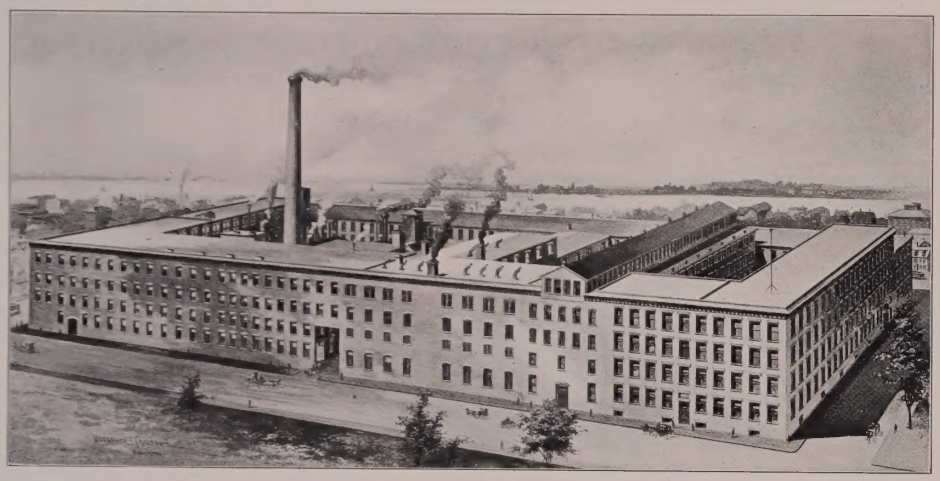

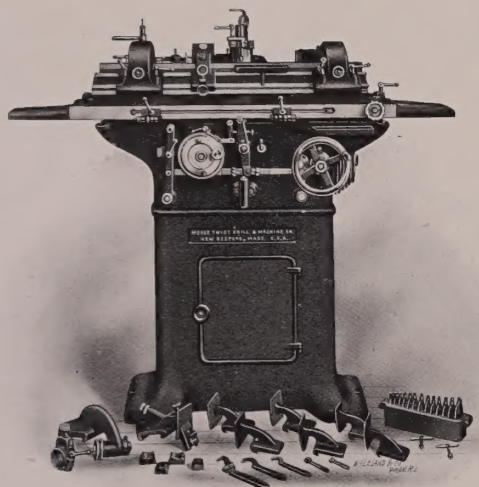

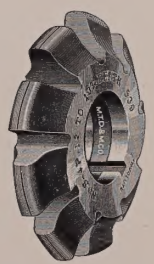

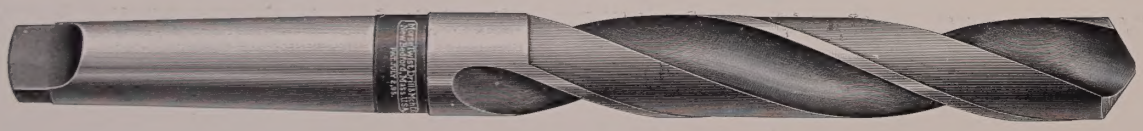

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The Largest and Oldest Manufacturers of Tacks and Small Nails in the World.

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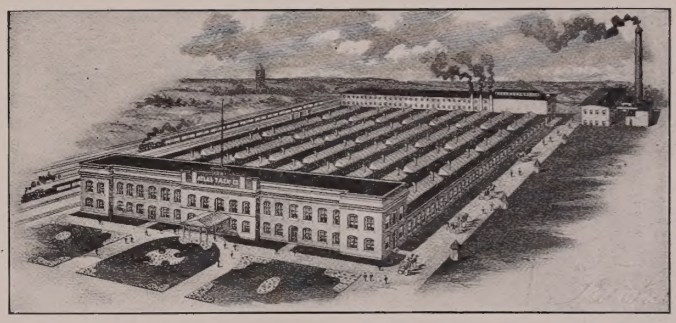
Cable Address, "Tamarind" Fairhaven

Atlas Tack Company

Pleasant St.,

Fairhaven, Mass.



—SUCCESSORS TO—

B. Hobart, 1810
Albert Field, 1827
Arby Field, 1830
Samuel Loring, 1842
B. Hobart & Son, 1848
Jude Field, 1851

Taunton Tack Co., 1854
Wm. S. Guerineau, 1855
A. Field & Co., 1855
A. Field & Sons, 1859
Dunbar, Hobart & Whidden, 1865
Old Colony Rivet Co., 1866.

American Tack Co., 1867
Albert Field Tack Co., 1869
Loring & Parks, 1886.
Dunbar, Hobart & Co., 1887
Atlas Tack Corporation, 1891
Atlas Tack Company, 1897

Capital, $1,000,000

G. W. WEYMOUTH, President and General Manager. H. H. ROGERS, JR., Secretary and Treasurer.

J. F. ROCKETT, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

G. W. WEYMOUTH, U. H. BROUGHTON, H. H. ROGERS, H. H. ROGERS, JR., JOHN BUSHNELL.

The New Bedford Institution for Savings.

Incorporated 1825.

COR. UNION AND FOURTH STREETS.

Open Daily from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Deposits,	**$16,591,835.74**
Guaranty Fund,	**823,000.00**
Undivided Earnings,	**243,943.36**

Dividends payable on the first Mondays of April and October.

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ASA C. PEIRCE.
WILLIAM C. TABER.
CHARLES W. CLIFFORD.
WILLIAM A. ROBINSON.
EDMUND WOOD.
GIDEON ALLEN, JR.
EDWARD T. PIERCE.

HENRY H. CRAPO.
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THOMAS B. TRIPP.
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JOHN W. KNOWLES.
BENJAMIN CUMMINGS.
WILLIAM A. MACKIE.
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ELIOT D. STETSON.
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GEORGE N. ALDEN.
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FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1855.

37 PURCHASE STREET

Open daily from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.
Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Dividends payable on the second Wednesday of April and October.

Deposits, . .	$9,241,696.08
Guaranty Fund, .	429,000.00
Undivided Earnings,	186,836.45

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LOUM SNOW, President.

WALTER CLIFFORD, OTIS N. PIERCE, Vice Presidents.

GEO. H. H. ALLEN, Clerk.

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THOMAS H. KNOWLES,
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BENJAMIN T. CUMMINGS,
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SAMUEL H. COOK,
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OLIVER F. BROWN,
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WILLIAM BAYLIES,
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WILLIAM H. PITMAN, Treasurer.

ANNIE E. L. BORDEN, Assistant Treasurer.

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Established 1884.

Private Telegraph Wire Connecting us with Boston, New York and Providence.

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and Commercial Paper.

Local and Fall River Mill Stocks a Specialty.

We Also Deal in Bills of Exchange, Foreign Gold and Silver.

We Can Always Furnish Safe Investments Netting the Purchaser 5 to 6 per cent.

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BANKER AND BROKER

MEMBER BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGE.

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NEW BEDFORD AND FALL RIVER

MILL STOCKS

A SPECIALTY.

THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

(Formerly Marine Bank).

New Bedford, Mass.

Established 1832.

CAPITAL - - - - - - $1,000,000

SURPLUS and PROFITS - - - 366,000

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CASHIER
WM. A. MACKIE.

ASSISTANT-CASHIER
F. B. CHASE.

DIRECTORS

THOMAS M. STETSON,
EDWARD T. PIERCE,
WM. BAYLIES,
MATTHEW LUCE, Jr., Boston,
THOMAS B. TRIPP,
GIDEON ALLEN, Jr.,
THOMAS A. TRIPP,
HERBERT E. CUSHMAN,
W. P. WINSOR.

HENRY H. CRAPO, Pres. HENRY C. DENISON, Vice Pres.
EDWARD S. BROWN, Cashier. NATHAN C. HATHAWAY, Asst. Cashier.

CHARTERED AS STATE BANK - : - 1831.
ORGANIZED AS A NATIONAL BANK - 1864.

The Mechanics National Bank

New Bedford, Mass.

Depository for the United States and for the
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

CAPITAL STOCK - : - : - : - $600,000
SURPLUS and PROFITS - : - : - $400,000

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THOMAS WILCOX, ANDREW G. PIERCE, Jr.,
E. WILLIAMS HERVEY, THOMAS S. HATHAWAY,
HENRY C. DENISON, OLIVER PRESCOTT, Jr.,
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RUSSELL GRINNELL.

The

Merchants National Bank

of

New Bedford, Mass.

H. C. W. MOSHER, President. THOS. H. KNOWLES, Vice-President. L. S. SWAIN, Cashier.

CAPITAL, - - - - -	$1,000,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS, - -	1,000,000
DEPOSITS, - - - - -	2,300,000

ORGANIZED AS STATE BANK -	1825.
ORGANIZED AS NATIONAL BANK	1865.

1907

The largest National Bank in Massachusetts outside of Boston.

FREDERIC TABER, President. RUFUS A. SOULE, Vice-President.

EDMUND W. BOURNE, Cashier.

INCORPORATED - - - - - 1887.

The New Bedford Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

Of New Bedford, Mass.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

Storage for Valuables of every description.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - -	$200,000
SURPLUS and PROFITS - - -	100,000
DEPOSITS - - - - - -	1,200,000

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BENJAMIN F. BROWNELL,
LOT B. BATES,
STANDISH BOURNE,
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THIS BOOK WAS PRINTED BY THE

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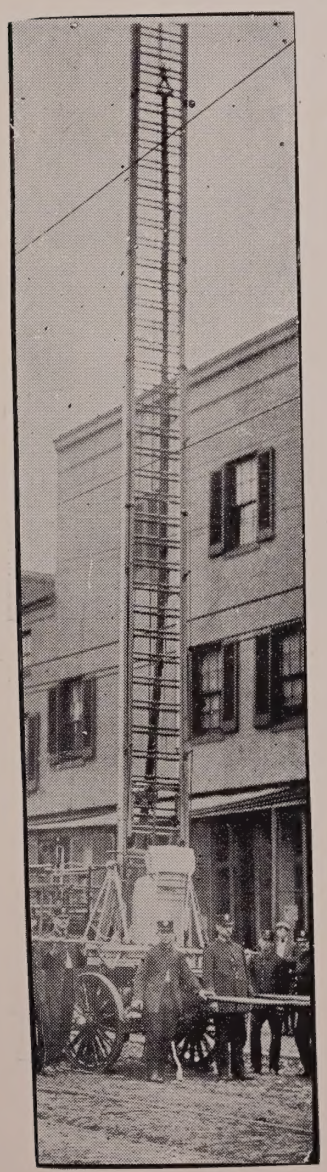
Frank S. Tripp Machine Shop

Corner North and North Water Streets,

New Bedford, Mass.

Established in 1874 by Bowker & Sherman. In 1878 changed to the firm of Bowker & Tripp.

Since 1896 Frank S. Tripp has been sole owner.



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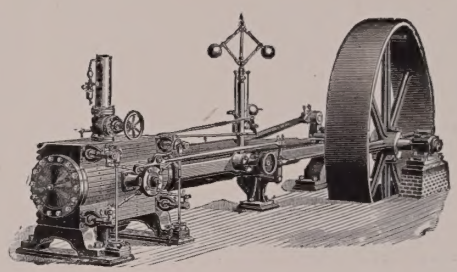

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as shown by cut

For Aerial Trucks is also built here.

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OILS FOR LUBRICATION

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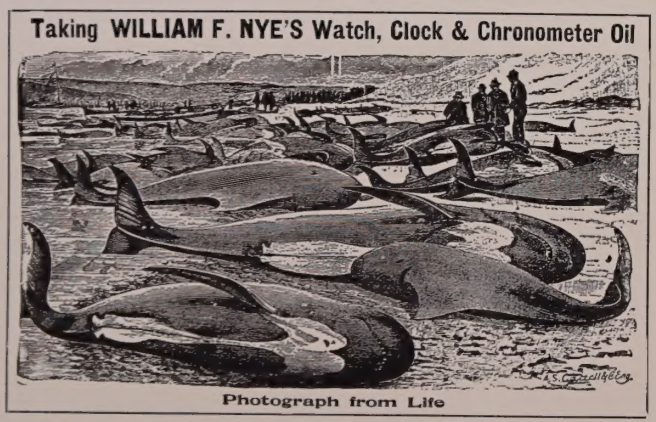
— AND ESPECIALLY —

The finer grades adapted to the delicate mechanisms of modern invention and rapid production of Watches, Clocks, Typewriters, Firearms, Adding Machines, Cash Registers, Time Recorders, Bank Locks, Telephone and Telegraph instruments, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Automobiles, and the many household purposes.

Especially prepared for the prevention of rust on highly polished tools and instruments of all kinds.



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STEPHEN M. WELD & CO.

Cotton Buyers.

89 State Street, - - Boston, Mass.

Represented by
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Merchants Bank Building, New Bedford.

RHODES, WOODWARD & CO.

Cotton.

AMERICAN STAPLES, EGYPTIAN and SEA ISLAND.

17 Pleasant Street, - - New Bedford.

Geo. H. Rhodes & Co.,
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Members
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TELEPHONY IN NEW BEDFORD.

Thirty years ago the firm of Hart & Akin, predecessors of F. T. Akin & Co., had a main office at South Water and Walnut Streets, in New Bedford, and a paint shop at 9 North Water Street. To connect these two places they strung a stretch of iron wire, and to each end of this wire they attached the old fashioned telephones, which were held to the mouth while talking and to the ear while receiving a message. This, according to the recollection of some who have followed pretty closely the progress of telephony in the Whaling City, was the first commerical telephone line established in New Bedford.

About the same year, Benoni R. Paine, who then was manager of the New Bedford office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in conjunction with a brother telegraph operator in Fall River, rigged up a private telephone line between these two cities. This was done by the simple process of attaching a telephone to each end of the telegraph wire. It seems simple enough today, but men who are still young recall with amusement their astonishment at going down to the New Bedford telegraph office and listening to some one in Fall River whistling "Home, Sweet Home." It is almost akin to the story of the employe of the Walworth Manufacturing Co. which had the first commercial line connecting Boston with Cambridge, who refused to believe that the message came over the wire, and gave as the ground for his skepticism the statement that the wire wasn't hollow.

Various private experiments of this kind had been established in New Bedford before an exchange was brought into being. A private line had been strung between the mayor's office and police headquarters. Another connected the stores of C. H. & H. A. Lawton, and some of the mills had rigged up private lines.

On Feb. 20, 1880, the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Co. was organized by Edmund Grinnell and a few progressive individuals who thought they saw a good investment in a telephone exchange. Under this organization C. W. Clifford became president, Samuel Ivers, treasurer, Moses E. Hatch, general manager and W. K. Wager, electrician. The first exchange was started on the top floor of what was then known as the Liberty Hall building, where the Merchant's Bank now stands. The first switchboard had a capacity of 150 lines and was so small that it was easily carried upstairs by two men. The company began operations April 1, 1880, with 125 subscribers. It is rather interesting, by comparison, to note the progress in the art of telephony during the intervening quarter of a century. The connections on this first switchboard were all party lines, usually with six stations on each line. Iron wire was used, and the lines were grounded, as this was long before the days of metallic circuits. The transmission was not perfect, necessarily, and the prices would be considered quite high today, notwithstanding the vast improvement in telephony. The company charged $24 for a hand telephone—that is, a telephone something similar to our present receiver, and applied to the mouth in talking, and to the ear while receiving messages. For a Blake transmitter, $35 a year was charged.

The first company was of great service to the community, however, and its business rapidly developed. Its projectors were progressive men, and it was not long before they saw that in order to develop the efficiency of their own local exchange they must extend their connections so as to include other exchanges. This wise observation led to the absorption of the rights for Fall River, Taunton, and Brockton. Later on they began to reach out and extend their lines down the Cape.

Meanwhile the local exchange had begun its migrations. From the Liberty Hall building it was removed to Waite's Building on William Street, where it remained until the company erected the present structure on Second street, in 1895—or rather the two lower stories of the present structure, the top story having been added about two years ago. Since 1880 six switchboards have been installed by the Southern Massachusetts Company, each one a marked improvement over preceding ones.

In 1898 the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. bought the Southern Massachusetts Company, and since that time has New Bedford seen its most remarkable telephone development. The early construction of the company as in almost all other places was done by stringing wires over the housetops or by attaching them to trees, or in various other loose ways. Since the New England Company assumed control it has made a radical system of reconstruction. There isn't a pole standing today that stood when the company started, nor is there an original roof fixture to be found anywhere. In fact, a large portion of the wires have been placed underground, in conduits, in deference to a public sentiment which protested against obstruction of the streets by poles and wires in the central section of the city.

The most remarkable development of the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company and of the New Bedford exchange has been noted since the arrival of the new officers of the company under the direction of the superintendent of the division, Mr. Theodore E. Parker.

When Mr. Parker took charge of the work in southern Massachusetts, five years ago, the field, so far as organization is concerned, was the same as it was a score of years ago. In 1902 there were about 7,300 subscribers in the territory of the Southern Massachusetts Telephone company, a territory including practically all the cities and towns south and east of Boston, the settlements on the islands off the coast as well as those on the mainland; and from 7,300 the number of subscribers has increased by leaps and bounds until now it has reached the large total of 20,000. The great growth of business in the same period is demonstrated by the increase in the number of daily local connections throughout the division from about 23,000 to over 110,000, and in the increase in daily toll connections from 1,054 to nearly 6,000.

Five years ago the Southern Massachusetts company operated less than 6,000 miles of exchange or local service wire; but today there are nearly 19,000 miles of such wire. Meantime the miles of toll or long distance wire in the company's service have increased from 3,342 on January 1, 1902, to 9,000, and the miles of wire wrapped up in the underground cables from 3,102 to more than 15,000.

Altogether in the last five years the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Co. has added 1,000 miles of highway and country road to its service routes, which, together with the ground previously covered, means that at the present time practically every point in this part of the state has telephone facilities within reach. This gain of 1,000 miles of pole lines is represented by the statement that the number of poles has increased from 20,000 to 60,000 since 1902. Telephone poles are set 40 to the mile, and therefore the 40,000 added to the company's plant since Mr. Parker became superintendent are equivalent to the addition of a thousand miles of streets, or of a thousand miles of trunk lines and farmers' lines.

In the newly organized New Bedford district there are at present about 10,-

000 Bell subscribers, or more than half again as many as there were in the entire southern Massachusetts division only a few years ago. Five years ago there were only 1,760 Bell subscribers in the city of New Bedford. Now there are in the neighborhood of 4,100. During the same period the number of daily calls has increased from 9,000 to 22,000, the number of toll calls outward and inward from less than 400 to nearly 1,000 a day, and the number of switching calls, those originating outside the city and passing through it on their way to another point outside, from 300 to 700 daily. In 1902 a score of operators was sufficient to handle the traffic at the exchange here, while today the traffic requires the employment of 45 operators.

In line with this widespread development, which has made greater and greater demands upon the equipment and resources of the company and necessitated corresponding enterprise to maintain a proper service, the switch board at the local exchange has been transformed from the old magneto to the common battery variety; and by this improvement alone the subscribers have been saved much time. Similar changes have been made for the benefit of the company's subscribers in Taunton, Fall River and Brockton.

But the progress made by the Southern Massachusetts Telephone company in this part of the state in recent years has not been confined to the cities. Equally, if not even more, remarkable has been the development in the rural districts.

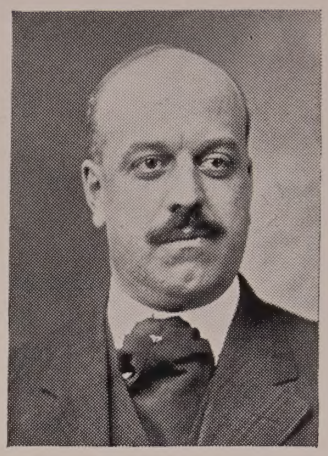
In 1902, when Mr. Parker assumed the superintendency, there was not a single farmers' line in the entire division. Now there are 99 of these lines in the New Bedford district alone, and these 99 lines give connection with 1,025 farmhouses. This bringing of the rural districts into communication with the cities by means of the telephone is now quite universal in the United States. The man who lives out of town is no longer isolated. The telephone serves him as a protection against fire and thieves, as a means of transacting business with people in the city, and it also makes him the neighbor of others situated like himself. To the farmer the telephone is both a commercial and social necessity. It long ago ceased to be a luxury, and nowadays, with half a dozen or a dozen others on the same line, the annual charges to the subscribers living outside the city is insignificant compared with the innumerable advantages to be derived from this speediest of all the public services.

"Central" of the approach of storm or frost.

The same marked dependence upon the telephone is shown by the subscribers at Marthas Vineyard, who have the use of a submarine cable, one of the costliest pieces of telephone apparatus, and who by this means keep informed of the progress of events when the mid-winter ice floes shut the island off from the world outside. Thus the telephone, which now goes under water as well as over land, connects the Massachusetts islanders not only with subscribers on the nearby mainland, but with those at thousands of points in the national system. For, once the cable has been laid, connection with New York or Chicago is as practicable over the long distance Bell lines as connections with New Bedford or Fall River.

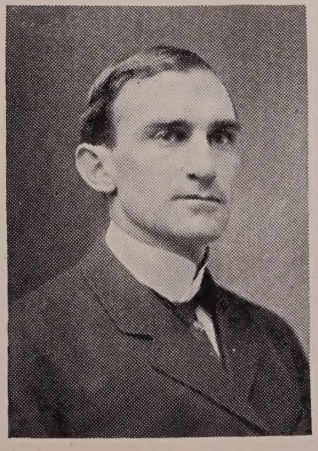
The separation of the territory of the Southern Massachusetts Telephone company into two districts, one with headquarters in this city and the other with its main office in Brockton, was the logical outcome of the rapid telephone development that has been going on in this section of the state in recent years.

J. F. Hall, chosen by Mr. Parker to be the first superintendent of the New Bedford district, had for several years been manager of the local ex-



J. F. HALL, Supt.

OPERATING ROOM, SOUTHERN MASSACHUSETTS TELEPHONE COMPANY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



HENRY T. TURNER, Mgr.

The farmers' lines are today one of the most important branches of the development taking place throughout the entire field served by the national chain of Bell companies, and they promise to become more and more important as time rolls on. By bringing the producer within a moment's reach of the market, they have strengthened his position and made more money for him. The man out of town is no longer the victim of yesterday's quotations for, telephoning into town, he can get the prices that have just been put upon the board. Years ago lack of ready communication often left him helpless and alone, but now his signal to "Central" puts him in touch with any one of thousands upon thousands of others.

A steady rising appreciation of this fact accounts for the rapid growth of farmers' lines in the southern Massachusetts company's territory. The telephone has been a veritable boom to the cranberry industry, and promises to be of more and more assistance every season. Last year the Southern Massachusetts company established a daily weather bulletin service for the benefit of the subscribers on the rural lines, with the result that many a dollar has been saved through the timely warning read by

change. He has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder, through department after department, his first official position after his promotion from the ranks being the managership of the exchange at Taunton. Like Superintendent Knox of the second, or Brockton, district, he is directly responsible to Mr. Parker, the division superintendent.

Mr. Hall's successor as manager of the New Bedford exchange, Henry T. Turner, comes from the exchange at Laconia, N. H. Mr. Turner has been with the Bell system for some 15 years, nine of which were spent at Laconia as manager, in which position he not only made himself universally popular but he also won a high reputation as an administrative officer. His record gives assurance that the local exchange is in good hands and that the steady improvement made in the service in recent years will continue without interruption.

The New Bedford district includes, besides the local exchange, those at Mattapoisett, Marion, Wareham, North Rochester, Westport, Falmouth, Buzzards Bay, Nantucket, Vineyard Haven, Fall River, Little Compton, Tiverton, Portsmouth, Assonet, Hyannis, Harwich, Cotuit, Chatham, Provincetown, Orleans and Wellfleet.

The second district includes the Brockton exchange, together with the neighboring ones at Bridgewater and North Easton; the Taunton exchange and those in that vicinity, at Dighton, Carver, Mansfield, Middleboro and Rehoboth; the Rockland field, which includes Bryantville, Hanover, North Scituate, Wareham and Norwell, and the Plymouth territory, embracing Duxbury and Kingston.

This change in the Southern Massachusetts territory is in line with the Bell policy of giving not only every general division but each particular central office its due share of attention. Under a district superintendent, with headquarters in this city, an official who will keep in close touch not with his subordinates alone but with all the subscribers, constantly preparing to meet the increasing demands, the service in New Bedford and the other towns and cities in the New Bedford territory will be more than every up to date.

As a matter of fact, the telephone development has been so fast in the southern Massachusetts field during recent years that to give subscribers the high grade of service established by the Bell standards has required this reorganization on the part of the local Bell company.

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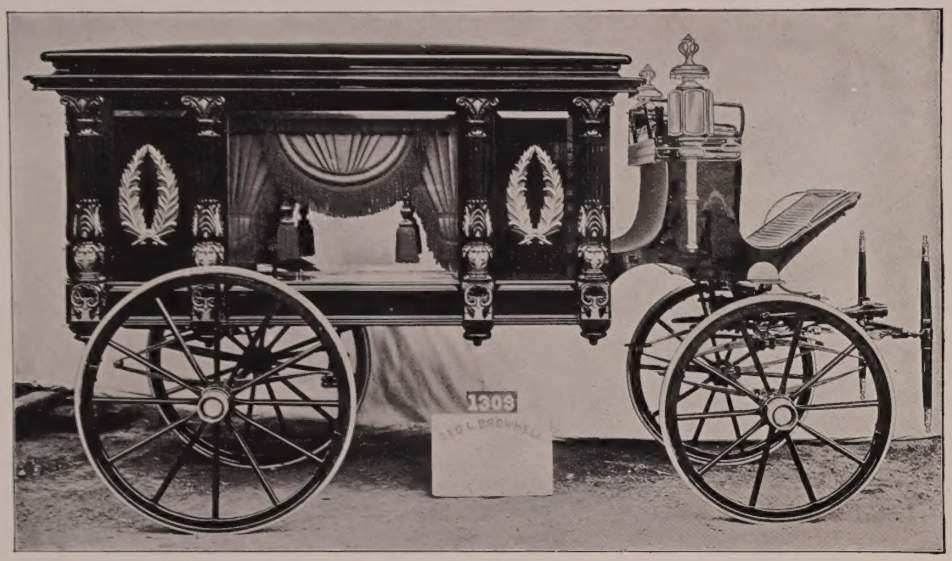

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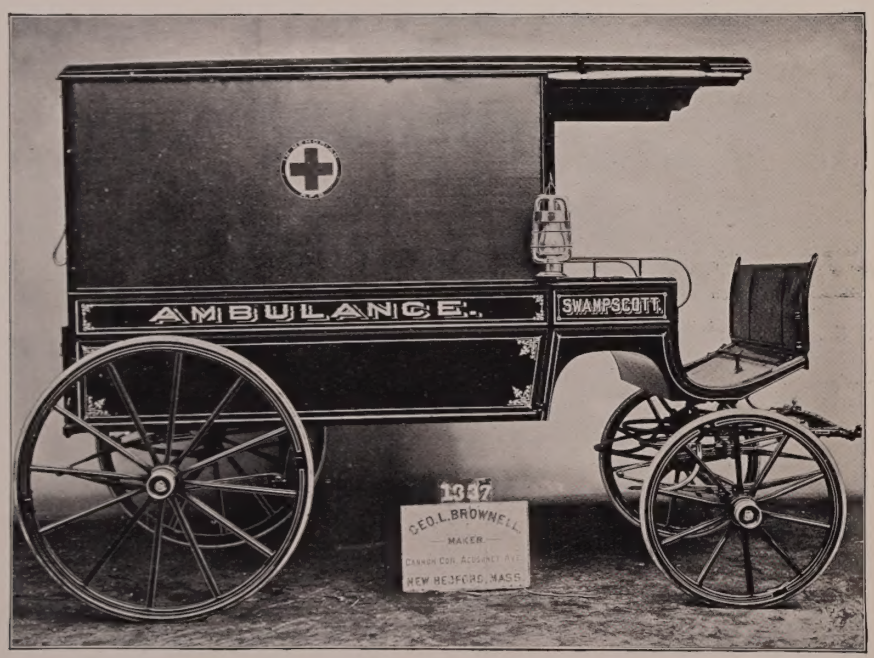

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In the rapid advance we are now making, vital problems will arise requiring the soundest judgment of the business men of our city, and a determined effort will be made during the Fall to induce every man having the interest of the city at heart to join the organization. There can be no more potent factor than an aggregation of the manufacturers and merchants serving with one purpose in an unselfish manner for the promotion of those matters which makes a city's renown.

Our Board of Trade wants every individual of public spirit to join with them. Will you do so?